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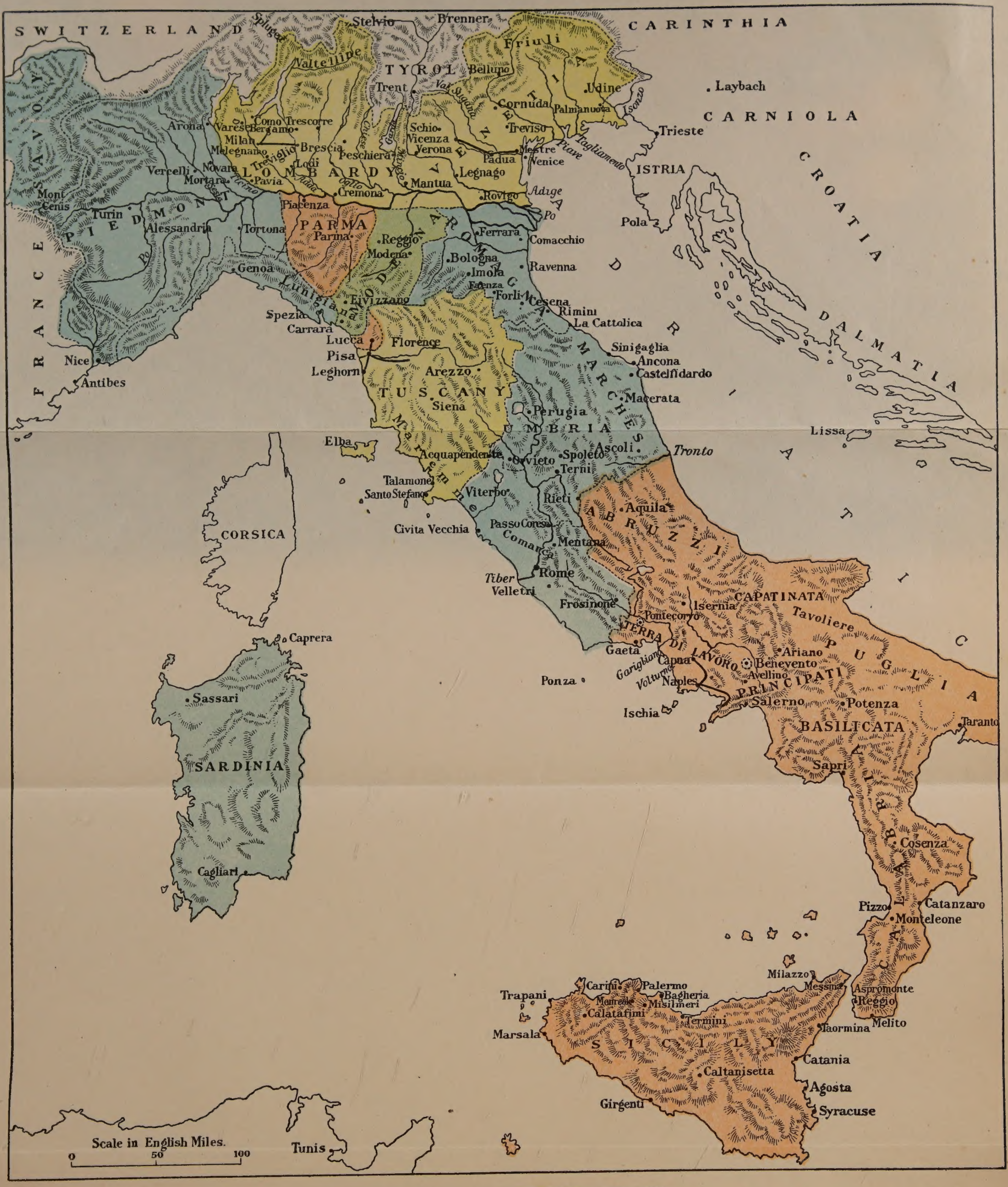
A HISTORY OF
ITALIAN UNITY



MAP OF ITALY AT BEGINNING OF 1848.

A HISTORY OF
ITALIAN UNITY

BEING

A POLITICAL HISTORY OF ITALY
FROM 1814 TO 1871

BY

BOLTON KING, M.A.

"Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples"

VOL. I

SECOND IMPRESSION

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TO

MY MOTHER

AND

MY WIFE

PREFACE

This book is, as its title indicates, a political history only; of social and religious life, of literature and art and science it only treats, when they border on the field of politics. Incomplete as such a work must be, the specialization is necessary, before a wider synthesis can picture the full national life.

A foreigner, writing the history of a country not his own, has his loss and gain. He cannot wholly grasp the subtle essence that makes the spirit of its life and institutions; he cannot penetrate the side-lights, that often mean more than the patent facts, or understand each delicate inflection of the nation's voice. But what he loses in intimacy and colour, he may gain in perspective and impartiality. He is better able to see the problems in their true proportions, and neglect the noisy controversies of the moment for more abiding issues. His detachment from party makes him less likely to be biassed; and though the world is small and its dividing-lines much the same everywhere, it is easier for him than for the native critic to be fair. I have done my best to do justice to all sides, though I have not attempted to conceal my sympathies. I make no apology, if I have said hard things of the Papacy. For Catholicism as a religion I trust I have shown all respect; the Papacy *quâ* political institution is subject to political criticism, and I have said less than the truth rather than more.

My object in writing this book has been a twofold one. First, I have endeavoured to give a trustworthy account of a chapter of modern history which has been most inadequately dealt with both at home and abroad. Outside a few limited studies, there is hardly an English or even a French writer who has treated the Italian history of the century with much pretence to accuracy or research; and bulky as is the material published in Italy, Italian historians have not been successful in weaving the material into any very well-proportioned or readable whole. My second aim has been to make the re-birth of a noble and friendly nation better understood in a country which knows little really of Italy. The Englishman's knowledge of the Italian Revolution is summed, it has been said, in the belief that it had something to do with Garibaldi and a red shirt. A leading London newspaper recently urged the Italians in all seriousness to take some steps in the direction of Cavour's Free Church, forgetting that this was done a quarter of a century ago; and many a lecture on their recent troubles would have been spoilt by a rudimentary knowledge of their history of the last forty years. The tie, that united so closely the English and Italians of the last generation, seems slackening, and it needs more mutual knowledge to cement the sympathy again.

For the materials of the book I have had recourse to almost all the published matter of any importance (nearly 900 works in all), except (*a*) contemporary journals as a rule, and (*b*) some literature out of print and not to be seen in England. I hope that these pages do not suffer seriously from either omission. From such small acquaintance as I have with the Italian press of the Revolution, I have found it of no great value, and it is remarkable how little such a book as Gori's *Storia della rivoluzione italiana*, based on a careful study of the newspapers of the time, adds to our knowledge. The second omission has been due to an inability to consult any library outside England. The splendid collection of modern Italian books at the British Museum has few gaps, but it has some, and it is singularly deficient in the governmental publications of the Kingdom of Italy. Hence I have only been able to study the proceedings of parliament after 1859 in isolated collections of speeches, and I have not seen all the Green Books, which were first published in 1865. It is easy, however, to exaggerate the value of official publications. Foreign Offices have so carefully bowdlerized their "books"—blue, yellow, green,—that they generally conceal what the historian most wants to know. They are, says Signor Bonghi, "only the stuff in the shop-window." "Indiscretions," he adds, "supply the true materials;" and to discover the springs of diplomacy, the writer finds that his safest reliance is in memoirs, letters, reported conversations.

Down to 1860 the Italian historian is choked with the abundance of these. The eagerness of the Italians to publish everything, however trivial, that bears on the Revolution, reaches almost to a literary mania. But the student, who wades through the dismal morasses of correspondence, can pick up gems. Even of "documents," as to whose talismanic virtue I own to something of a heterodox scepticism, there is no small wealth. Historians owe much to the Revolution for publishing the records of the governments, which it upset in 1848 and 1859. Italian statesmen have allowed papers to be published, which by diplomatic canons should have been hidden in the most secret recesses of the Foreign Ministry; culminating of course in that masterpiece of "indiscretion," La Marmora's *Un po' più di luce.* Even the Archives, down at least to 1860, have been to a certain extent opened to a few historians, such as N. Bianchi, Nisco, Sansone. None the less it is true that all recent history must be more or less provisional, till the cupboards of government offices give up their secrets, and letters and memoirs, now withheld, see the light of day. This applies in Italian history especially to the period since 1860. Here, though we have the great collection of Ricasoli papers and many records of considerable though less importance, we wait for the papers of Minghetti and Rattazzi, Crispi and Visconti-Venosta, before the historian can tread safe ground. Still, in spite of this caution, I doubt whether future research will seriously modify the conclusions that can be drawn from existing material.

Of the defects of this book no one can be more conscious than the author. In spite of every care, it has no doubt its misjudgments and its inaccuracies. I shall value the kindly offices of any whose criticisms may enable me to correct these.

I wish, in conclusion, to acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend Mr. Okey for very valuable assistance; to the authorities at the British Museum; to M. Pierre Arminjon; to M. Claparède; and to Messrs. Dent for their permission to reprint a portion of my Introduction to Mr. Okey's translation of Mazzini.

BOLTON KING.

GAYDON, WARWICK,
November 1898.

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A HISTORY OF ITALIAN UNITY

CHAPTER I

NAPOLEON

1814–1815

Italy in the Eighteenth Century. Napoleon and Italy. Results of the French Rule. Eugène Beauharnais; Parties at Milan; the Austrians occupy Lombardy. Napoleon at Elba. Murat: his campaign and death. The Congress of Vienna, and the Pope; Piedmont and Austria; Annexation of Genoa. Position of Austria in Italy. The national opposition.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was little consciousness in Italy of any national existence. The memory, indeed, of days when Rome gave her laws to the western world had never been forgotten. The policy of the Guelfs was at bottom a half-understood struggle to free Italy from foreign rule. But even when the eighteenth century saw the practical extinction of the Spanish domination, saw Austria confined to the north and Piedmont advancing in its slow, patient march, Italians were still content with the loose concourse of petty states that took the place of a nation. The latter half of the century was an age of peace and reform, the age of Joseph II. and Leopold I., of Tannucci and Beccaria. It left Italy fairly prosperous, fairly advanced in social legislation, but a country whose life was in its memories and its arts, the beautiful woman-land of poetry, to be sung and caressed and coveted, but debarred from liberty and independence. The French Revolution broke roughly in on this, on the soft luxuriousness, the polished immorality, the show of religion. The invasions of 1796 and 1801 tumbled the princelings; and the creation of the Napoleonic republics and kingdoms roughly swept away for ever the old political and social order.

Italy was the only country where Napoleon intentionally encouraged the spirit of nationality. Contemptuous as he was of the men who helped to fight his battles and fill his treasury, he foresaw that unity of manners and language and literature was bound sooner or later to make a single nation of Italy.[1] Pride in his Italian descent, sympathy for the historic home of Cæsarism, the traditional policy of France which bade him erect here a barrier against Austria, made his Italian schemes dear to him. In more senses than one Napoleon is the founder of modern Italy. Materially and socially she gained much from the French rule. It abolished feudalism, where it still survived, gave her uniform and enlightened laws, opened a career to talent, stimulated industry into new life. The dissolution of the monasteries helped to redeem the national debt and revolutionised the land system. Primary schools covered all Lombardy and Naples. Italian soldiers brought back from Napoleon's campaigns a proud name for bravery and endurance, and the whole nation braced itself to a more strenuous life. Politically the results of Napoleon's system were as far-reaching. The prestige of the princes was shaken for ever. The ten states of the peninsula had vanished; the east—Piedmont, the Genovesate, Parma, Tuscany, and the Papal States up to the Apennines—had been annexed to France; Lombardy, Venetia, Modena, Romagna, and the Marches formed the kingdom of Italy under the emperor's stepson, Eugène Beauharnais, as viceroy; Naples was a dependant kingdom under Murat. The three states had many mutual connections, and even something of a common administration. Thought and speech, though not yet free, were less stifled than under the old order. The middle landed and professional classes had a share in the government; and though in the annexed provinces the civil service was filled with Frenchmen, in the kingdom of Italy every official save the viceroy was a native.

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[1] *Mémoires de Napoléon*, III. 118, 119; Louis Napoléon, *Idées Napoléoniennes*, 150.

But Napoleon fell, and with him his Italian creation. His work, in spite of the good it wrought, had clashed too much with national sentiment and prejudices. Over 60,000 Italians had perished in Spain and Russia for a cause that was not their own; the financial burdens were heavy; the political police and censorship betrayed that the Empire and liberty could not live together; the cities resented the plunder of their art-galleries; Napoleon's affronts to the Pope offended the religion and patriotism of the mass of Italians. But his work survived his rule, and the memory of the Kingdom of Italy remained enshrined with the patriots, a glorified ideal, its tyranny and its burdens forgotten, "an augury and an incitement to greater things." His enemies were forced to recognise the national life, to which he had given birth; and in the last great struggle against him, the Allies had tried to rouse the country with the cry of Italian Independence.

In 1814 the Napoleonic system was crumbling fast in Italy as elsewhere. When the emperor fell back across the Rhine in the preceding autumn, he ordered Eugène to evacuate Italy and join him with his forces. The viceroy refused; he was not altogether disloyal, and he indignantly refused to share in the treachery that Murat was contemplating; but in his half-hearted way he loved his adopted country, and hoped in the Empire's impending wreck to snatch the crown of Northern Italy for his own head. To keep his fortune independent of Napoleon's was indeed his only hope of success, for the French rule had become hateful, since the disasters of the Russian campaign had thrown its failings into blacker prominence. The army and much of the civil service were faithful to him; and a few others, who saw in his crown the fairest hope of Italian independence, gave him a lukewarm backing. But he was too closely bound up with the order that was passing; Italian patriot as in a way he was, he was still a Frenchman; the immorality of his court, the dishonesty of many of his officials, his refusal to turn against the emperor, all helped to destroy his remaining shreds of popularity. At Milan the mass of opinion was divided between the partisans of Austria and the so-called Italian Party. All who cared only for peace, all who still regarded France as the greater danger, all who, in Foscolo's phrase, "were willing to bow to any foreigner who promised them the thousandth part of what he robbed them of," were preparing the road for Austria's return. They remembered the mild semi-independence of Maria Theresa's and Joseph's reigns; during the past year the Viennese statesmen had been profuse in promises to respect liberty and nationality; and there were honest patriots, who hoped to win from them Home Rule and something of constitutional liberty. But the majority of the Milanese nobles were as opposed to Austria as to Eugène, and under the lead of Federigo Confalonieri they organised the "Italian Liberal Party." Their policy belied their name; so long as they secured the independence of the existing Kingdom of Italy, they cared little whether it were under an Austrian or an English or an Italian prince. Few had any thought of a bigger national life. Confalonieri himself perhaps had some conception of an united Italy under the House of Savoy;[1] but the majority thought more of preserving for Milan its metropolitan rank and court, of winning back for the Lombard nobles the privileges that the French had destroyed; none would accept the one man who might have saved Italian freedom. Eugène, deserted by the nobles, saw that his only chance lay in summoning the electoral colleges (the pseudo-representative element in Napoleon's constitution) and appealing to the people. But he shrank from a step which seemed to stamp him as disloyal to Napoleon. He took a cowardly middle course, and asked the Milanese Senate to take the responsibility he himself declined, and beg his crown from the Allies. The senate substituted a pale eulogy of the viceroy, which showed too plainly that it was weary of him. It was itself, however, hardly more popular than Eugène, and the rival parties outside combined to overthrow senate and viceroy together. As soon as the news of Napoleon's abdication arrived, the Italian Party seized the weapon that Eugène had refused, and demanded the convocation of the electoral colleges. The mob was set in motion to frighten the senate into acquiescence (April 20, 1814), and when it had sacked the senate-house, it hurried off to find a victim in Prina, the hated Minister of Finance. Half-murdering him, they dragged his still living body through the streets till it was mangled past recognition. With whom lay the responsibility of the crime is a problem still unsolved. Some of the Austrian party doubtless wished to furnish a pretext for occupation; Confalonieri was charged with playing a more or less guilty part, and probably he helped to raise a storm, which escaped his control, and went to excesses he did not foresee.[1] Pino, the commander of the garrison, hoping perhaps to win a crown, as his brother-generals, Bernadotte and Murat, had done before him, had neglected to send the troops that might have saved Prina's life. But whatever share of guilt lay with each party, the advantage rested with the friends of Austria. Eugène's army indeed was eager to march on Milan and avenge Prina's death, but the viceroy shrank from civil war. The senate quietly disappeared, and the municipal council appointed a provisional regency, composed almost solely of the men, whose interests stopped short at the old Duchy of Milan, and who were willing to see it parted from the destinies of Italy and under Austrian rule. The electoral colleges were summoned, but only from the small fraction of the kingdom, that "spoke the pure Lombard dialect." To satisfy public opinion, the regency sent Confalonieri to the Allies to ask for independence and a constitution; but consciously or unconsciously they were playing the Austrian game. When Confalonieri arrived at Paris, he found that the fate of Lombardy was sealed. Eugène had already tamely surrendered to Bellegarde, the Austrian general, and abdicated (April 26); and Bellegarde, using gentle words, arrived late in May at Milan, where he threw off the mask, and proclaimed the annexation of Lombardy to the Austrian Empire. But his position was still not secure. An edict dissolving the Freemason Lodges showed how much he feared the secret societies, which the French had left behind. The army was prepared to support Murat, and only the cowardice of its generals and Pino's treachery delayed the plot, till Bellegarde could take his precautions and send the generals to the prison of the Spielberg.

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[1] Casati, *Confalonieri*, I. 84, 261; Bonfadini, *Mezzosecolo*, 78, 157; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, I. 79, 448; Botta, *Storia*, IV. 531-532. For the full titles of works referred to in the footnotes, see Bibliography in Vol. II.

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[1] Casati, *op. cit.*, I. 81–85, 267–270; Botta, *op. cit.*, IV. 533; Maroncelli, *Addizioni*, 11; Bonfadini, *op. cit.*, 113, 147; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, I. 385–386; Lezat de Pons, *Études*, 63–64; D'Ancona, *Confalonieri*, 210–21

Even then the Italian patriots did not despair. So long as Napoleon was at Elba, he might return to power, and the triumph of the reaction had identified his cause with the people's. Negotiations ran briskly between him and the patriots, who hoped that he might yet lead the Italians to victory, and make their national unity his last great work.[1] Another man was trying to attach the Nationalist and Napoleonic parties to himself. Joachim Murat had risen from humble origins to be one of Napoleon's greatest generals, his brother-in-law, and King of Naples, a fearless soldier, a good-natured ruler, but luxurious, capricious, unprincipled, with little real affection for his people, and an overweening belief in his own statecraft. His position had long been a dangerous one. His independent policy had drawn down on him Napoleon's anger, and the emperor was prepared to sacrifice him to the Neapolitan Bourbons, if it served his designs. On the other hand if Napoleon fell, the Allies were little likely to spare his lieutenant. Between the two dangers he saw his safest course in winning Italian affection. As early as 1811 he had been ready to pose as the champion of Italian autonomy against France. But he was equally ready to trim to the Allies; he had intrigued with them in 1813, before he went to Dresden to command Napoleon's cavalry, and early in the next year (January 11) he concluded a secret treaty with Austria (to which England was a party), by which she promised him Naples and a slice of Papal territory in return for his recognition of her claims to Lombardy.[1] But neither side was sincere; Austria was intriguing to depose him, and he was negotiating with Eugène for a common defence of Italy. Eugène's comparative loyalty to Napoleon prevented an understanding with one whom he regarded as a traitor; and with the emperor's fall and the entry of the Austrians into Lombardy, Murat's position became daily more critical. It was the maxim of the Allies, that, except where it was inconvenient to their own ambitions, the "legitimate" governments should be everywhere restored, and in their eyes Murat could only count as an usurper. Still they would probably have left him in possession, for at present they had no actual proof of his duplicity, and failing proof, Lord Liverpool urged that honour and prudence alike forbade any attempt to oust him.[2] But while pleading his cause to the Allies, and protesting his especial devotion to Austria, Murat was corresponding with Napoleon, and again making overtures to the Italian patriots. He hurried on reforms at Naples long-delayed. The purchasers of church lands, fearing that a restoration would confiscate their properties, were united in his support; and his generals, who were the real power in the country, were prepared to back his designs, if he would grant a constitution.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, I. 78, quoting from *La verité sur les cent jours;* Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 33–35; Castlereagh *Correspondence*, 3rd series, II. 211. See Napoleon's curious remarks in Wellington, *Supp. Despatches*, IX. 269. When he escaped from Elba, Talleyrand thought that he would go to Italy and raise the flag of Italian Independence.

Napoleon's escape from Elba decided him to make a bold bid for Italian favour. Parrying his generals' demands, he marched his army northwards, and, raising the cry of Italian Independence, declared war against Austria (March 30, 1815). The Pope, though he had professed his sympathy,[3] fled from Rome, and Murat overran the Marches and Umbria. Defeating the Austrians at Cesena, he advanced to Bologna[4] and Modena; and had he gone on boldly to Milan, he might have rallied the veterans of Piedmont and Lombardy to his flag, and for the moment at least have crushed the Austrians. But Bentinck's treacherous advice[1] dissuaded him; and when he learned that England's professed friendliness was only a cloak, and found little enthusiasm for his cause outside Bologna, he fell back by slow stages. He was still successful in several skirmishes, and a pitched battle at Macerata (May 3) was undecided. But the same night the news came that the Austrians had captured Aquila, and were cutting off his retreat. The loyalty of his generals was doubtful; the retiring troops were more or less demoralised. He still hoped to rouse the Neapolitans by granting a constitution, and prolong the defence behind the Volturno. But his fleet surrendered to the English, the Anglo-Sicilian forces were advancing from the south, the Neapolitans themselves were paralysed by panic; and Murat, recognising that his case was desperate, gave up his sword to the English admiral. The last hope of Italian freedom had vanished, but the restless indomitable man made one more bid for power. Obliged after Waterloo to fly from the White Terror in Provence, he retired to Corsica, where he found himself still strong in the lustre of Napoleon's memory. Encouraged to try what his prestige could win in Italy,[2] he started in September for the Neapolitan shore. But his ships were scattered by a storm, and he landed with a handful of men at Pizzo in Calabria. His appeals to the people found no response, and he was easily captured. In vain the English tried to save his life, in vain he claimed to be tried by his peers, the sovereigns of Europe. The Bourbons were resolved upon his doom, and the bold adventurer who, from whatever motive, had been the first champion of Italian independence, had a mock trial, and was shot in cold blood.

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[1] Pepe, *Memoirs*, I. 316; Colletta, *Storia*, II. 181; *contra* Poggi, *Storia*, I. 18.

[2] Wellington, *op. cit.*, IX. 212, 399, 486-492, 496-497; Castlereagh, *op. cit.*, I. 432; II. 3, 243; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, I. 4-5.

[3] Maroncelli, *op. cit.*, 18.

[4] Where Rossini composed a Hymn of Independence for him.

Now that Napoleon was crushed, the Allies made haste to bury their pledges. The Congress of Vienna had already sealed the fate of Italy. England and Austria repudiated with small compunction the promises their generals had made in their name. The sovereigns had had their use of the national spirit, and threw it over when it claimed its pay; all but the Czar Alexander put off the mask of liberalism, and Castlereagh told the Lombard deputies that constitutions were "expensive experiments." To the statesmen at Vienna the Italian question was merely one of political equilibrium, and De Maistre in vain protested that "nations are something in the world." [1] Besides, Italy was a convenient spoil, where portions might be carved for importunate claimants of thrones. But though the Allies were at one in ignoring Italian aspirations, each had its theory as to the methods of partition. England and Russia could not allow the peninsula to become an appanage of Austria. They would perhaps have preferred her entire exclusion; but Russia was greedy to swallow new territory in Poland, and to smooth her way to this was ready to compromise in Italian questions. Austria was confirmed in her earlier possession of Lombardy, and won Venetia (already held for the eight years between Campoformio and Presburg) and the Valtelline. But neither Metternich's proposal to abolish the Temporal Power in her favour,[2] nor his more modest attempt to secure a slice of Romagna, found any encouragement from the Allies. Still, in the early days of the Congress, there was no thought of restoring the northern Legations to the Pope; Prussia wanted them for the King of Saxony, Alexander for his new client Eugène Beauharnais, Francis of Modena for himself. It was not till Napoleon had landed from Elba and bid for the Pope's support by offering to guarantee his dominions in their entirety, that the adroit diplomacy of Cardinal Consalvi won back Romagna. Even now the Allies wished to grant it Home Rule,[3] and it needed all Consalvi's strategy to secure full rights of sovereignty for his master.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, I. 169; see Wellington, *op. cit.*, IX. 593.

[2] The rumours that he was decoyed by the Bourbon government were probably unfounded. See *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 987, in review of De Sassenay's *Les derniers mois de Murat.*

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[1] De Maistre, *Correspondence*, II. 8; *La Maison de Savoie*, 21; see Cantù, *op. cit.*, II. 89–90. De Maistre at this time was Piedmontese ambassador at St. Petersburg.

[2] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, I. 7.

[3] This was the Aldini scheme of Home Rule, *see* below, Vol. II., p. 17.

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Foiled in Central Italy, Austria turned for compensation to the north, and found a yet stiffer foe in Piedmont. Either state recognised that there was no lasting room in Italy for both. Early in the Congress Piedmont made a bid for Lombardy; but though five years before the Allies had arranged to give it to her, she now found herself unsupported.[1] Austria retaliated by a long and persistent effort to gain the Upper Novarese, which gave the command of the Simplon. But though the Powers were willing to let her take Lombardy, they had no desire to see her too powerful, and in spite of English support, she had to content herself with the Ticino frontier. In its early days the Congress had intended to give Savoy to France; but the Piedmontese played a helpful part in the Hundred Days, and the Allies, anxious after Waterloo to weaken France by every possible means, were glad, in spite of Austria's protest, to reward them with the ancient patrimony of their kings. Austria, baulked again, was probably intriguing to bar from the succession the Carignano branch of the Savoy House, and thus, as King Victor Emmanuel had no children, to eventually secure the throne of Piedmont through the female line for the Austrian Duke of Modena.[2] But Victor Emmanuel would have no dictation from the Austrians; and when they seemed indisposed to withdraw their troops from Alessandria, the king was prepared to fight rather than suffer their lengthened presence in his territory. In vain Austria spread before him offers of favourable alliance, and schemes of an Italian league under her own presidency. To escape her special tutelage, he was willing, at De Maistre's advice, to join the Holy Alliance.

It was from no good will towards her that Piedmont came from the Congress with a territorial gain. The Allies had decreed the doom of Genoa. "Republics were no longer fashionable," as the Czar told the Genoese deputation; the Congress, always possessed by dread of French aggression, wished to see a military state in possession of the Riviera, and Castlereagh, who thought less of English honour than of crippling France, was quick to repudiate Bentinck's pledges to the Genoese that their independence should be respected.[1] Their country was consigned to its old rival, Piedmont. In vain they protested against a "foreign domination"; in vain they offered to sacrifice the republic, if only they might keep their independence, or at least Home Rule. They pleaded to deaf ears, and Genoa was tossed a few poor crumbs of local government for her solace. At the time, however, it seemed doubtful whether the annexation would add to the strength of Piedmont. The old enmity between the two states, the incompatibility of a semi-feudal despotism and a commercial democracy, made men despair of any real fusion. But the pressure of a common despotism and common commercial interests were too strong for ancient grudges, and the removal of one more boundary helped on the unity of Italy.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, I. 51, 57, 58. I can find no support for the statement in Gualterio, *op. cit.*, I. 500, and Pinelli, *Storia*, II. 393, that England offered Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel on condition of his granting a constitution.

[2] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, I. 108–114.

But while Piedmont alone among Italian states came out stronger from the Congress, Austria, in spite of her rebuffs, had won for herself a commanding power in Italy. Indirectly her strength reached far beyond the limits of her own provinces. Austrian princes ruled in Tuscany, and Modena, and Parma. She garrisoned by treaty rights Piacenza, and Ferrara, and Comacchio; some day she hoped to have the whole of Romagna.[2] She had almost unlimited control over the duchies of the Po valley. Tuscany, though it stood out against her larger claims of suzerainty, bound itself to make neither peace nor war without her consent. Ferdinand of Naples had concluded a secret treaty, pledging himself to make no separate alliances, and grant no liberties to his subjects beyond those which obtained in Lombardy and Venetia.

But strong as Austria was, the very fact of her predominance roused more or less suspicion in almost every

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[1] It is difficult to say whether Bentinck had any authority from the English Government for his promises. Castlereagh denied it; Wellington, *op. cit.*, IX. 64; Castlereagh, *op. cit.*, I. 434. But from *ib.* II. 18, 221, it would appear that Bentinck made his promise with Castlereagh's knowledge.

[2] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, I. 222; Gualterio, *op. cit.*, III. 338; *Gouvernement Temporel*, 109; *contra* Metternich, *Mémoires*, III. 82; see *Riv. stor. del risorg.* I. 340.

Italian Court. Piedmont, fronted by the unbroken stretch of the empire from the Ticino to the Carpathians, feared for her very existence. The Pope, knowing well that Austria's designs on the Legations only slumbered, could not but be suspicious of her every move. Tuscany was ruled by patriotic statesmen, who struggled long and successfully to free their country from her tutelage. Already there were signs of open opposition. Piedmont had killed the schemes of an Austrian league; Rome refused with coolness the alliance, which Metternich offered her as the best "protection against the gates of hell"; the two states joined with Tuscany to reject proposals, which would have given him control of the postal communications of the peninsula. The princes might fall back on her in a struggle with their subjects, but they would never willingly become her vassals. The spirit of Italian independence had reached even to the Courts.

And vague and disorganised though it was, the sense of a common nationality was making quick strides among the people. Genoa, it is true, was as yet irreconcilable to Turin; the Milanese had tried to sever their lot from that of North Italy; Venice wanted her old independence; Sicily and Naples were at bitter feud. But in spite of all, community of memories and wrongs was consolidating a national sense, and the contrast of the Restoration with the enlightenment of the French rule was creating a movement hostile alike to native oppression and Austrian domination. For a moment patriots had hoped that Murat would free, perhaps unite, all Italy.[1] Now they were beginning to look to the House of Savoy as the "one Italian race of princes," and though Piedmont was reluctant to sink herself in a wider state, Lombards and Romagnuols were looking for the day when she must expand into a North Italian kingdom. And though they were very few who as yet dared hope in an united Italy, there were plans abroad among the thinkers to reorganise the peninsula in a federation of three constitutional states, which would leave no room for either Austria or the Temporal Power.

[1] *Gouvernement Temporel*, 97.

CHAPTER II

THE CARBONARI

1815–1824

THE RESTORATION in Piedmont, Lombardy-Venetia, Tuscany, the Papal States, Naples, Sicily. Its character; Francis of Modena. Discontent. THE CARBONARI. The *Conciliatore.* REVOLUTION OF NAPLES: Naples, 1815–1820; revolution breaks out; constitution granted; Murattists and Carbonari; Sicily, 1815–1820; revolution of Palermo; Naples and Sicily; Florestano Pepe attacks Palermo; Austria and Naples; Parliament repudiates Fl. Pepe's treaty; the king goes to Laybach; the Austrian invasion. REVOLUTION OF PIEDMONT: the Carbonari in Piedmont; Charles Albert; the army rises; Charles Albert Regent; the revolution collapses. Movements in Modena and Romagna. Character of the revolution; weakness of feeling of Unity. Ferdinand's revenge and death. Charles Felix.

THE Congress of Vienna partitioned Italy into eight states. Piedmont and the Austrian provinces divided the north; the Papal States, Tuscany, the petty duchies of Modena, Parma, and Lucca occupied the centre; the kingdom of Naples covered the southern mainland and Sicily. Parma was given to Maria Louisa, the Austrian princess, who had been Napoleon's wife; Lucca went to another Maria Louisa, of the Spanish Bourbons who reigned at Parma before the revolution. All the other states, except the suppressed republics of Venice and Genoa, returned to their old rulers. As in Spain and Germany, the princes were welcomed back not only by the friends of the old order but by the mass of the people, to whom they represented the national protest against French absorption. Even a tyrant like Ferdinand of Naples met the same welcome that greeted the better princes. Safe on their thrones, better and worse alike set themselves to undo the revolution. It was impossible, indeed, to ignore much of the reform that the French had introduced; but even where the form of the new order was preserved, the Restoration tried to kill its spirit.

Victor Emmanuel was welcomed back to Piedmont with clamorous loyalty. He had the qualities of his race; he was kindly and well-intentioned. But he hated innovation; all reform smacked to him of revolution, and now that he had, as he believed, the revolution at his feet, he hastened to sweep away its every trace. He threatened to recognise no law passed during his exile, to own no civil servant who did not figure in the directory of the year when the French drove him out. The anachronisms of the old order came back, the legal abuses, the feudal privileges, monasteries and ecclesiastical courts, the disabilities of Jews and Protestants. For the moment it was feared that civil marriages contracted under the French rule would not be recognised, that purchasers of church lands would be compelled to surrender. But the Restoration was soon shorn of its worst excesses. Victor Emmanuel found himself forced to compromise with the passive resistance of his people. The directory of 1798 was quietly dropped; provincial councils were instituted; the prerogative was less used to override the law. Officials of the French period found their way into the Ministry itself, and the accession to office of Prospero Balbo (1817), their most distinguished administrator, seemed to herald further reforms. But though some real progress was made, the Jesuits crept back, and critics complained that the government still united the worst features of the old order and of the French rule,—the obscurantism of the first, the political police and centralization of the latter.

The mass of the Lombards and Venetians were well pleased when the Austrians, in taking possession, erected the provinces into a kingdom, and instituted the Central Congregations,[1] which in time, it was hoped, would grow into representative institutions. The new rule, Metternich promised, should "conform to Italian character and customs," and it seemed as if the rights of nationality were to obtain recognition even from the Austrian government. All the more pungent was the disappointment, when the Lombards found that the taking phrases were empty words. The Austrian law was introduced; contrary, it seems, to Metternich's advice, Austrians and Tyrolese seized on the higher posts in the administration; conscription was enforced in spite of the promises of 1814. The emperor let it be known that he "wanted not learned men, but submissive and loyal subjects"; and the brutality and insolence of the Austrian soldiery showed the Italians in what light they were regarded by their new rulers.

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[1] See below, p. 57.

In Tuscany the reaction was less pronounced. No attempt was made indeed to restore Leopold I.'s liberal local institutions, which Napoleon had sacrificed to his centralization. But though most of Napoleon's Code was swept away, Leopold's Code, which came back again, was in some respects as advanced. The Tuscan statesmen of the Restoration were not blind to the world's growth; the Grand Duke, it is said, would have given a representative Parliament, but for the veto of Vienna.[1] The police system, execrable in theory, was mild in practice; after angry debate with Rome the monks were restored to only a part of their possessions, and the Jesuits, as in Lombardy, were rigorously shut out.

Rome was saved by Consalvi from the worst extremes of reaction. Many of the ecclesiastics would have welcomed a root-and-branch destruction of the French reforms, and the prayer of the great Roman nobles for a lay government was scornfully tossed back; Pius VII., the gentle, amiable Pope, whom Napoleon had dragged into captivity, could easily have been won to the bigots. But Consalvi returned triumphant from Vienna, and his success at the Congress made him master of the government. The state, which he had saved, he hoped to make strong by centralization and moderate reform. He had learnt, with the other statesmen of Europe, how much of the strength of France lay in the unity of her administration. He was no blind reactionary, and, though far from being a Liberal, he was sensitive to the opinion of Europe, and wished to see the Papal dominions creditably governed and their peoples prosperous. Even the Papacy, he saw, must recognise "the new habits, new opinions, new lights, which political economy had fortified and spread." His aim was to create a strong bureaucracy, immediately dependent on the Pope, and free alike from control of cardinals and people. The Legates who ruled the provinces were made to feel that they were no longer sovereign princes as of old. But, though Consalvi earnestly attempted to moderate the excesses of the restoration, he was not able, perhaps he hardly wished, to prevent it from bringing back many of the old abuses, the feudal privileges, the obsolete administration, the uncertain and complicated law. Church lands were restored, and the purchasers imperfectly indemnified; the Jesuits were solemnly reinstated. And when the great cardinal tried to reform the law and encourage education, the growing opposition foiled him; he had the support of the nobles and educated middle classes, but he found himself baffled by priestly and popular antagonism, and Pius' timid scruples. He gave up reform in disgust, and devoted his remaining years to the embellishment of Rome.

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[1] Tivaroni, *Dominio Austriaco*, II. 5.

At Naples, Ferdinand, obliged to outbid Murat, had prepared a proclamation promising a constitution[1] (May 1, 1815), but suppressed it when the news came of his rival's rapid downfall. The government kept its hand on the *émigrés* and clergy, who returned hot for revenge. But though the purchasers of church lands were recognised, the *émigrés* got back their property, and the promised amnesty found limited observance. Sicily, which had sheltered the king in his exile, was rewarded with true Bourbon ingratitude. The old Norman Constitution had remained intact till 1812, when an attempt on the part of the king to tax without consent of Parliament led to a quarrel between crown and barons, and, under the influence of Lord William Bentinck, who commanded the English garrison, the popular party carried what was practically a copy of the English Constitution. Liberties, to which the king had sworn, and England given her moral guarantee, might seem secure in spite of triumphant reaction. But the court at Naples feared the contagion of parliamentary government so close at hand; and Ferdinand, by his treaty with Austria,[1] had implicitly pledged himself to abolish the constitution. The English Government, after some hesitation,[2] was persuaded to throw over the Sicilians, and A' Court, the British minister at Naples, lent himself to undo Bentinck's work, and perjure his country in Sicilian eyes. The ancient autonomy of Sicily was destroyed by an Act of Union (December 1816), which joined the island to Naples, and abolished the Sicilian flag and army. Despite a remnant of illusory privileges, Sicily had lost its independence; every one realised that it had lost its constitution too, and that, though parliament was still nominally recognized, it would never be summoned again. Ferdinand and Castlereagh, in defiance of legal right and plighted word, had reduced the proud and ancient state to an appanage of Naples.[3]

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[1] Sansone, *Rivoluzione*, 274; Colletta, *Storia*, II. 410; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, II. 169; Pepe, *Narrative*, 86.

Reactionary, however, as the Restoration was, it was not cruel. The nobles and clergy sometimes thirsted for proscription, but, with the exception of Ferdinand, the princes who returned were men of honesty and elevated purpose. However unable to understand the spirit of the new age, they had the welfare of the people at heart, and their government between 1814 and 1820 was mild and increasingly so. But to the men of the Restoration the French rule had meant the breaking-up of the moral safeguards on which society rested. It had, so they thought not without reason, weakened religion and endangered the family. They insisted on the re-establishment of strict paternal authority over the young, on the repeal of civil marriage and of the Napoleonic law of divorce. Education was given up to the clergy, security was taken for the obligatory teaching of Catholic doctrine, the Universities were suspected and watched by the police. They had their best exponent in Duke Francis of Modena. The prince, who has been painted, perhaps justly, as the worst tyrant of modern Italy, was in private life a patient, kindly, courteous man, a devoted husband and father, a capable and hard-working ruler. His interest in his people was very real. He wished to see justice speedy, taxation light and regular; he aided with easy loans the needy peasants of his state; in time of famine his generosity was princely. He tried to raise public morality by a bastardy law and the reclamation of the fallen. But beyond the rudiments of morality and material well-being his light failed. He dreaded the political results of education, though a generous patron of art and such research as was safely dissevered from politics. The teacher who led the young to liberal doctrines was in his eyes the greatest of sinners. He held it a prince's sacred duty, at whatever cost to himself and subjects, to save society from Liberalism and its disintegrating influences. For this he supported the nobles and priests, restored the suppressed monasteries, scattered distinctions broadcast, for "rich proprietors," he said, "are always grateful to any one who gives them titles." And more than on baronial favour or priestly education he relied on the sword of the magistrate. In the "epidemic of criticism and insubordination, which leads to the loss of eternal salvation and of earthly tranquillity," it was "a false philanthropy," he thought, to punish lightly. "The Liberals," he said, "are sinners; pray for their repentance, but punish the unrepentant."[1]

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[1] See above, p. 11.

[2] Metternich, *Mémoires*, III. 80; Castlereagh, *op. cit.*, III. 287–289.

[3] *British and Foreign State Papers*, 1816–17, 552–564; Bianchini, *Napoli*, 534; Castlereagh, *op. cit.*, II. 112, 113, 237; Parliamentary Debates, Commons, June 21, 1821; *De la Sicile; Sicily and England;* Palmieri, *Saggio;* Fyffe, *Modern Europe*, II. 88 *n.* The Sicilians called Bentinck "William the Good," and A' Court "William the Bad."

But mild as the reaction was, it was bound to come into conflict with all that was progressive in the nation. The great middle class, which had learnt its strength under the French rule, found its commerce paralysed by the customs-lines that divided state from state, by the obsolete economy that still informed the law; it angrily resented the return of privilege, of arbitrary law, of clerical assertion, of intellectual stagnation. The armies, which had caught the democratic sense, which even in its worst times was present in the Napoleonic system, chafed at the loss of social liberties, the promotion of *émigré* officers, the presence of the domineering Austrians, whom they had so often defeated. Theories of constitutional liberty thrived in such a ground. Russian agents during Alexander's brief spell of Liberalism busily encouraged them. English travellers brought an atmosphere of freer life. The proceedings of the English and French parliaments, the movements of the Greek Hetairia, were keenly watched. There was brisk literary life in the north and centre, and all the younger generation read Alfieri and Foscolo and translations from Germany and England. Everywhere, so far as the police and the censorship would allow, men were dreaming or discussing the hopes, vague and speculative for the most part, of national regeneration. Disappointed Liberals, civil servants who had lost their posts, cashiered officers and soldiers of the *grande armée* longed for the unclouding of the freer day, whose dawn Napoleon had brought. For the first time since Guelf days something of a national party came into life under the auspices of the Carbonari.

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[1] Galvani, *Francesco IV.*, III. 126–140, 194; Bianchi, *Ducati*, I. 74, 75; Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 140–142. I am inclined to discredit the stories of his commercial speculations, respecting which see Tivaroni, *op. cit.*, I. 611, 624.

They were practically an offshoot of Italian Freemasonry, with similar statutes and ritual,[1] but with a more definite political aim. The Freemasons had long been numerous and influential in the south of Italy, and the new society was founded by republican refugees, who fled from Joseph Bonaparte's rule to the Abruzzi and Calabria. They were joined by others, whose only point of sympathy was a common hatred to French rule; and thus from the first it was uncertain whether they should be counted as republicans or royalists. But they were obviously useful allies against the French, and as such were encouraged by Ferdinand and Bentinck. Murat in the latter years of his reign tried to win them, but in vain, and their opposition hastened his fall. After the Restoration Ferdinand naturally persecuted the men who had helped him to his throne, and his minister Canosa patronised the Calderari, the rival society which terrorised the Liberals, till Austria, anxious for some measure of decent government, persuaded Ferdinand to dismiss Canosa and dissolve them. Whether persecuted or protected, the Carbonari spread apace through southern Italy. Their democratic and communistic doctrines, their Christian phraseology swept in converts of different parties; their dim power satisfied men who were groping for authority in a state, whose official government commanded no respect; their fantastic symbolism appealed to an uneducated people, traditionally susceptible to the esoteric and mysterious. They started with a high moral ideal; their leaders hoped to purify society, and initiate an ill-defined socialism, inspired half by Christianity, half by the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Their enigmatic prophecies were inspired by Christian mysticism; "Christ," they said, "was the first victim of tyrants," and the crucifix hung in every Carbonaro lodge.[1] They were even tender to the religious orders and the Pope, and sometimes dreamt of a reformed Catholic church that he would lead. Their rules breathed the austerest morality; severe penalties threatened any immoral or dishonourable conduct from a member, and persons of ill-fame were rigorously excluded from the lodges, till, as large numbers thronged for admission, the officers relaxed the strictness of the scrutiny. It is more difficult to say what was their political creed. It was imparted to the higher grades only, and the rank-and-file were contented with vague formulas of liberty and resistance to tyrants.[2] The more elaborate doctrines of the leaders seem to have been a strange compound of Roman Imperialism and the democratic semi-socialistic teaching of Rousseau's school. Sometimes they aimed at a federal government under the presidency of the Pope, sometimes at an united Italy with Rome for its capital;[1] but the fantastic constitutions, which they loved to build, ran through every varying shade of republicanism and democratic monarchy, though the idea of Italian Independence was always present. A large number were more or less republicans, but the loose organization of a society, whose only links were personal and hierarchic, prevented any real unity of principle. They were practically a vast Liberal association, but with more power to destroy than to create. The threads of their complex organization were held by a supreme lodge, which sat at Naples. They had an elaborate administration of justice, with courts and juries, and penalties of boycotting or rarely of death; and their independent laws and executive were accepted by the people, as more trusted than those of a government associated with every cruelty and treachery.

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[1] Saint-Edme, *Carbonari*, 7–8.

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[1] Frost, *Secret Societies*, I. 214, 222; Cantù, *op. cit.*, II. 130; Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 10; Saint-Edme, *op. cit.*, 15, 97; Crétineau-Joly, *L'église romaine*, though the latter's documents are of doubtful genuineness.

[2] The oath of the highest grade, pledging them to exterminate kings, was a mere form: Pepe, *Memoirs*, II. 277.

From Naples they spread northwards. The Carbonari, the Guelf Knights, the Adelfi of Piedmont and Parma, the Federali of Lombardy were hardly distinguishable sections of the great conspiracy, which prepared the revolution of 1820–21. The earliest public symptom of the new spirit appeared in Lombardy, where it took a social and literary form. Disaffection had grown apace in the Austrian provinces, as hope in the Emperor's "paternal" government broke down. But the political instincts of the Lombards were too weak to allow of more than passive discontent. Active interest was confined to a section of the nobles and middle classes, especially at Milan and Brescia. Their chief was Confalonieri; but his aristocratic sympathies, thinly veneered with the more popular spirit of Napoleon's army, his Voltairean scepticism which had nothing in common with the new religious Liberalism, his want of stability and scrupulousness, made him an ill leader of a party of reform. He and his followers introduced steamboats, spinning jennies, gas; they popularized Lancaster's methods of education. In the salons of Milan they met the Liberals of France and England—Madame de Staël, Byron, Hobhouse, Brougham. The Romanticist literature was just beginning to reach Italy,[1] and the new school founded the *Conciliatore* magazine, under the editorship of the gentle irresolute poet, Silvio Pellico, to wean their countrymen from the pedantry and unreality of the classical school. At first the government was contented with a paper attack, and writers of the old school were paid to decry the patriotism of thinkers, who sought their inspiration in Germany or England. But the Austrians soon saw the danger of the movement; the new periodical "smelt of the charcoal of the Carbonari," and harassed and mutilated, till little was left of it but its name, it died after a year's existence (October 1819); and the party plunged into conspiracy, as the schemes of the Carbonari matured for revolution.

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[1] Saint-Edme, *op. cit.*, 38–40, 112–157; *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 560–562; *Carte segrete*, I. 143; Cantù, *op. cit.*, II. 125; Heckethorne, *Secret Societies*, 108; *Del governo austriaco*, 117.

These schemes were ripest in the south. After the first wave of the Restoration Ferdinand's rule had been more corrupt than tyrannical. The law was codified on French models; there was little interference with speech or writing; provincial and district councils made a skeleton of local administration estimable in theory. But no one trusted the government; Ferdinand's word had been too often broken, and the royalist terror of 1799 could never be forgotten. The peasants groaned under the tyranny of their landlords, the drastic forest laws, the revival of conscription. The national pride was hurt by the presence, till 1817, of an Austrian army of occupation, by the humiliation, when in the following year the King's anxiety to save his soul surrendered the traditional independence of Rome. The government was rotten and blundering; the new local bodies were kept in careful leading-strings; justice was abused in the interests of the rich. Wide distress added to the discontent; the cotton and brandy industries had declined as soon as the Peace opened the ports of Europe; the corn and oil trade was crippled by the interference of the government. Terrible famines and epidemics, regarded by the populace as the divine chastisement for Murat's death, left a trail of woe behind.

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[1] See below, p. 111.

Such a rule, feeble, undignified, corrupt, made a fair seed-bed of conspiracy. The Carbonari were becoming the real government of the country. Malcontents from every class joined them—the overtaxed small proprietors, the lower ranks of the civil service, unsatisfied office-hunters, many of the lower clergy. The army, ill-disciplined and smarting under a reduction of its privileges and the partiality shown to the *émigrés*, was largely affiliated; the magistrates joined perforce. There was no longer the careful scrutiny of noviciates; all sorts and conditions were admitted; and at whatever sacrifice of the society's high standard, it could count its numbers by tens of thousands. The provincial militia, numbering over 50,000 men, fell into its hands. The militia had been organized to protect the country from the brigands by Guglielmo Pepe, a young Calabrian officer; a Carbonaro himself, he was preparing to turn them to political uses, and a plot to seize the King with the Emperor of Austria and Metternich only failed through a misadventure.[1] Pepe was maturing the conspiracy, when he was anticipated by a military revolt.

The bloodless Spanish Revolution inspired two young cavalry officers, Morelli and Salvati, to imitate that model of military democracy. Deserting with a troop of cavalry from their depot at Nola, they marched to Avellino, cheering for king and constitution (July 2, 1820).[2] Disconnected as the movement was, its success showed how ripe the country was for revolt. In forty-eight hours the Revolution had spread through the Capitinata and Basilicata, a day later it had reached the Terra di Lavoro in one direction, and Puglia in the other, and several regiments had followed Pepe to the insurgent camp. There were now at least 12,000 armed constitutionalists at Avellino, and Pepe was preparing to take the offensive, when on the night of July 5 the King, "of his own free will," granted a constitution, but without defining its terms. Suspicious of the King's sincerity, the Carbonari demanded the Spanish Constitution of 1812,[1] under which a parliament of a single chamber oversaw every detail of the executive. It was a masterpiece of doctrinairism, complicated and unworkable; few or none knew more of it than that it was ultra-democratic. But it made a popular cry, and the King's eldest son, Francis, who had been appointed Regent, was swept away by the tide and proclaimed its adoption. Army and people hailed it with ignorant enthusiasm; the Regent swore to defend it with his blood; the King professed himself a happy man to have lived to grant it, and swore fealty to it on the Gospel.

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[1] Pepe, *Memoirs*, II. 182–183.

[2] The Neapolitan Revolution inspired Shelley's Odes to Naples and Liberty.

The ministers resigned when the constitution was granted, and their place was taken by statesmen of Murat's time. In comparison with the Bourbonists they were in a way Liberals, but they had been trained in a school that had little popular fibre in it, and they looked with suspicion on the more democratic Carbonari. Pepe alone among them represented the forces that had made the Revolution. It was inevitable that they should come into conflict with the Carbonaro organization. Not that there was, as they fancied, any real danger of disorder; fears of agrarian laws or attacks on the Church were absurd, when the strength of the Carbonari lay among the landed proprietors, and the Spanish Constitution tolerated no religion but Catholicism. But none the less they were a state within the state; they controlled the militia and the local bodies, and the courts were afraid to proceed against their members. Even Pepe for a time was inclined to put them down with a high hand.[2]

The position, difficult enough in itself, was complicated by a revolution in Sicily. The Sicilians were exasperated by the loss of their independence, by the ingratitude of the King, by the odious subjection to Austria. The old local government had been destroyed, and the restraint which the new system laid on baronial tyranny was dearly bought by enslavement to a corrupt bureaucracy. The departure of the English garrison at the Peace had been followed by a scarcity of money and fall in prices, and the peasant could obtain no corresponding reduction in his rent. The misery, which was mainly due to economic changes, was set down to the loss of independence. So strong was the hatred to the rule of Naples, that in the greater portion of the island it hid the deep divisions that parted the propertied classes from the masses. To the nobles independence meant the return of feudalism, immunity from the better laws of the mainland, a free hand to monopolise the soil and lord it over their vassals. To the masses in the towns it brought vague hopes of plunder, or at best of agrarian decrees. It was only a few, the heirs of the Liberals of 1812, who saw in a return to parliamentary government a road to progress and reform.

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[1] Text in La Farina, *Storia*, V. 169.

[2] Carrascosa, *Mémoires*, 135.

The news of the Revolution at Naples reached Palermo on the festival of its patron-saint, Santa Rosalia, and the city's great holiday (July 14). The Spanish Constitution was hailed with enthusiasm, and it seemed for the moment as if Sicilians and Neapolitans might forget their differences in the common Liberal triumph. But the nobles dreaded the new development, for the Spanish Constitution would be fatal to their power; some of the Liberals themselves were at one with them in wanting separation or Home Rule; and the earlier notes of reconciliation were drowned in the cry for independence and the Sicilian constitution of 1812.[1] The puzzled crowd found its vent in sacking the house of the hated General Church, and destroying the tax-offices. But generally it was the blind tool of the nobles, and it was to serve their own ends that the nobles persuaded the Viceroy to allow it to arm itself from the government's stores. At first the troops had been inclined to fraternize, but the generals were frightened when they saw how events were drifting, and on the 17th the soldiers attacked the mob and were ignominiously beaten. But the barons had used a double-edged tool. The prisons were forced, and the escaped convicts made the mob even more ready for mischief than before. Two of the great peers were barbarously murdered;

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[1] Sansone, *Rivoluzione*, 28 *et seq.*; Famin, *Révolution*, 21; Colletta, *Storia*, II. 378; Palmieri, *Saggio*, 323; Afan di Rivera, *Sicilia* 24.

plunder and assassination terrorized the city, and a Junta of nobles and "consuls" of the artisan crafts tried in vain to stem the disorder. It was not till they had taken the convicts and unemployed into their pay and enrolled them into *squadre*, that modified order was restored.

The riot made the insurrection a hopeless one from the start. Power had passed to a coalition of feudalism and anarchy. The Liberals feared that an independent Sicily would be the sport of foreign powers, or that its parliament would be controlled by the barons; and though if the Union were preserved, the Sicilian deputies would be in a minority at Naples, they hoped to win from a free government reforms that a king had refused. Messina and much of the east of the island were loyal to Naples. Through the centre and west the officials and middle classes followed the Liberals of the capital, and savage faction-fights raged through the island between the friends of the Spanish Constitution and the masses, whose hatred of their employers and sympathy with the Palermo mob made them fierce partisans of the Constitution of 1812. The Palermitans sent the *squadre* of the capital to help their friends. The *squadre*, which reappear at every crisis of Sicilian history, were irregular bands, sometimes of peasants armed and officered by the local lord, sometimes of criminal or semi-criminal proletarians from the cities, capable at times of reckless bravery, but easily discouraged; on the whole, of little military value, and often a terror to the populations they professed to defend. They carried fire and sword through the districts that refused allegiance to the capital; Caltanisetta was sacked and burnt, and the opposition was cowed in two-thirds of the island. But there was intimidation on both sides, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that with the great mass of Sicilians in the west and centre the one absorbing motive was the passionate demand for independence.[1]

The news roused bewilderment and indignation at Naples. Exaggerated rumours of the atrocities exasperated the people; the Liberals regarded the movement as feudal and reactionary, and the refusal to accept the Spanish Constitution seemed the working of mere faction. Except in Calabria, they were unanimous in calling for severe repression. But the government hesitated. The King, perhaps with deliberate design to sow dissension, had promised the Sicilians the Constitution of 1812,[1] and he and the Regent were playing the barons with hopes of Home Rule. At the end of August (August 31) the Regent, with the consent of the ministers, offered a separate parliament, provided that the island as a whole demanded it; but at the same time Florestano Pepe, the brother of the minister, was sent with 7000 men to frighten the home-rulers from their programme, and give the government its chance to escape from its promises.[2] Advancing with his troops on Palermo, Pepe found the Junta ready to come to terms. The propertied classes were willing to accept any compromise as an escape from anarchy. They had organized a citizen-guard, which had had daily skirmishes with the assassin gangs, and was beginning to control the capital. The Junta willingly accepted Pepe's promise to grant an amnesty, and refer the decision between Union or Home Rule to a representative assembly of the island (September 22). But the mob, frenzied by fears for its own safety (for the amnesty specially excluded common crime), and impelled by their wild passion of patriotism, turned on the Junta as Pepe's accomplices, and fired on the citizen guard. Again the gangs, superior in numbers and courage, were easily victorious; again the prisons were opened and palaces were sacked, while Pepe was attacking by land and sea. Ten days they fought him with desperate bravery, and again and again he was driven back, till his position became critical. But reaction was in full tide at Palermo. All but the mob were sick of the anarchy, and pillage, and savagery; the *squadre* had lost terribly in the ten days' fighting, and each day saw more who were weary of the struggle. On October 5 one of the nobles cajoled the unconquered people into surrender. The terms that were offered and accepted, repeated Pepe's earlier proposals, but stipulated that in any case Sicily should remain under the crown of Naples, and accept the Spanish Constitution.[1]

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[1] Sansone, *op. cit.*, 76–77, 84–89, 101; Famin, *op. cit.*, 86, 132–133; Pepe, *Memoirs*, II. 334; Palmieri, *op. cit.*, 365, *et seq.*

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[1] Sansone, *op. cit.*, 23, 58, 59.

[2] *Ib.*, 112–114, 306; Pantaleone e Lumia, *Mémoire*, 216–218.

Sicily had been conquered, but a more formidable danger was showing on the horizon. The Revolution had broken like a thunderclap on Metternich's security; it had been his boast that he had built a system safe from revolutionary disturbance, and the Neapolitan rising "upset all his calculations." Already threats were heard from Vienna, and it became more than probable that Austria would attempt to strangle the new-born constitution. But the Neapolitans were rejoicing in their deliverance too much to think of danger. The taxes were paid before they fell due, and the better-to-do enrolled themselves in the militia. Parliament met on October 1, and the King again swore to protect the constitution. There had been pressure, perhaps intimidation, at the elections; but the majority of the deputies were moderate men, taken almost exclusively from the middling proprietors and professional classes; well-meaning amateurs, their heads full of schemes of reform, but inexperienced, and preferring rhetoric to legislation. Despite the show of peace and harmony, the future was thick with difficulties. Nothing had been done to prepare the country for invasion. The Carbonari seemed bent on cowing or superseding parliament. The reactionary party was recovering from its first shock, and a Bourbon's word could never be relied on. There was only too much ground to suspect that treason was hatching in the palace, and that the feeble ministers were making themselves its tools.

Parliament opened with a fatal blunder. Florestano Pepe's treaty had laid the foundations of peace with Sicily, and the islanders had offered 10,000 men for the common defence. Blinded by the prejudice against the Sicilians, the Chamber repudiated the treaty (October 15), and the ministers were only too ready to escape behind it from their obligations. It was as dishonourable as it was fatuous, but Pepe protested in vain against the unworthy act. General Colletta was sent to supersede him, and the new governor's stern rule produced a show of order. But Sicilian hate only smouldered the more. Except in the eastern provinces, deputies to the parliament at Naples were elected only under pressure or by the official vote. The Sicilian Carbonari were preparing a general conspiracy through the winter, and the Neapolitans not only lost the Sicilian contingent, but had to keep 6000 of their best troops to overawe the island.

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[1] Famin, *op. cit.*, 141–187; Colletta, *op. cit.*, 395, 396.

Parliament then turned to attack the ministry. The men who composed it had neither the training nor the capacity for the times. They were afraid of popular forces, they felt how little they had in common with a democratic movement, they knew the strength of Austria; and their policy, so far as they had one, was to temporize, to hamper the revolution, to humour the King and Metternich; and so with good fortune to save the country from invasion. But they were the King's dupes. Ferdinand knew that Austria would never sanction the constitution, and when the allied sovereigns invited him from Troppau to meet their adjourned conference at Laybach, he asked permission of parliament to go (December 6), and meant to dissolve it by force, if it refused.[1] There were two feasible policies before the deputies. They might with good prospect of success have bid for the support of France, and appeased the Allies by consenting to a house of peers and a large increase in the power of the crown.[2] Or, deposing Ferdinand in favour of his son, and throwing down the gauntlet to Austria, they might have roused the country to a brave defence and carried the revolution across the Papal border. They did neither. Guglielmo Pepe alone stood for the bolder alternative. The Carbonaro doctrinaires would not abate an iota of the constitution; but anxious to give no pretext for invasion, perhaps trapped by the prospect of getting rid of the king, they resolved that he should go.

The King wrote amiably from Laybach about his greyhounds. Then, dropping the mask, he warned his ministers that the Allies were determined to put down the constitution, and with feeble apologies announced his concurrence in their plans. Despite the suspicions of the Powers, Metternich had won their consent to send an Austrian army to restore him to absolute power.[1] Nothing was left now but to make a brave defence. There was still no small chance of success. The government could put 40,000 regulars and at least as many militia into the field. Even if the army were driven back along the coast, parliament could retire to Calabria, and keep up a defence in the Apennines, which would weary out the invader. Piedmont, though the Neapolitans did not know it, was at the point of rising; revolution was fermenting in Romagna and the Marches, and a prolonged resistance might have stirred a movement there, which would cut the Austrian communications. The people were eager for war;[2] all that was needed was a vigorous lead. But of this there was none; the Regent was playing a double game; the incurable optimism of the government gave the reactionaries free play; parliament buried its head in the faith that because its cause was "innocent," nobody would attack it. The army distrusted its officers; there was no matured plan of defence; and it was not till the last moment that the militia was called out.

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[1] La Cecilia, *Mémoire*, 26; Carrascosa, *Mémoires*, 237.

[2] Palma, *Napoli*, 237, 238; Le comte D., *Précis*, 41; Carrascosa, *op. cit.*, 230, 231; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, II. 37; Wellington, *Supp. Despatches, N.S.*, I. 401.

The Austrians crossed the Po late in January, and advanced slowly southwards. The Neapolitans, who mustered between 40,000 and 50,000, half of them militia, were divided into two bodies; the first corps, under Carrascosa, defending the line of the Garigliano, the second, under Pepe, occupying the Abruzzi passes. It would probably have been wise strategy to remain on the defensive. But Carrascosa and Colletta, who was now minister of war, were disposed to treat with the enemy;[3] and it was possibly the knowledge of this that induced Pepe, who had the whole

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[1] Castlereagh, *op. cit.*, IV. 312–317, 350, 372.

[2] Pepe, *Narrative*, 31, 33, 38; *Id. Memoirs*, III. 108, 128, 135; *Voce del Popolo*, 119; Colletta, *op. cit.*, II. 434.

[3] Carrascosa, *op. cit.*, 330–331; Colletta, *op. cit.*, II. 435; Pepe, *Memoirs*, III. 143–144.

Austrian army in front of him, to cross the frontier and attack them at Rieti (March 7). The militia fought well for the raw soldiers that they were, and retreated in good order after seven hours' fighting. But defeat destroyed their confidence; proclamations from the King, threatening death and confiscation to all who resisted, scared the population, and the army melted away among the mountains. At Naples the guards declared for the King, and parliament, giving up the game, humbly appealed to his clemency. The Austrians entered Naples without another blow (March 23).

Three days after Pepe's defeat at Rieti the Revolution broke out in Piedmont. The whole strength of Piedmontese conservatism had mustered to wreck Prospero Balbo's efforts for reform, and the discontent became the more acute for the hopes that he had raised. Constitutionalism became the fashion of the young nobles, and the army was led by men who had fought at Austerlitz, to whom Austria was always the enemy, and who dared to think that Piedmont must "choose between vassalage to her and the Italian crown." The Carbonari gathered together the threads of discontent. But whatever it was elsewhere, in Piedmont Carbonarism was not republican. Victor Emmanuel's animosity to the "white leeches" of Austria was still smouldering, and De Maistre was intriguing at St. Petersburg for a North Italian kingdom under Russian protection.[1] The Carbonari were not entirely building on sand, when they looked to the King to champion them and draw the nationalists of all Italy to his flag.[2] But before the war of independence came, the conspirators wished to secure reform at home, and the majority determined to demand the Spanish Constitution. Even to this they fondly hoped the King would accede, and to assist them they looked for the connivance of Charles Albert, the young Prince of Carignano, and heir presumptive to the crown.

He came of a younger branch of the House of Savoy. His father had copied Philippe Égalité in miniature at the

[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, I. 454.

[2] *Id. Santa Rosa*, 110; *Santa Rosa, Memorie*, 31.

time of the revolutionary wars; himself had been brought up at Paris as a French citizen, had held rank in Napoleon's army, and been a Count of the Empire. He was now twenty-two years old, tall, manly, devoted to arms; brave and proud, but without strong affection, and with a youth's morbid sensitiveness for his own freedom. The Liberals had long looked to him as the one prince from whom they might find real sympathy. Monti had sung his praises, and the prince had not concealed his hopes of reform and independence. Though it might suit him at court to parade an orthodox horror of modern thought, he openly encouraged the Liberals, and had relations with the Carbonari, though probably he was never initiated into the society.[1] The Neapolitan revolution fired him with ambition to lead the nationalists, to drive the Austrians from Italy, and extend the bounds of Piedmont.

The plan of the conspirators was to extort the Spanish Constitution, then move the army rapidly across the Ticino, join their forces with the conspirators, whom Confalonieri was preparing for revolt at Milan and Brescia, overpower the denuded garrisons,[2] and cut off the Austrian retreat from Naples. They took for granted that the Piedmontese troops would win an easy victory, and the Lombards promised to summon a representative assembly to vote on the question of fusion with Piedmont. An accidental affray at Turin between the university students and the military (January 1821) brought the exasperation against the government to a point, and for two months the court and the people faced each other. Early in March the real or supposed discovery of the plot decided the Liberals to rise at once. They only waited to pledge Charles Albert to the revolution, and an interview took place between the prince and some of the leading conspirators. Of what passed there, we have directly conflicting statements; but the probability is that the prince promised his adhesion, when satisfied that no hostility was intended against the King.[3] But on the morrow, frightened and penitent, above all, anxious to have no share in suborning the army, he betrayed the secret to the government. Discovering his defection, the Turin conspirators tried to defer the rising; but their accomplices in the garrison at Alessandria, whether ignorant of the prince's treachery or impatient of waiting, proclaimed the revolution and the Spanish Constitution, and saluted Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy (March 10). In the capital itself the students clamoured for the constitution, and the garrison began to waver (March 12). The officers refused to march against the rebel city, and the movement seemed to have friends in the government itself. In the Council the Queen was alone in opposing concession. The King, perhaps, had pledged himself to the Powers at Laybach to part with none of his absolute authority; but he shrank from a resistance that meant civil war, and when the garrison threatened to bombard the city, unless the constitution were granted, he solved the dilemma by abdication. It was a heavy blow to the conspirators, who had been careful to proclaim their loyalty, and boasted that they were setting the King free "to follow the promptings of his Italian heart." Before his abdication he had appointed Charles Albert regent, pending the arrival of the new king, his brother Charles Felix. The young prince, left alone and uncounselled (for the ministers had resigned), had a task beyond his years. He was loyal to the royal family, but tied by his relations with the insurgents; he had to save the capital from anarchy, the country from foreign occupation. He probably knew how unready the army was to fight the Austrians. To a deputation that urged the immediate adoption of the constitution, he replied that he was ready to die for the royal cause, which he represented; but a day later, as the garrison grew more threatening, and the Notables, whom he consulted, advised surrender, he granted the Spanish Constitution "under the stress of circumstances and to preserve the state to the new King." For the moment he seemed to revert to his earlier enthusiasms; he spoke of union with Naples and national glory, and made no secret of his nationalist sympathies to the Lombard messengers, who came from

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[1] Cantù, *Conciliatore*, 164–165.

[2] There were 13,000 Austrian troops left in the North: Castlereagh, *op. cit.*, IV. 375, 378; Casati, *op. cit.*, I. 118; *Carte segrete*, II. 195.

[3] Vol. II., Appendix A.

Confalonieri to urge him to march to Milan.[1] But he was frightened back by an uncompromizing manifesto, in which Charles Felix refused to recognize any concessions; and when he received from the new King a peremptory order to go to Novara, he secretly fled with a portion of the garrison.

After this there was little hope for the Revolution. Confalonieri played an ambiguous and irresolute part, and the Lombards would take no action till the Piedmontese had crossed the frontier. The Genoese indeed rose angrily on receiving Charles Felix's manifesto, the reserves came up well to join their colours, and the Revolution was willingly accepted in many of the cities. But the capital was cold; the nobles disliked the Spanish Constitution, and after Charles Albert's desertion the moderate men lost hope and drifted away. The new ministers might have done something to rouse the country, but they had no stuff for vigorous action. Santa Rosa, perhaps the only earnest man among them, tried, when it was too late, to give life to the Revolution by a rush on Lombardy. "Sink domestic differences and hasten to the Ticino; Lombardy waits for you, and France is stirring." It was the one hope of success. But the soldiers had lost their enthusiasm, and more and more troops went over to the loyalist camp at Novara. The tidings of Rieti deepened the gloom, and the Turin ministers in despair, Santa Rosa dissenting, accepted Russian mediation in the hopes of staving off an Austrian invasion. But Charles Felix on the one side and the Alessandrian Junta on the other would have no compromise. The Austrians crossed the Ticino, and the constitutional troops advanced on Novara. To the last they refused to believe that the loyalist regiments would fight on the Austrian side. But the patriotism of the army had little root, and the 9000 constitutionalists found themselves confronted by an almost equal force of Piedmontese and a large Austrian contingent.

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[1] Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 253; Poggi, *Storia*, I. 346; Bollati, *Fasti*, I. 13; Pallavicino, *Memorie*, I. 22–23; Arrivabene, *Intorno*, 118; Mario, *Mazzini*, 32; *contra* Martini, *Storia*, IV. 210 *n.*; Brofferio, *Miei Tempi*, XII. 20. In view of the passages in Pallavicino and Arrivabene, it is impossible to believe Confalonieri's denials in Casati, *op. cit.*, I. 30, 45, 108–112.

A battle outside Novara (April 8) ended in their easy rout. The Austrians occupied Alessandria, and Genoa after securing the escape of the fugitives made a tame surrender.

The Revolution had ended in complete discomfiture. It never had the stuff of success in it. Its sudden collapse in the south pointed to some deep-seated weakness, for Neapolitan soldiers had proved their worth against Massena and in Napoleon's campaigns. It had, indeed, great difficulties to face; the hideous blunder in Sicily, the treachery of King and Regent, the European coalition made success not easy in any event; but the Austrian forces were not overwhelming, and the Revolution might have triumphed but for its own mistakes. It fell into the hands of men who had little sympathy for it; and if it proved the abnegation of the Carbonari, it proved their great unwisdom that they handed the government to men, whose whole training taught them suspicion of the Liberal movement, made them temporize and compromize, and wait on events. There could be no harmony under such conditions, and the rivalry of Pepe and Carrascosa was typical of the suspicions that divided Carbonari and Murattists all through. Ostensibly they worked together, but the want of trust on either side drove the Carbonari to organize an extra-legal power which paralyzed the executive. But a deeper-seated weakness than Murattist lukewarmness or Carbonaro suspicion was the want of stability in the people. The Neapolitans, now as always, rushed into the Revolution, and rushed out of it again. They welcomed it, they cheered for it, they were willing even to march to war, but the first defeat discouraged them, and they had no fibre in them for a long and desperate defence. Had they had something of the reckless bravery of the Palermo mob, they might have triumphed; but Neapolitan nervelessness stood in sharp contrast to Sicilian virility, and Naples lost her chance of the hegemony of Italy. In those days, with the memory of Murat behind her, when the House of Savoy had yet won little place in Italian imagination, Naples, mistress of one-third of the peninsula, might have taken the lead of Italian destinies, and changed the course of Italian history. It was a lucky day for Italy, when the Bourbons and their unstable subjects missed this, but not the last, opportunity.

In the north there was even less chance of success. In Naples, at all events, the Revolution had been democratic; here it failed even to interest the masses. The anglomaniac young nobles wanted a House of Peers, and the Lombard grandees looked to the Piedmontese to restore the lost privileges, which Austria refused to give them back. The army had learnt in the French wars to regard itself as arbiter of the nation's politics, and cared little to consult the people for whom it professed to act. Had the Revolution triumphed, it would have left the country under a parliamentary aristocracy as exclusive as English Whigs. But though less popular, the Piedmontese Revolution had a higher note than at Naples. It was not simply the revolt of discontent, the protest of individual rights and ambitions debarred of outlet; there was the rebellion of sentiment, which Alfieri and Foscolo had inspired, and which looked vaguely forward to the golden future of a great free Italy. But the honest and well-meaning men who led it were sentimentalists, who mistook words for facts, enthusiasts for liberty and independence, but with little comprehension of their meaning. With great capacity for self-illusion, great ignorance of the feeling of the country, they neglected the detailed preparation which earns success, and were easily discouraged when the dramatic and sensational changed to need for patient endeavour. They made no attempt to summon parliament; the Alessandrian leaders styled themselves the Junta of the Italian Federation, but their political views stopped short at a North Italian Kingdom. They were full of the one-man idea, which had survived from the Napoleonic rule, and thought success assured, if they had a prince's patronage. In the educational or social uplifting of the masses they had little interest. Except to reduce the price of salt, no social legislation marked the rule of the provisional government. Their politics were of the barracks and drawing-room, not of the market-place. Santa Rosa stands preeminent among them, but even he, pure and disinterested as he was, had no masculine democratic fibre. Nurtured on Rousseau and Foscolo, he had all the passive virtues; but his unpractical, dreamy nature was helpless in the face of popular apathy and Austrian steel.

Both Revolutions were alike in proving how weak was the sentiment of Unity. A few like Santa Rosa hoped to combine the national forces of north and south; Manzoni had an ode ready on Italy, "one in arms, in speech, in laws, in heart." But the Piedmontese conspirators left the Neapolitans in ignorance of their plans, and delayed their rising till the Neapolitan movement was nearly doomed. Piedmont, Lombardy, Romagna, Naples, Sicily, each had its unconnected policy, sometimes with divergent or hostile aims. The Piedmontese and Lombards were already disputing whether Turin or Milan should be the future capital.[1] The Sicilians were so dominated by hatred of Naples, that after the repudiation of Florestano Pepe's treaty many of them welcomed the Austrians and rejoiced in their success. The Neapolitans preferred to sacrifice the national cause rather than give Sicily home rule, and rejected the appeal from the nationalists of the Marches to carry the Revolution into Papal territory.[2] It was clear that the work of the Carbonari was on wrong lines or incomplete. The Liberal movement had yet to become popular and national.

The Revolution had its feeble echoes through the Po valley. At Modena Francis had been frightened from his plottings with the Pope against Austria, to crush an incipient revolt. Conspiracy was busy in Romagna, where the "American Hunters" drilled in the forest of Ravenna, and Byron stored his house with arms for a rising that failed to come off.[3] Now the whole country lay crushed, and at the mercy of the victors. The statesmen at Laybach had been prompt to stamp out the Revolution, but they were anxious not to exasperate the country by an excessive severity. Austria, indeed, permitted herself the luxury of a persecution, infamous even among her own state-trials, and sent Confalonieri (his life saved by his wife's heroic importunacy),[1] and many another of his comrades to the Moravian fortress-prison of the Spielberg, where the Emperor Francis played with his victims like a cat with maimed birds, and whose horrors Pellico's pen has made the symbol of Austrian cruelty. Metternich allowed Francis of Modena to wreck a revenge as savage.[2] But elsewhere he thought it prudent that a veil should be drawn over the past. He insisted that Ferdinand should make a small concession to Liberalism by increasing the power of the Provincial Councils, and giving Sicily an independent civil service, with a separate though subordinate Council under the Viceroy. But the Bourbon was thirsting for revenge, and no counsels of expediency were likely to deter him. Massacre, indeed, was now more than the times would swallow; but he was successful in removing the veto that the Allies had put on persecution. The civil service, the army, the beneficed clergy were purged of all who had Liberal sympathies. Men were arrested quicker than the courts could try them; public whippings made Naples aghast; and though the Austrians interfered to save the revolutionary officers (except Salvati and Morelli) from death, thirty were sent to an island penal settlement to sleep on the bare ground and starve.[3] Ferdinand recalled Canosa and the Jesuits to complete the work. Holocausts were made of suspected books, and a catechism, founded on Bossuet, was burnt because it contained a reference to love of country. Heavy import-duties stopped the introduction of foreign or Italian literature, the minister Medici confessing that his object was to keep the people ignorant. Again and again the government struck savagely at the Carbonari. No Liberal was safe, and fearful of proscription many fled to the mountains, or roamed the country in armed bands. Assassination on both sides marked the violence of political feeling; and when Vesuvius broke out in eruption, and inhospitable Pizzo[1] was submerged by a tidal wave, the superstitious populace remembered Murat's death, and marked it as an omen for the Bourbons.

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[1] *Archivio Triennale*, I. 72, 73.

[2] Martini, *op. cit.*, III. 255.

[3] Moore, *Byron*, 441, 468; *Carte segrete*, I. 205, 208, 303, 407; Del Cerro, *Polizia*, 134–140. He thought the conspirators "wanting in principle."

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[1] For Teresa Confalonieri, see Mrs. Browning's lines :—

"Spielberg's grate,
At which the Lombard woman hung the rose
Of her sweet soul by its own dewy weight,
To feel the dungeon round her sunshine close,
And pining so, died early, yet too late
For what she suffered."

For Metternich's attempt to induce Confalonieri to inculpate Charles Albert (which I see no reason to doubt), see Gualterio, *Rivolgamenti*, I. 63, 66, 67; Tabbarrini, *Capponi*, 168; Andryane, *Mémoires*, II. 59, 62; Cantù, *Conciliatore*, 152, 192.

[2] Among those who escaped was Antonio Panizzi, of British Museum fame.

[3] Gabriel Rossetti was among those who escaped. See his song against the *rè fellon* in Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 234, 256.

And even when Ferdinand's revenge was sated, the sordid chronic oppression, the measureless corruption, the burdens of the Austrian occupation, which, before they left in 1827, cost the country three years' revenue, stereotyped the misery of the land. And though, after a financial crisis in 1824, the government made some fiscal reforms, its meddlesome fears still hampered trade. Medici refused to sanction societies for improving the mulberry or lighting towns with gas; "associations," he said, "are hurtful to the state, for they enlighten the people, and spread Liberal ideas." In the midst of the discontent and misgovernment, Ferdinand's death brought his long reign of sixty-five years to a dishonoured close (January 4, 1825). The rule, which had begun with Tannucci's reforms, had changed at the French Revolution to the savagest, wickedest tyranny; had encouraged Fra Diavolo and his bands to make the streets of Naples run with blood; had woven its long shameless tissue of broken pledges and fierce revenge and unspeakable corruption. A brutish, illiterate, superstitious tyrant, Ferdinand had made the name of Bourbon for ever execrated in the land.

In Piedmont Charles Felix emulated his royal relative in the severity of the reaction; but Piedmontese traditions saved it from the wantonness and indecency of Ferdinand's misrule. Charles Felix was not cruel by nature; but he looked on the Revolution as the accursed thing, and meant to stamp it out. The son of an Infanta, the son-in-law of Ferdinand of Naples, Charles Felix was an absolutist of the straitest sect. Even his own ministers savoured to him of revolution, and he assumed a lofty scorn for an innovating generation. "The King," so he laid down, "is the only person empowered by God to judge of the fittest means to compass the welfare of his subjects, and it is the first duty of a loyal subject not to complain." But he had no qualifications for playing the grand monarch. Alone among the princes of Savoy, he was no soldier. He "was no King to be bored," and he hated alike state business and court ceremonial. Of poor presence, superstitious, irritable, he had few friends, and his chroniclers have dealt hardly with him.

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[1] See above, p. 8.

Meanwhile, Liberal Piedmont lay stunned. Twelve thousand Austrians remained to cow the country. The exiles scattered to Spain and France and England,[1] to Egypt and South America; Santa Rosa taught languages at Nottingham, till he went to meet a hero's death at Sphacteria. Still there was progress; some of Balbo's projects of judicial reform were carried through; agricultural science was taught, the drama encouraged, literature protected and stifled. And slowly Charles Felix broke to a certain extent from his Austrian and Roman friends. He had his quarrels with the Pope on ecclesiastical taxation. After the first fit of gratitude to Austria, he remembered her earlier unfriendliness. He grumbled at Metternich's insolence, and the protracted occupation of Alessandria; and though he encouraged Austria to stay at Naples, he rejected her proposals for common action against the Liberals, and lost no opportunity to parade his sovereign independence.

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[1] A Committee, on which Hume and Whitbread sat, was formed to relieve the refugees.

CHAPTER III

SOCIAL CONDITION OF ITALY

PIEDMONT: its growth, and character; the House of Savoy; government; nobles; clergy; army; the class system; justice; education; trade; Genoa; peasants; Piedmontese hegemony.

LOMBARDY-VENETIA: the Austrian rule; Milan under the Kingdom of Italy; the bureaucracy; taxation; justice; clergy; education; censorship; local government; the Congregations; state-trials; police; Lombard character; nobles; middle classes; peasants; nationalist sentiment.

PIEDMONT

THE Kingdom of Piedmont was the creation of centuries of patient statecraft. From lords of a few Burgundian fiefs, the Counts of Savoy had come to possess the second greatest state of Italy, and hold high rank among the secondary powers of Europe. It had not been an easy work. Midway between the French and Austrian powers, a battleground in every war between the great hereditary enemies, the little state again and again ran the danger of extinction. But the House of Savoy sold its help to the highest bidder, and generally found itself on the winning side. In the seventeenth century it was the only power in Italy that held its own against the Spanish domination. Early in the following century it won Alessandria and the Lomellina as the price of its help to Austria and England. Twenty-five years later a French alliance secured for it Novara. In the war of the Austrian Succession it returned to the alliance with Vienna, and gained the country up to the Ticino. There was hardly a treaty but it crept on to some new fragment of territory, and at the outbreak of the French Revolution the Kingdom of Sardinia, as diplomatists called it, comprised the north-western Italian plain to the Apennines, Sardinia, Nice, and Savoy. It was not a very noble policy;

as a Belgian diplomatist observed, geography hardly allowed the Kings of Piedmont to be honest. But it was the only alternative to extinction, and begging the morality of it, the Savoy princes and their statesmen showed a masterly skill and perseverance. "The policy of the Court of Turin," wrote Horace Walpole, "has the subtlety of the air it breathes"; and Chesterfield extolled its diplomatists as the model for his generation.

The history of the little state moulded its temper. The people of the "Subalpine" Kingdom, like its princes, were stubborn, wary, serious, with a military pride and concentration of purpose rare in Italy. Hardly Italians, speaking French or their own half-Provençal dialect,[1] with little sense of heritage in the past of Italy, they despised literature and art, and were happy in the mephitic dulness that stifled strangers in Turin. More shrewd than inventive, their agriculture was backward, their industries hardly existent. For political or religious liberties the mass of the people cared nothing.

Hence they accepted with undemonstrative loyalty the paternal military absolutism of the House of Savoy. Its princes were men of high ability and sense of duty. Brought face to face with their subjects in the long struggle for existence, they had identified themselves with the nation. The court was stern, hardworking, simple; the government an honest, unprogressive, punctilious bureaucracy; its exchequer one of the best regulated in Europe. It had its analogies with Prussia, and much of its system was consciously modelled on hers. It fostered commerce, encouraged nascent industries by royal patronage and a strict protective system. It guarded the masses from pressing grievances, made humane laws for the relief of the poor, protected farmers from unfair rents, legislated to safeguard leaseholders, levied forced loans on the rich to procure corn in time of famine;[2] till the French rule popularized the new *laissez-faire* economy, and made all efforts vain to return again to the traditions of a restrictive paternal rule. But of political rights or social progress neither prince nor people recked. As elsewhere in Italy, person and property and honour were at the mercy of the police, though in quiet times their powers lay dormant, and, except when it was frightened, the government was too much bound by precedent to be capriciously tyrannical. The right of registering laws, which attached to the Senate or Supreme Court, as to the French *parlements*, was of small real value, for its members were nominees of the crown, and not as in France hereditary holders of office. The magistrates, the one genuine element of opposition, were gradually degraded. The communes had their Councils with considerable liberties, and Turin and Genoa had their municipalities; but though there was a skeleton of provincial local government, the provinces were ruled by military governors, the cities by the commandants of the garrisons. In the words of a Piedmontese noble there was "only a king who commands, a nobility which supports him, and a people which obeys."

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[1] Alfieri: "Italian speech is contraband at Turin." Even at a much later date, when the Piedmontese had learnt to write Italian, they were lavish of French idioms.

[2] Bianchi, *Monarchia*, I. 192–196, 211–213; Avvocato milanese, *Opuscoli*, I. 129–147; Sclopis, *Legislazione italiana*, III. 222. By a law of 1762, repealed

The nobles, like their king, strict, economical, proud, were a military caste. New creations brought in a certain element of Liberalism, but the older peers, tenacious of their feudal rights, lived a life of patriarchal simplicity, and though often kind and generous to their vassals, ruled them with a heavy hand. The younger sons, left portionless by the strict laws of entail, monopolized the higher posts in the army and civil service; but they worked hard and strove to live worthily of their families and nation. The clergy were kept in comparative subservience to the state. Ecclesiastical property paid its share to the revenue, and it was the traditional policy of the law courts to restrict clerical jurisdiction. The traditions of the Piedmontese

by the French, but apparently re-enacted in 1814, any person renting a house in Turin under a written agreement might, on the determination of his tenancy, prolong his lease. The rent might be raised, but not unreasonably, and there was reference to an arbitrator with plenary powers. The Senate of Turin tried to minimise the operation of the law as being "against the tenor of liberty."

Church were Gallican, though the Restoration saw their gradual decay. The bishops were nominated by the crown, and in Savoy the decrees of Trent had never been recognized. Even Charles Felix and Charles Albert, devoted as they were to the Papacy, suffered no infringement of their prerogative. But the clerical yoke weighed heavy on the people. The Jesuits returned in 1818; Charles Felix disliked them, Charles Albert protected them, but under both reigns alike they slid into greater power, winning a mighty influence through their schools, which educated a large proportion of the boys of the richer classes. The "Society of Catholic Friendship," whose object seems to have been to defend the Church alike from Liberals and government, was powerful in the aristocracy, and by its proselytism and doles won many of the army and the poor. Religions, other than the Roman Catholic, were only tolerated; even in 1845 no Protestant chapel was allowed in Turin outside the walls of the embassies. The Protestant Waldenses, despite the ancient protection of England, might not hold office, or send their children to school outside their own valleys. Mixed marriages were unrecognized by the state, and as late as 1838 their issue, illegitimate in the eyes of the law, were liable to be taken from their mothers and baptized in the Catholic faith.[1] The Jews were excluded from public office and the universities. And the Church bound a grievous burden on the whole national life. Every Piedmontese was driven to communicate at Easter; shops were compulsorily closed on religious festivals; cabinet ministers observed fast-days on pain of losing office; twice a year classes were suspended at the universities for a week of religious observance. There were over 300 monasteries and convents on the mainland and 100 in Sardinia,[2] some of scandalous repute. The ecclesiastical courts, despite the opposition of the judges, reserved all cases to which a cleric was a party, all matters of conjugal rights, of tithes, of blasphemy, and heresy. But the Church was content with outward conformity. The clergy themselves often bore an indifferent name. Among the richer classes religion was the handmaid of fashion, and though there was no overt scepticism, there was little fervour and abundant hypocrisy. Despite the frequent and splendid ceremonies of its churches, Turin was perhaps the most immoral city in North Italy.

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[1] Boggio, *Chiesa e Stato*, 153–155; Bert, *Valdesi*, 278, 284–285; v. Raumer, *Italy*, I. 247–248.

[2] Serristori, *Statistica*, 4–5; this is probably an under-estimate, in 1854 there were 604 in all.

Even more than clergy and nobles, the pivot of the Piedmontese system was the army. Hereditary traditions, the necessities of their position, ambitions, more or less defined, of expansion in Italy, made the kings of Piedmont maintain a force disproportionate to the size of the state. Three-quarters of the revenue went to support the army and navy, and the little country could put 70,000 men into the field. The generals, indeed, had seldom any qualification but their birth; they were martinets in the barracks, blunderers in the field. There was little promotion for officers from the middle classes, and the prizes of the service went to the crass and ill-educated cadets of noble houses, for it was a maxim at the War Ministry that "books make a soldier unlearn his trade." But the officers were brave, the men, even when they hated the service, docile and strenuous, and in those days of low military efficiency, the Piedmontese army was no contemptible force.

Nobles, clergy, army were all part of the machinery for keeping the people loyal to one religious and monarchical creed, for making Piedmont respected among its grasping neighbours. The whole social life of the country was permeated by the discipline and narrowness of military rule. The princes were "by necessity and choice drill-sergeants." Young men were absolutely under the control of their fathers till twenty-five years of age, considerably so even in mature years. The country was, as Alfieri called it, "a noble prison." Turin, with its streets mapped out in rectangular precision like a Roman camp, was "half barrack, half cloister." Close guilds of masters and men carried a rigid organization into industry. The sharpest distinction of classes was preserved. The nobles were, perhaps, the most exclusive aristocracy in Italy;[1] a scion, who married below his station, was disinherited, and those who, like Massimo D'Azeglio, broke through the rigid caste laws, were ostracized. The middle classes were divided among themselves by minutest distinctions of etiquette. The lower ranks of the civil service and the magistrates formed almost hereditary castes. It was in vain that Charles Albert in later years tried to bring the different sections of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie together. No class could escape the atmosphere of ignorance and prejudice. Even the artisans, well as they responded to later changes, had little of the alertness of their Lombard brothers.

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[1] Martini, *Storia*, IV. 334–339.

The French rule, which lasted with one brief interval from 1798 to 1814, brought indeed a considerable advance. Slowly and grudgingly Victor Emmanuel and his brother were compelled to make concessions to the new spirit they found on their return. For all this, the institutions of Piedmont were far in arrears of those of Western Europe. Piedmontese law was a medley of Roman and Canon law, of royal edicts, local customs, and decisions of the courts, without attempt at codification. The Genovesate retained the French civil and commercial codes; the Duchy of Aosta had its special laws; even small towns had their peculiar customs or exemptions. The criminal law, at least in the letter, was worthy of the middle ages. Forgers might be strangled in public, and their bodies burned; death was the penalty for sacrilege, for all but the smallest thefts, for bearing the challenge to a duel. If the evidence was insufficient for conviction, a reduced penalty might be inflicted. The judges were on the whole honest and able, but in spite of the efforts of De Maistre and Prospero Balbo, they were still removable, and down to 1822 were partially paid by suitors' fees. And justice was impossible in face of the royal prerogative, which overrode the decisions of the courts, and used its "paternal equity" to set court favourites above the law. Even when the reforms of 1822 swept away some of the worst abuses, there was still no publicity of justice, no cross-examination, no adequate rules of procedure.[1]

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[1] Avvocato milanese, *op. cit.*, IV. 29 *et seq.*; Dal Pozzo, *Observations*; Sclopis, *op. cit.*, III. 218, 248.

In education the country was equally behindhand. Charles Felix, in 1822, ordered schools to be provided for boys in every commune, but no grants were made before 1846, and the poorer communes disregarded the law. In 1845 hardly more than half of them had schools,[1] and the great majority of the artisans and peasants were illiterates.[2] It was not till 1846 that public elementary education was extended to girls, and the whole financial responsibility thrown on the Provincial Councils. There was a better provision of secondary schools, and the state made grants in aid; but Latin and Greek were the only subjects well taught, and there was no instruction in modern history or languages, and little in science. Priests were almost the only schoolmasters and professors, and their ferule drilled the pupils to unreasoning obedience or drove the intelligent to rebellion or despair. Prospero Balbo attempted to supply lay teachers by founding normal schools (1817), but his scheme apparently went under in the reaction of 1821, till Charles Albert allowed Cesare Alfieri to revive it twenty-three years later. The Universities of Turin and Genoa were in almost as evil case. After 1821 the Jesuits seized on them; the traditional Jansenist theology of Turin was discouraged, and no student was admitted without certificate of confession and communion. Professors and students alike were spied on, and the least mark of independence brought expulsion, with its sequel of exclusion from public office and the liberal professions. And though Piedmontese scholarship survived all discouragement, such literature as there was was courtly and nerveless. The double censorship, civil and ecclesiastical, was perhaps the severest in Italy; and until the reforms of the '40s eased the way, the path of learning was strewn with every obstacle that timidity and prejudice could accumulate.

Trade was more kindly looked on. As in Prussia, it was all important for the ends of the government that the people should be prosperous. King and nobles vied in promoting production. The raw silk of the Po valley, the olive-oil of the Genovesate, the wines of Asti and Voghera began to win a wide repute. But the government more than undid its work by the restrictions with which it hampered industry. Protection discouraged inventiveness; high duties well-nigh ruined the trade of Genoa, and developed an enormous contraband along all the frontier. Provincial customs-lines cut off Piedmont from Savoy, and both from the Genovesate. There were practically no banks. Down to 1838 letters were distributed in the capital only thrice a week. Under such conditions industry found it difficult to compete with the products of Lombardy and Tuscany, much less with those of other western countries, and the foreign trade reached a total of only £7,000,000 a year. Still the country bore many marks of prosperity. Population, though it grew slowly, was nearly as dense as that of Lombardy, denser than that of Great Britain of the time. In 1820 Turin and Genoa each numbered nearly 100,000 inhabitants.

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[1] Pareto, *Genova*, II. 428–430, whose authority I prefer to Serristori, *op. cit.*, 27, 28; and Mittermeier, *Condizioni*, 203. In 1848, however, four-fifths had schools.

[2] *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 911–912; Eandi, *Saluzzo*, I. 316–317; Sacchi, *Istruzione*, 29; Brofferio, *Parlamento*, V. 307. In Sardinia a successful scholar's prize was to whip his competitors.

The commercial interest however was weak in Piedmont itself. In Genoa, on the other hand, it was rooted deep in the very life of the people. The Genoese merchant inherited the commercial tradition of centuries; but simple, careful, parsimonious as he was, he had not sufficient enterprise to fight against the revolutions of trade which had brought his city low. The Indian trade was fast passing to England; Trieste was a dangerous rival; a war of tariffs crippled business with Marseilles; protective duties in the interests of agriculture crippled the import trade in corn and wine; and when the government came to his relief by raising the dues on foreign vessels, it only drove them away without benefiting native shipping. The free traders pointed out that, with a general reduction of duties, Genoa might regain its position as a commercial centre. But the opposition of the shipowners prevented the reform till 1842, and meanwhile stagnant trade meant poverty and worse to the thick industrial population of the city. The Genoese workman was serious and hardworking, thrifty when he had the chance, fairly sober. His whole character was at the opposite pole to that of the Turin artisan; he was restless, insubordinate, ready to assert his rights against employers; he made a poor soldier but a better citizen. And this antipathy reflected the old political antagonism. It was only among the thoughtful middle classes that there was any tendency to approach the Piedmontese; the poor and the patricians alike idealized their old independence, and for a time hated Piedmont more than Austria. And when the hope of independence died away, and Genoa merged its hopes in those of Italy, its affinities were with Milan rather than Turin, and however loyal it grew to be towards the House of Savoy, its influence was always cast against the leadership of Piedmont.

Outside Genoa almost the only occupation of the people was agriculture. One-fifth of the population were landowners,[1] and in the valleys of the Alps and Apennines and in the olive country of the Riviera there were many peasant proprietors, sometimes farming well, in other places miserably poor. Most of the plain country was in the hands of landlords, generally absentee, and sometimes on bad terms with their tenantry. The *mezzaiuoli* farmers,[2] who in some districts occupied all the land with their holdings of ten to sixty acres, were comparatively prosperous and independent. Elsewhere the tenants were afraid to farm well, lest their rents should be raised; it was a growing practice for landlords to take the farms into their own hands, and the evicted tenants became landless labourers, downtrodden by bailiffs, wretchedly fed and housed.[3] The government tried to protect the tenants by giving the courts power to reduce rents in time of dearth alike to yearly tenants and leaseholders, it tried to check evictions by legislating for the extension of small holdings; but the policy seems to have been too much in opposition to the economic doctrines of the time to have commanded much success.[1] And whatever government might do, the endemic stagnation infected agriculture, and, except on the fertile pastures and ricefields of the plain, its methods were inferior to those of Lombardy and the Duchies. Here and there in later years there were improving landlords, and there was a great advance in agricultural theory. The meadows and mulberries of the Lomellina were cultivated with intense and increasing care. But as a rule any improvement in practice broke down before the conservatism of the peasants and the contracts of tenancy, which forbade any change from the customary methods of farming.

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[1] v. Raumer, *op. cit.*, I. 264. So too in 1871; Beauclerk, *Rural Italy*, 119.

[2] See below, p. 71 n.

[3] Eandi, *op. cit.*, II. 63; *Avvocato milanese*, *op. cit.*, V. 418-419; Pareto, *Genova*, 114; at a later date, Beauclerk, *op. cit.*, 120-126. For the pauperism which followed, see Mittermeier, *op. cit.*, 167.

Taking them in the mass, the Piedmontese were a stolid, patient people, with narrow ideals but great powers of perseverance and attainment. And the government, however stupid and unprogressive, was painstaking and patriotic; inferior as it was in many respects to that of Lombardy, it was far more popular, just because it was national. Instinctively it was felt that the hegemony of Italy was passing to the Subalpine Kingdom. Its population barely exceeded one-half of that of Naples and Sicily; in wealth and intelligence it stood below Lombardy; it was imperfectly fused with the Genovesate, and one-fifth of its subjects were of another race and tongue beyond the Alps. But the solid qualities of the people made amends for inferiority in numbers or wealth. If the House of Savoy had kept them in tutelage, cowed and docile in matters political, it had trained them to a manly, martial character, rare in Italy. These uninteresting Bœotian peasants could fight and endure, and were capable of loyalty and sacrifice. And the traditions of the government impelled it to a forward policy. Eastwards to Milan had been for centuries the motto of its princes. Lombardy was always to them the "goodly artichoke," to be stripped leaf by leaf from the Austrians. And now the old policy of territorial growth had been touched by a nobler conception. De Maistre was the prophet of the new school, which pointed to the Italian crown, and bade Victor Emmanuel "forget the throne of

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[1] v. Raumer, *op. cit.*, I. 304; *Avvocato milanese*, *op. cit.*, V. 291–292, 312–394; Eandi, *op. cit.*, II. 66.

Piedmont and think of that of Italy."[1] The nobles might still boast their Provençal origin and despise the pure Italian blood: the bureaucracy might regard Italy as an "appendix of Piedmont." But the greater vision of Piedmont leading Italy in a war of national redemption seized more and more on men's minds after 1814. Even to Victor Emmanuel and Charles Felix in their worst days Austria was the enemy; and it was only the greater fear of revolution, which kept them from breaking with her. Sooner or later a life and death struggle was bound to come; and it was to the prince and people of Piedmont that the patriots of all Italy were learning to look for light and leading.

Lombardy-Venetia

Though the emancipation of Lombardy and Venetia was the dream of every Italian patriot, Neapolitan and Roman and Piedmontese might well envy the institutions, under which their inhabitants lived. The Austrian Empire was too strong, too much in evidence, to condescend to the indecent corruption of a petty tyranny. Its civil service had its settled traditions of capacity and method; and though the improving spirit of Joseph II.'s time had gone, his reforms remained. German officialism might be slow and unsympathetic; national susceptibilities and habits might be sacrificed to Austrian interests and centralization; the false position of the government inevitably produced abuses of police, and rare fits of pitiless despotism. But there was a regularity and robustness of administration, an equality before the law, a social freedom, which, except in Tuscany and Parma, was without its parallel in Italy.

As Lombardy in the early half of the eighteenth century gradually passed into Austrian hands, it had shared in the reforms of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. After Napoleon's early conquests, Milan had become the capital of the Cisalpine Republic, and afterwards of the Kingdom of Italy. The territory of the Venetian Republic, which in 1797 had been sacrificed to Napoleon's political strategy, was permitted in 1806 to become part of the new kingdom. Milan became an European capital, the home of a brilliant court, the first city of Italy in literature and industry and social enterprise. Lombard engineers built the Simplon Pass, Lombard architects completed the Cathedral of Milan, Lombard soldiers shared in the glories of Napoleon's campaign; Monti and Foscolo made Lombard literature known through Europe.

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[1] *La Maison de Savoie*, 11; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, I. 46; for a similar doctrine in 1791, see *Id. Monarchia*, III. 452–453.

Had Austria after the Restoration granted a generous measure of Home Rule, she might not improbably have reconciled the provinces to her sway. Unfortunately plighted word and expediency alike bowed before the evil lesson of centralization that the European Powers had learnt from Napoleon. The moral of the national movement of the past six years was lost on men, who thought they could make of the loose Austrian Empire a compacted whole like France. German and Slav and Italian were to be fitted to one measure; "the Lombards," said Metternich, "must forget that they are Italians." The entire Austrian law, civil and criminal, was re-introduced without regard for native prejudices and customs. Almost every vestige of independent administration disappeared. The Viceroy, Imperial Archduke though he was, was a mere puppet to be danced by the Aulic ministers. Feuds between viceroy and provincial governor, between governor and chief of police, made it easier for the Departments at Vienna to keep the threads of rule in their own hands. In spite of Metternich's anxiety to make concessions to Italian opinion, Germans and Tyrolese filled almost every higher post in the civil service and on the bench.[1] Austrian handbooks were used in the primary schools, Austrian law and history were taught to the exclusion of Italian in the Universities; chemists were compelled to use the Austrian pharmacopeia. Not a road could be made, not a dyke built, without reference to Vienna; manuscripts had often to pass the Viennese censorship before they could be published. The government had the characteristic faults and virtues of a bureaucracy; it had all the evils of irresponsibility—corruption, sluggishness, want of initiative. The quick Lombard wit, used to the business-like enterprise of Beauharnais' rule, sniffed at German stupidity, and told how the post of municipal engineer was abolished at Milan "because the city had got on for centuries without one"; how memorials were pigeon-holed for five years before an answer was vouchsafed; how soldiers' boots were sent from Venice to Vienna to be cobbled. Yet the Austrian rule, slow and crass and timid as it was, showed a good deal of patient working out of problems and encouragement of national prosperity.

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[1] For Metternich's opinion, see his *Mémoires*, III. 93; for the neglect of his recommendations, Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, III. 408; Casati, *Rivelazioni*, I. 19, 227; Schönhals, *Campagnes*, 23. In 1848 there were 410 civil servants of German birth: *Il Veglio* of April 15, 1848.

At a later date the government was bitterly assailed for its financial burdens. Austria's Italian provinces, it was said, contributed out of proportion to their just liabilities. It is true that heavy surpluses, sometimes half of the whole revenue, went to the expenses of the Imperial government; it is true also that on a basis of population Lombardy and Venetia paid double their share. But wealthy Lombardy could not be on a footing with poor Carinthia; she paid less in proportion to her riches than Lower Austria, the most favoured province of the Empire, and it is probable that on a basis of wealth she paid no more than her quotum.[1] Taxation none the less was heavy. The peace revenue came to the level of the war budgets of the French rule; the land-tax rose till in time it far exceeded the promised maximum of 20 per cent. of net revenue, and swallowed one-third to one-half;[2] the salt monopoly raised the price to eleven times its natural value. But the charges of heavy increases in the taxes were, except in the case of the land-tax, unfounded;[3] and despite some disingenuous attempts to repudiate debts to local bodies and tamper with charitable funds, the management of the finances seems to have been on the whole honest.

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[1] *British and Foreign Review*, XXVIII. 570–573 and table; Tęgoborski, *Finances*, II. 362; Bonghi, *Pasini*, 689 *et alibi*; Valentini, *Perequazione*; Meneghini, *Condizione*, 97–99; Cantù, *Milano*, I. 165–166; Jacini, *Proprietà*, 110–111; Bianchi-Giovini, *Gravami*, 5; *Lettere ad A. Panizzi*, 116, 127; *Raccolta dei decreti*, II. 75; Correspondence—Italy (1847–49), IV. 99.

[2] See below, Vol. II., p. 13.

[3] Zajotti, *Verità*, 312–313, 327; Jacini, *op. cit.*, 108; *Venezia e le sue lagune*, II. 368–369; *contra* Misley, *L'Italie*, 111, 207.

Nor, except for political offences, was Austrian justice especially open to attack. It had many of the defects common to the Italian codes of the time; the public were not admitted to the courts, the defendant was not allowed counsel or permitted more than a limited perusal of the depositions against him; there was no jury, and often too much suspicion of police influence. But its main defect was rather that it was unsuited to Italian habits, and that not a few of the judges were foreigners.[1] There was absolute equality before the law; there were no special courts, except in political trials; clerics, as a rule, were tried before the ordinary tribunals. The civil code, which dated from 1814, was in some respects in advance of the Code Napoleon, and the peasants welcomed it for the protection it gave them against their landlords.

In church affairs the government was the most progressive in Italy. The traditions of Joseph II.'s time were still alive; the priest was looked on as a state official, and if he refused to co-operate in public education or the relief of the poor, he might be punished.[2] Though the police helped the bishops to check the sale of Diodati's Bibles, Protestants and Orthodox had perfect religious liberty, and the Jews had few disabilities beyond that of holding office.[3] As a consequence probably of the state's control, the clergy were the best educated and the most public-spirited of Italy. In the two provinces there were only 1000 monks; and though the Jesuits were allowed to return to Venetia in 1843, they never gained a footing in Milan, where Gaysruck, the German archbishop, "had enough to do with his priests."

In education, too, Lombardy was far ahead of the rest of Italy, except Parma and Lucca, perhaps abreast of any

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[1] Statements as to their number are contradictory. Compare Zajotti, *op. cit.*, 63, with Pallavicino, *Memorie*, I. 55, and Bianchi-Giovini, *op. cit.*, 11.

[2] Lorenzoni, *Instituzioni*, II. 21.

[3] I cannot, however, reconcile *Carte segrete*, II. 363, with Cantù, *op. cit.*, I. 187.

European country of the time. Elementary education was, in theory at least, compulsory on both sexes from six to twelve years; as late back as 1786 restrictions had been placed on child labour; all but the smallest communes were obliged to provide schools. In Lombardy, in 1834, 68 per cent. of the boys and 42 per cent. of the girls of school age attended,[1] though there was still little teaching for girls in Venetia, and the attendance of both sexes was irregular in the rural districts. Infant schools on the model of Robert Owen's were introduced in 1829, and here alone in Italy were patronized by the government. A careful gradation carried on the scholar from the primary school. Every considerable town had a "major elementary" school, which took the pupil to grammar and Latin and sometimes science. Secondary education began with the gymnasiums of which each of the large towns owned at least one, and went on to the twelve more advanced Lyceums. There were Universities at Padua and Pavia, each with about 1500 students, whose explosive Liberalism was the terror of the police; and though the professors were too often foreigners, much befooled by the scholars, or mere agents of the government, the Universities stood second only to those of Bologna and Naples.[2]

The censorship was perhaps the lightest in Italy. It is true that the law of 1815, which explicitly allowed political criticism, was a dead letter; that no political journals could be published without permission of the chief censor at Vienna; that after 1821 all foreign books had to pass the same ordeal. Romances that "had no scientific merit," writings that "offended against the rules of style and purity of language" were proscribed; Balzac and Bentham, Victor Hugo and Macchiavelli, Hallam and Rabelais were alike consigned to the list of forbidden literature.[3] But in quiet times the prohibited volumes were almost openly sold; much of the censorship was a well-meant attempt to suppress unclean books; scientific and non-political and sometimes theological literature was left tolerably free, and there was an openness and activity of thought at Milan that at one time, at all events, was unequalled in Italy.[1] One-third of the journals of the peninsula, and in 1842 nearly one-half of its literary publications, appeared in the two provinces.[2]

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[1] Sacchi, *Istruzione*, 11; Lorenzoni, *op. cit.*, II. 59. In the province of Bergamo 90 per cent. of both sexes attended.

[2] For education generally see Sacchi, *op. cit.*; Lorenzoni, *op. cit.*, II. 49 *et seq.*; Cantù, *op. cit.*, I. 228–241; Mittermeier, *op. cit.*, 192–198.

[3] Dante too in Venetia, according to *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 489.

In local government they were the only states of Italy which enjoyed an effective system. All proprietors, including women, had the franchise, and the wide diffusion of landed property made this often nearly equivalent to household suffrage. In the smaller communes (with less than 300 proprietors) the whole body of electors met twice a year, and the initiative of important business lay with them, an executive committee of three administering the communal business in the intervals. In the larger communes the meeting disappeared,[3] and the administration vested entirely in a Council of thirty to sixty members. In the chief cities the executive was given to the Podestà and his Assessors, but the consent of the Council was requisite for any new departure. The communes supported the schools, the local police, the by-roads, and occasionally the priest; they controlled the local sanitation, the police, the parochial charities, and had powers, subject to the consent of the central authority, to carry out public works; the meetings or councils elected the school-teacher and the public doctor and midwife, who, here as elsewhere in Italy, were paid by every commune to attend the poor gratuitously. On the whole, the central authority made little use of its powers of control, and the spirit of local government was strong and self-assertive.

But in proportion as self-government approximated to national representation, the fears of the autocracy emasculated it. In each of the seventeen provinces sat a Provincial Congregation, on which the noble and untitled proprietors and the nineteen royal cities each had their representatives. Their powers were limited; they managed the provincial finances, supervised those of the communes, and had a certain control over roads, rivers, and charities; but they played small part in the public life of the country. The Central Congregations of Lombardy and Venetia failed still more to realize the hopes that they would become active political powers. "A constitution," said the Emperor Francis, "would break down the confidence which should exist between a prince and his people." But it was necessary in 1814 to pacify his Italian provinces with a show of representative government, and the Congregations were empowered to present the prayers of the Lombards and Venetians. But they were expressly debarred from legislative functions; candidates for election had to show a high property qualification, and were subject to the government's veto. Their functions were only those of local bodies; their one substantial power, the right of petition, was little used by men who represented only a section of the people, and, except by accident, included none but such as were acceptable to the government. They made one effort in 1825 to procure legal and fiscal reform and the exclusion of foreigners from the civil service. But no answer was made to their prayer, and their next petition, in 1838, to increase the number of the Emperor's Italian body-guard, only made them ridiculous. The people, who regarded them as

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[1] D'Azeglio, *Ricordi*, 450, 453; G. Torelli, *Ricordi*, 14; Chiala, *Dina*, I. 17.

[2] Many details of the censorship in *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 489–521. The cast of a play might not include a bad King, unless there was a good King too. Hume's History was allowed to circulate at Venice, but not at Milan.

[3] There was a tendency for councils to take the place of meetings. Out of 809 communes in Venetia, 450 had councils in 1819, and 583 in 1853; 117 had *uffizio proprio*, which made them more independent of central officials. Morpurgo, *Saggi*, 120.

> "Well-paid to get
> Engrossed in hospital administration,"[1]

lost interest in them and their work.

Wherever the political fears of the government came into play, there was the same sharp contrast with the real and sober value of the ordinary administration. In frank moments the government confessed that it had no moral force behind it, and the sense that there was no safety-valve

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[1] Giusti.

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for discontent kept it in perpetual terror of conspiracy. The law, comparatively mild and wise in all else, was in matters of state-concern systematically, cynically iniquitous. The bastinade, starvation, belladonna were used to extort confessions.[1] And when the defendant in a state-trial at last came into court, he found himself without counsel, without seeing the depositions against him, without the protection of publicity, confronted by a packed bench of Austrian or Tyrolese judges. Mere expression of political discontent sufficed for conviction and a lingering death in the Spielberg. In times of popular commotion or epidemic crime the *giudizio statario* enabled the authorities to dispense with formalities, and sentence without appeal.

The political police[2] were probably no better and no worse than in Piedmont or at Rome; there was less interference with personal liberty, but more espionage, more fussy surveillance of private life. They delighted to collect each petty detail of the lives of suspects—a mass of information, which has probably proved more valuable to the historian than it ever did to the government. The Emperor Francis, a hard, unteachable official, scared to monomania by Kotzebue's assassination, embodied his ideal of government in the police spy. Men of every station were in the pay of the *sbirri*, from the cardinal and noble or the dilettante who wrote odes to its chief, down to the common spy, the outcast of society, who earned his two francs a day by garnering more or less untruthful gossip from the café or the street. The letters of the general public were opened "with interesting results." A normal state of fussy suspicion agitated the bureaus of the police; endless scares of Bonaparte plots or of English and Russian intrigues filled their verbose reports; English travellers and harmless artists like Rossini and Vernet were shadowed. A worse fate befell the native suspect; he might not emigrate or travel abroad without their leave; secret influences could prevent him from obtaining office. A professor was dismissed for referring to Pope Julius' cry of "Out with the foreigner"; it was necessary even to obtain their leave to hold a private ball.

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[1] Misley, *op cit.*, 23; Casati, *Confalonieri*, I. 52–65.

[2] It must always be remembered that the *sbirri* were more for political purposes than to preserve law and order; hence the hatred of them.

All through the government ran the same intermingling of good administration and political tyranny. But on the whole the Lombards, shrewd, genial, tenacious, were but too ready to acquiesce in a rule that secured their material interests and their amusements, however fatal it might be to the finer sides of civil life. Milan, though fallen from her high estate, was still busy, brilliant, sceptical, dissolute. At Venice, save for brief intervals of higher feeling, all sense of dignity had gone, and nobles and plebeians "neither thought nor felt." Her aristocracy fawned on Austria, her middle classes had neither enterprise nor influence, two-fifths of her population received charitable relief. The Austrians knew well how to play on this demoralization. They gave heavy subsidies to the opera, and a greater glut of carnival splendour was their ready panacea for political excitement. The time-honoured feuds, which divided Milan from Brescia or Venice, were quietly fomented; and the noble, who showed interest in public affairs, found himself under the government's frown.

It was only by slow degrees that any class rose above these temptations. Each city had its group of noble families, for the most part engrossed in money-making or frivolity. But at Brescia and Milan there was a better spirit. The powerful and wealthy Milanese nobles came in time to recognize that they could not regain their privileges, and their exclusiveness made way for a friendliness towards the middle classes, that contrasted well with the class-spirit of their peers at Turin. Confalonieri had won many of them to his cause, and they never forgot or forgave the insult thrown at their order by his cruel doom. The heavy land-tax helped more generous instincts to keep alive a certain flame of patriotism; and their sons and daughters were brought up to regard the Austrians as hardly tolerated aliens, to be flouted and boycotted at theatre or ball.

But the nobles were of comparatively small importance.

Lombardy was preeminently a country of the middle classes; they owned the greater part of the land; they were enterprising and successful in trade. The shrewdness and artistic faculty of the Lombard made industry flourish through all discouragements, and their land was, with the exception of Belgium, the most densely populated state of Europe. The silk trade advanced by leaps and bounds, and gave employment to large numbers of spinners throughout the hill country. The cheese industry of Lodi and Crema was famous; the cotton manufacture was growing, and sugar refineries had been built. The first insurance society was founded in 1827; Milan was lighted with gas in 1843. But however much the long peace might help trade, the Lombard manufacturers had to pay the price of belonging to the Austrian Empire. A heavy and complicated tariff crippled trade and encouraged contraband;[1] and down to 1822 a customs-line along the Mincio was a never-failing irritant. The trade of Venice, at all events till she was made a free port in the '30s, was sacrificed to the interests of her rival Trieste. Verona was ruined by German competition; Brescia was compelled to close her armouries, because the War Office sent its orders to Germany.

The mass of the people, as everywhere in Italy, was agricultural. One in eight of the population was a proprietor, and their number was increasing.[2] In the mountain districts every peasant was an owner, and though his tiny farm was heavily mortgaged, his common rights curtailed by an Enclosure Act, his home and food of wretched quality, he preferred his independence to comfort. In the hills and non-irrigated plains property was nearly as much divided, but was cultivated, as a rule, in Venetia at a rack-rent, in Lombardy by tenants under various forms of *mezzedria*, or on perpetual leases at fixed rents, sometimes centuries old. The population was very thick, rents were high, and the family income was almost invariably supplemented by silk-spinning at home. Here (at all events in Lombardy, for Venetia was always behind her more prosperous sister) the peasant was at his best; he was poor, but less so than in France, his food was very plain, but his house and clothing were comparatively good. These conditions were reversed in the irrigated plain, which lay between the Ticino and the Adda. Here the staples of agriculture changed from vines and mulberries to rice and maize and rich pastures of temporary grasses, famous for their cheese.[1] Large farms of from 200 to 700 acres were held on short leases of the English type by wealthy and educated farmers. The peasant had no hold on the soil except in the precarious tenure of an allotment. His food was probably no worse than that of the peasants of the hills, the pollagra was not as yet the scourge it has been since; but in character the labourer of the plains was immeasurably inferior. Badly educated, nomadic, housed in huts of canes and mud, hating his employer and landlord, sometimes poverty-stricken to despair,[2] he was a dangerous element in the state. Even in the low country east of the Adda, where the farms were smaller and the labourer better off, he had little of the independence, which characterized the peasant of the hills. And alike in plain and hill the peasant often found in the Austrian government a protector against his more present enemy, the rack-renting landlord. If it were not for the cruel eight-years' military service, he would have had little material cause of complaint against the alien rule.[3]

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[1] English stuffs, charged 60 per cent. ad valorem duty, were sold at 15 per cent. advance on the untaxed value: Witt, *Sociétés secrètes*.

[2] So Cantù, *op. cit.* v. Raumer, *op. cit.*, I. 155–156, says one in eleven; in the province of Bergamo there was one property to every five inhabitants: Rosa, *Bergamo*, 44.

But even the apathetic Lombard and Venetian could not be fed by peace and prosperous trade alone. To the finer spirits among them the Austrian bureaucracy, because it was Austrian, was more odious than the crying tyrannies of

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[1] The irrigation works cost on the average £28 per acre; rents ran from £2 to £11 per acre; the best meadows yielded twenty-five to thirty tons of grass per acre, or fed sixty cows on fifty acres: Beauclerk, *op. cit.*, 183–188.

[2] His wages in 1845 were 1s. per day, Cantù, *op. cit.*, I. 166, in 1882 they appear to have fallen to 6½d. a day: Beauclerk, *op. cit.*, 191.

[3] Jacini, *Proprietà, passim;* Bowring, *Report*, 94–99; Cantù, *op. cit.*, I. 184–185; II. 150–160; Beauclerk, *op. cit.*, 169–233; *Carte segrete*, I. 256–257; Morpurgo, *Saggi;* Visconti-Venosta, *Valtellina.*

Rome and Naples. Civil servants and soldiers, and a few rich conservatives might denationalize themselves;[1] rack-rented tenants and their labourers might care more for agrarian than nationalist politics; material prosperity might sometimes smother the patriotism of manufacturer and artisan; Venice might be sunk in lethargy. But even Venice, brooding over the lost glories of the Republic, would at times chafe at the sullen domineering stranger; and at Milan and in every Lombard city and through the Alpine valleys a fierce hatred of the Austrian gradually took possession of the best in every class. To noble, and shopkeeper, and artisan, as Mazzini's teaching filtered into every rank, the white uniform of the Austrian soldier meant a tyranny to be endured only so long as force compelled.

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[1] A catechism, used in the elementary schools, taught that "God punishes with eternal damnation soldiers who desert their sovereign."

CHAPTER IV

SOCIAL CONDITION OF ITALY—(continued)

MODENA. PARMA. LUCCA. TUSCANY: Fossombroni; Leopold II.; Tuscan government; the Tuscans; the Georgofils; clergy; education; peasants; Tuscan life. PAPAL STATES: the theocracy; the *Curia;* administration; trade; local government; law; justice; police; the Inquisition; the Jews; education; religion and morality; condition of the people; Romagna and the Marches; separatist movement in Romagna; Umbria; *Agro Romano;* Rome.

MODENA

SOUTH of the Po, between Lombardy and Tuscany, lay the little Duchies of Modena and Parma. Modena, which reached from the lower Po across the Apennines to a piece of coast at Massa and Carrara, with a population of half a million, had been modelled to conformity with Duke Francis' ideal of sovereignty.[1] In theory the state teemed with benevolent provisions for the people; but the facts of a personal despotism inevitably clashed with the ideal. The taxes were heavy, the law, both civil and criminal, was bad, arbitrary, secret. Royal decrees could override the law; political suspects, against whom there was no proof, could be detained in prison, "till the truth came out." Under the French rule there had been activity and enterprise, and Modena had been famous for her school of administrators. Now all was crushed under the dead weight of Francis' suspicions. The free communal government was first weakened, then destroyed. Elementary education did not exist save in a very few towns; secondary schools were almost a monopoly of the Jesuits; the University was ruined by the new discipline which the Duke introduced after 1821. The censorship was in the hands of Sanfedist fanatics, who made Dante a forbidden book,[1] and allowed no literature to enter the state except such as received their sanction. There was little trade; while the government protected its subjects' eyes by prohibiting the use of matches,[2] its high tariffs made commerce impossible. Such merchants as there were, were mainly Jews and Swiss, and the former suffered under every disability that Francis' suspicions could invent. The only industry of importance was the marble trade of Carrara. The bulk of the population were peasants, almost all proprietors, careful tillers of the niggard soil of the mountains; often harassed by officials, often living a hand's-breath from starvation, but devoted to the government, and furnishing Francis at need with Sanfedist volunteers.

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[1] See above, p. 18.

PARMA

The bordering Duchy of Parma presented every contrast to Francis' dark rule. The state, with its thickly-planted population of 450,000, had in the '20s the most enlightened government in Italy. Napoleon's widow, idle and dissolute as she was, was a generous and well-meaning ruler, and her ministers seconded her likings for indulgent and comparatively liberal government. The French law had been retained, had been even improved on, as in the equality it made between male and female heirs. There were no privileges before the law, trials were public, the judges independent. A council of state was consulted on all legislative projects. The police were comparatively innocuous, and the maintenance of the French Concordat kept the clergy in check. Parma was the only state in Italy where Jews were admitted to the civil service. The law carefully protected the *mezzaiuolo* tenant.[3] The country was ahead of all Italy in its education. Most of the communes had schools for boys, and 20 per cent. of the population attended them or the private girls' schools.

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[1] Valery, *Voyages*, 211.

[2] Giusti, *Epistolario*, 134.

[3] v. Raumer, *Italy*, I. 307–308.

LUCCA

Least among the little states, its destinies closely linked to those of Tuscany, was the tiny Duchy of Lucca, placed among the Apennines, and along the coast between Carrara and Pisa. Its area was but 320 square miles, its dense population 150,000. The Congress of Vienna had promised that its constitution of 1805, which was to a certain extent representative, should be preserved, but the pledge was forgotten, and even the ecclesiastical independence of the state was gradually surrendered. But the government was not intolerant or cruel; the Duchess, though bigoted, was generous, and won sufficient favour from the Liberals of Italy to make them in 1831 think of her son, Charles Louis, as a possible leader of the Revolution. But Charles Louis was soon the laughing-stock of Italy; he became a Protestant, apparently from a whim, then returned to the Catholic Church; he made a Yorkshire groom, Thomas Ward, his prime minister; his extravagance and dissoluteness won for him from Giusti the title of "the Protestant Don Juan." The country was comparatively prosperous, yielding much wealth from its famous oliveyards, though insufficient for its thick population, which emigrated in large numbers. There was a certain measure of free-trade, and a considerable industry in silk and wool and cotton. There were many schools, and, though less than half were gratuitous, the attendance was high. The secondary schools were good, and the University boasted 25 professors and 180 scholars.

TUSCANY

The Tuscan government was the only one outside Piedmont and Parma, which was willingly accepted by its subjects. But in principles and methods the governments of Florence and Turin stood in sharpest contrast. There was a certain truth in Mazzini's criticism that the velvet glove only hid the gauntlet; but compared with the other governments of Italy, the Tuscan was mild, tolerant, enlightened. Reform of a kind was a tradition with the descendants of Leopold I., the first Austrian Grand Duke, one of those Liberal sports, which appear from time to time in the Hapsburg family-tree. Fossombroni, the premier, was a quiet-loving, unenthusiastic man, who carried into the government his motto, "The world goes of itself." Stagnation, he thought, was a cheap price to pay for the absence of crises. Careless of principle, capable of energy but self-indulgent, both inclination and statecraft prompted him to drug the people into dull contentment. The men of mediocrity, with whom he filled the civil service, were told not to be over-zealous but content themselves with drawing their pay. But he had served under Napoleon, and liked a name for tolerance and progress; again and again he gave shelter to the refugees from Romagna and Naples; he allowed the Florentines to send help to the Greek insurgents; he favoured Charles Albert's claims to the Piedmontese throne. There is some evidence that in later life he favoured representative institutions, and won his master to ineffective acquiescence.[1] Leopold II., the prince in whose name he governed after 1824, was a worthy, painstaking bourgeois, whose chief interest it was to superintend drainage works, and visit his experimental farms in straw-hat and gaiters. Giusti satirized him as the "Tuscan Morpheus," whom—

"Itch of glory pricks to drain
Pockets and fens";

but like his premier, he loved a repute for tolerance, and he was too good-natured, and in a dim kind of way too patriotic, to be an oppressive ruler. Unfortunately, he was a Hapsburg prince; and though he resented unsought dictation from Vienna, and Fossombroni's masterly statesmanship prevented Tuscany from becoming a mere Austrian fief, Leopold could hardly fail to be affected by subtle family influences.

Outside high politics, however, his Tuscan softness held its own. The ordinary law was mild as the people who lived under it. Leopold I.'s criminal code had been in its day a model to Europe, and it was improved, when many principles of French law were introduced after 1832. Trials were public, bail was allowed, the death penalty was rarely inflicted.[1] Even the police were infected with the universal slackness, and provoked Metternich's indignant remonstrances. But though seldom cruel, they were minutely vexatious. Many minor offences came before them under a procedure secret both to defendant and public; espionage was active; nowhere was there more violation of the secrecy of the post, and such adepts were the Tuscan police in the art, that the Milanese government applied for their reagents to decipher the invisible ink of treasonable correspondence. They irritated or amused the public with the usual vagaries of a fussy officialism; and when Giotto's portrait of Dante was discovered in the Bargello, the colours were altered in the repainting, lest they should suggest the revolutionary tricolor.[2] The censorship suffered little criticism of the government; but prohibited books were often sold openly on the bookstalls, foreign literature was admitted freely except by fits, and Vieusseux's library at Florence was the only place in Italy, where men could freely meet to discuss political questions, or read the leading European journals. Florence was the one city, where Alfieri's and Niccolini's plays could be presented on the stage.

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[1] Zobi, *Storia*, IV. *Documents*, 208; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, I. 246.

Taxation was light and equable. There were no monopolies or guilds to strangle trade: the import duties were the lowest in Europe, and Tuscany was the Mecca of free-traders;[3] so unrelenting was the devotion to industrial freedom, that in its name no tariff of cab fares was allowed at Florence.[4] There was indeed no lack of governmental enterprise in certain directions. Much of the Maremna was drained, a cadastral survey completed, the port of Leghorn revived. The railway between Leghorn and Pisa, opened in 1844, was one of the earliest in Italy. But these reforms owed themselves to Fossombroni's and his Grand Duke's passion for engineering schemes. Where they were not equally interested, the administration was paralysed by its own lethargy. The army was neglected and despised; kept up partly from treaty obligations, partly for the sake of the military bands. The officers, with few exceptions, were the most worthless scions of the richer classes; recruits were drawn from the scum of the people, and convicts were relegated to the so-called penal regiments. The judges shared in the general corruption, and the decay went on, till in the '30s the Tuscan Bench was notoriously tainted and uncertain. The civil service had learnt that the government hated earnestness and connived at peculation; the ministers had little control over their departments, and Fossombroni's system sank to inevitable rottenness. Though the local franchise was popular, the municipalities had lost real power, and were mere instruments for collecting taxes. Tuscany was historically "an aggregate of communes more democratic than the United States," but they were not even allowed to levy their own local rates. Their officials were nominated by the central government, and cringed to their real masters, the police.

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[1] After a capital sentence in 1829, the crowd nearly lynched the executioner, and apparently there were no more executions after this. Mittermeier, *Condizioni*, 114.

[2] Horner, *Giusti*, 90; see Guerrazzi, *Memorie*, 80.

[3] See the Blue Book, drawn up by Sir John Bowring in 1837; its analysis, however, of the Tuscan fiscal system is incomplete. For the effect of Free Trade in mitigating commercial crises, see Poggi, *Storia*, I. 482.

[4] Till 1859.

The government reflected the character of the people, its easy-going materialism, its dislike of hardness, its "poisonous gift" of a tolerance that came less of conviction than want of earnestness. Manners were more gentle than moral; there seemed to be no stuff for great deeds. Critics complained of the gallantry without passion, the wit without decorum, the tolerance without dignity of Florentine society. Among the richer classes a sinecure in the civil service was the very path to beatitude. The feuds of opera-dancers, the rivalries of Donizetti and Verdi, the excitement of religious ceremonies absorbed their feeble energies. Enervation, the fatal heritage of the Medici, was fostered by the elegant scepticism of the aristocracy, and the prevalence of a somewhat sordid comfort. Tuscany was perhaps the most prosperous state in Italy; but as Gino Capponi lamented, it was "a Garden of Paradise without the tree of knowledge and without the tree of life." It was in Giusti's words "good-humour at top and good-humour at bottom," a mild, mediocre life, with little of bad in it and less of good.

There was nothing of the patrician in the Florentine nobles. Descended from the bankers and merchant-princes of medieval Florence, they were still traders and farmers. The best were zealous social reformers, and the society of the Georgofils, like the writers in the *Conciliatore*, promoted economic studies, schools, savings-banks, which slowly but certainly made their mark. Raffaello Lambruschini and Enrico Mayer became the apostles of elementary and secondary education; Liberal landed proprietors like Ridolfi and Capponi and Bettino Ricasoli devoted themselves to agricultural improvements and the education of the peasantry, founding agricultural shows, experimental farms, village evening schools, doing their best to supply the gap that the indifference of the government had left.[1] They were worthy, philanthropic, country gentlemen, but too attached to their mansions and vineyards to risk them in a hazardous revolution. Most of them thought with Vieusseux, that "politics meant nothing and social customs everything," and it is largely due to them that there was so much that was doctrinaire and flaccid and unpractical in the later reform movement.

The church in Tuscany was as much in subjection as in Lombardy. The government refused to admit the Jesuits or relax the laws of mortmain. The church was part of the machine for keeping things quiet; in Fossombroni's scheme there was no place for a zealous clergy. The 6000 monks and friars were a corrupting influence in the country districts; the 9000 secular clergy, often ordained without proper training, were conspicuous neither for morality nor learning.[2] But the government never, down to 1846, forgot the erastian traditions of the last century, and saved Tuscany from the ecclesiastical tyranny which enslaved Piedmont and desolated Romagna.

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[1] Ricasoli, *Lettere*, I. 39.

[2] Zobi, *op. cit.*, IV. 308; Del Cerro, *Polizia*, 153.

With a debased civil service and an ignorant priesthood education was under bad auspices. The government patronized the universities of Pisa and Siena; but little was taught beyond law and medicine, and even in these the instruction was second-rate, and the work spoilt by the absence of a sound elementary foundation. There were few secondary schools, and at Pistoia alone they were under public control. There were elementary schools for boys, generally gratuitous, in almost every commune; but though in the towns some were fairly good, the rural schools were very indifferent, and the attendance reached only to one-tenth of those of school age.[1] There was practically no teaching for girls. The Georgofils tried to supply the deficiences and overcome the difficulties caused by the isolation of the *mezzaiuoli* farmers and the absence of village life. But the government showed an intermittent opposition to the pupil-teacher system, and it was introduced almost by stealth, and to a very limited extent. And when in later years the progressive section of the ministry projected a national system of elementary schools, they were not sufficiently in earnest to prevent the intrigues of Rome from wrecking the scheme.

The non-interference of the government, which was fatal to the schools, should have helped industry. But there was not sufficient energy in the country to give it the prosperity of Lombardy. Though there were a few flourishing manufactures of silk, wool, and straw hats, and a good many little iron mines near the coast, the total number of industries was small, and Florence and Leghorn were the only cities with more than 50,000 inhabitants. The mass of the people was agricultural. Nearly one half were proprietors,[2] a third were farmers, most of them cultivating under the *mezzedria* system, which, however much it may have checked progress, at all events secured to the tenant a modicum of comfort.[1] More than half the country was mountain or maremna, but competent judges pronounced the agriculture of the Valdarno superior to that of the Lothians.[2] The economic standard of the peasants was indeed not high; but their houses were comparatively good, and their position was secure. Among the increasing class of farm labourers there was at times acute distress, and though begging was forbidden in Florence, there was much of it elsewhere. Taken however as a whole, the rural population, clever and shrewd, but ill-educated and easy-going, was wrapped in a sordid but not uncomfortable security. The general distribution of property, combined with the absence of education and political life, made the masses conservative and averse to change. Class animosity seemed almost absent. The traveller, seeing the prosperity and contentment of the country, looked on Tuscany as one of the favoured spots of earth. But the fair structure was built on an unsure foundation. Alike in the better and worse sides of Tuscan life there showed the same fatal want of moral energy, the same lack of the finer virtues. Underneath the polish of Florence and the contentment of the peasantry lay an absence of the more virile elements of national being. Monotony and uneventfulness in private life, a want of statesmanship and administrative chaos in public life; an almost entire absence of local government and education; a standard of comfort too much and too little to stimulate; all were a worse school of progress than was the discipline of Piedmont or the unendurable misrule of Rome or Naples. It was only in turbulent Leghorn, with its rough, seafaring population, or among the students of Pisa and Siena, that there were any germs of real and fruitful life.

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[1] Bowring, *Report*, 57, 60; Ricasoli, *op. cit.*, I. 131; Serristori, *Statistica*, 149, 150; *contra* Sacchi, *Istruzione*, 45.

[2] Bowring, *Report*, 11. Cini, *Della tassa*, 28, says that in 1835 there were 132,000 landowners, which would give rather more than one-third of heads of families.

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[1] Under the *mezzedria* system the landlord advanced all or part of the capital, and took in return for rent and interest a certain proportion of the produce, generally from one-third to one-half. The *mezzaiuoli* tenants often had a sort of customary fixity of tenure. See Capponi, *Scritti*, I. 389, *et seq.* (translated in Bowring, Report, 40-46); *Id.*, *Lettere*, III. 151-161.

[2] Laing, *Notes*, 460; Cobbett, *Tour*.

Papal States

The States of the Pope stretched from the Latin coast across the Campagna and the Tiber valley, over the highlands of Umbria and the Central Apennines to the Marches of Fermo and Ancona; thence turning northwards along a narrow strip of country between the Tuscan Apennines and the sea, they spread into the fertile plains of Romagna, and were bounded by the Po. In 1827 the census gave a population of two millions and a half.

The dominant note of the country, marking it off among European states, was its government of priests. The Catholic world held it essential to the Pope's honour and prestige that he should possess the prerogatives of a prince. Diplomacy believed that as such he was less likely to be a puppet of one of the great Powers. "God has entrusted the state," wrote Cardinal Bernetti, "to His Vicar on earth for the freer exercise of the Pontifical primacy throughout the world." The theory demanded an independent territory, owning the Pope as sovereign. But the Roman court was not content with a rule, whose only differentiating mark was its ecclesiastical prince. Long after the creation of the Papal dominion, the Popes had transformed their temporal sovereignty into a theocratic government, and the state became an appanage of the Roman priesthood. It was the theory of the Church that only ecclesiastics might administer a government of divine appointment; they made its laws and ruled its provinces, sat in its law courts, directed its education and its police.

The Sacred College of Cardinals, which elected the Pope, was torn by factions and eaten through by French and Austrian intrigues. "Cajolery, promises, plots, betrayed without trace of shame," so wrote a Piedmontese ambassador, "are the chronic symptoms, which reappear in the history of every conclave."[1] Each of the four great Catholic Powers possessed a veto, and the election often resulted in the choice of a weak, colourless man, who mounted the throne stricken in years, and under pledges to the party which elected him. "The radical vice of the Roman government," said Chateaubriand, "is that old men appoint an old man like themselves, and he in turn makes none but old men cardinals."[1] The party-leader became Secretary of State, whose first work was to reverse the traditions of his predecessor. "Every Pope's rule," ran the Roman proverb, "is the last one's enemy;" and the new officials, who came in with each new Pontiff, made haste to feather their nests before they in turn were displaced.[2] The great officers and heads of departments were the more fortunate or powerful of the Roman hierarchy, and governed by its grace. The prelates, or *monsignori*, not necessarily priests, who held most of the chief posts in the government, were often obscure adventurers, who found the prelature an easy road to wealth or a cardinal's hat. Bigoted, timid, luxurious, sometimes vicious, they formed an exclusive and tyrannical oligarchy,[3] which differed from a feudal aristocracy only in that many of its members were self-made men. A few scholars, a few ecclesiastical statesmen of ability, a few old men of simple, pious worth only set in blacker relief the general worldliness and frivolity of the Roman court.[4]

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[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, III. 34. See Salvagni, *Corte Romana*, III. 122 *et seq.*, 178 *et seq.*

Outside Rome the government was still in the hands of great ecclesiastics. Cardinals ruled the four Legations of Romagna—Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Forlì;[5] prelates the less important delegations of the other provinces. Only between 1831 and 1836, and to a very limited extent after 1849, were laymen allowed to hold these offices. Though nominally responsible to the Secretary of State, a legate or delegate was, in spite of Consalvi's efforts to bridle them, an almost independent prince. "A cardinal," said Pellegrino Rossi, "is a prince at Rome, a pacha in the provinces." They claimed to impose taxes at discretion; they misread or neglected orders from Rome. One cardinal made his police tear down Consalvi's edicts, another created new capital offences unknown to the law. Sometimes tyrants, sometimes sinecurists, their rule with few exceptions was one long misgovernment. "Vanity, money, fear," said a prelate, "have ruled this country for several centuries."[1] In contrast with the painstaking bureaucracies of Piedmont and Lombardy and the tolerance of Tuscany, Papal administration was characterized by ferocious bigotry and effrontery of corruption. To its ecclesiastical rulers, all that savoured of the nineteenth century—railways, telegraphs, free trade, vaccination, modern literature—were the work of a spirit fatal to the Church. The finances, especially at a later date, were in the utmost confusion. Consalvi and Leo XII., indeed, kept income and expenditure fairly balanced; but under Gregory XVI. all pretence of order vanished. The treasurer was irresponsible; from 1835 to 1844 no statement of accounts was published till in after years; from 1837 onwards there was no proper book-keeping or audit. The public debt kept leaping up in time of peace, and so reckless was the borrowing, that a loan from the Rothchilds was taken up at a discount of 35 per cent.[2]

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[1] Chateaubriand, *Mémoires*, IV. 451, 465. He adds that the ambassadors could not now dictate the choice of a Pope unless they used heavy bribery: *Ib.* 470.

[2] Galeotti, *Sovranità*, 144, 253; D'Azeglio, *Lettere inedite*, II. 194–195.

[3] D'Azeglio, *Scritti postumi*, 159; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 167–168, 397; *Carte segrete*, I. 303, 344–345, 377; D'Ideville, *Journal*, II. 124. In 1848 the average pay of ecclesiastics in the civil service was 782 scudi; of laymen, 234 scudi. See below, Vol. II., p. 9.

[4] Liverani, *Il papato*, 81–86; Galeotti, *op. cit.*, 143; *Carte segrete*, I. 375; Farini, *Roman State*, I. 142; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 403, 405; D'Azeglio, *L'Italie*, 141; Pantaleoni, *Idea italiana*, 58–59, 108; Mamiani, *Scritti*, 492; Gaiani, *Roman Exile*, 59; Perfetti, *Ricordi*, 14.

[5] In 1832 Urbino-Pesaro and Velletri were made Legations.

Taxation, indeed, was not heavy;[3] but trade was injured by customs-barriers, by want of railways and good roads, by the jobbery and officialism of the government. The hemp of Romagna, the wool of the Agro Romano might have developed a flourishing commerce. But there was little intercourse across the Apennines; travellers crawled along the wretched roads; brigands, though Consalvi and Leo did something to put them down, infested parts of the country, especially near the Neapolitan frontier, and it was found necessary to cut down trees near the roads, as in England of the thirteenth century.[1] Every province had its different standard of weights and measures; the use of gas was illegal; charters were rarely and grudgingly granted to chambers of commerce.[2] There were few manufactures beyond a struggling wool and silk industry; there was no marine, no foreign trade except from Ancona. Bounties and protection only crippled production the more, and the woollen industry languished, though clergy and officials were at one time practically forbidden to wear stuffs of foreign wool.[3] High duties gave birth to an organized contraband with all the mercantile machinery of clerks and insurances.[4] Economic knowledge was indeed medieval or non-existent. A prelate high in control of the Exchequer refused to study political economy, because its books were "pernicious and on the Index." When prices of food were high, the communes were compelled, public opinion assenting, to purchase supplies and sell at an artificial cheapness. And to keep prices low at Rome, corn might be moved across a parish boundary, only when it went in the direction of the capital.

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[1] *Gouvernement temporel*, 102.

[2] Spada, *Rivoluzione*, I. 160. Spada, who was a pious banker's clerk, observes that the Rothchilds "as Hebrews were not bound to believe in the divine promises made by Jesus Christ as to the stability of the Catholic Church." See Gennarelli, *Governo pontificio*, II. 581.

[3] According to Pujos, *Législation*, 104, Rossi put the taxes per head in 1848 at one-third of those in France or England; but the comparative poverty was probably in equal proportion. See Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 394.

Nor were there any local liberties, at least in the '20s, to temper the misrule. The old vigorous municipal life had been crushed by the French, and Consalvi swept away the little that was left. There was, indeed, a framework of communal government, but the powers were nominal. The governor, who ruled each district, controlled the police, administered summary justice, tyrannized over the communes, unchecked so long as he displayed a due obsequiousness to his ecclesiastical superior. And though his despotism might be somewhat tempered in the towns, the villages were at his mercy. To conciliate the Powers, Bernetti framed at a later date an elaborate scheme of provincial councils. On the surface it was perhaps the most liberal law of the kind in Italy. Each council was to be elected indirectly by the communes of the province; but none but landed proprietors were eligible, the councils met once only in the year, and debated with closed doors. Opinions differed as to their work; at all events, whether through their fault or not, they wore the muzzle of the government and after the first few years it was rare for men of position to sit upon them.

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[1] v. Raumer, *op. cit.*, II. 52; Gavazzi, *Four Last Popes*, 68. The brigands once carried off a whole seminary, masters and pupils. On another occasion 9000 soldiers guarded the roads to protect the King of Prussia from capture.

[2] In one charter it took five articles to define the position of the Porter.

[3] *Miscellaneous Edicts*, No. 27; see Galli, *Cenni*, 258, and Bowring, *Report*, 82-84, for opposite views respecting bounties.

[4] Farini, *op. cit.*, I. 147.

The general law was of a piece with the rest of the government. Before 1831 there was no serious attempt to codify it, and it was still a monstrous compound of enactments of every age, obsolete and uncorrelated.[1] To men who had tasted of the simplicity and equity of Napoleon's code, Papal law seemed a plunge back into medievalism. Consalvi, indeed, had retained the French commercial law, had swept away most of the baronial courts, and abolished suitors' fees. But his promises of codes came to little, and under Leo the modest reforms he had made nearly disappeared again. Even the Civil Code, which Bernetti introduced in 1831, though based on the Code Napoleon, retained many of the abuses of the older law. It gave special sanction to entails; it forbade divorce under any circumstances; it allowed no property to pass to women in cases of intestacy; it invalidated wills which omitted legacies to the Church. The whole judicial system was complicated beyond expression. Up to 1831 there were at Rome fifteen separate jurisdictions, besides the private courts of barons and religious corporations; and the Pope's "most holy auditor" could quash proceedings or verdict in any court. Bernetti's reforms swept away much of this; the Pope's auditor disappeared, and a better system was inaugurated in the provinces. But at Rome much of the old machinery remained, and the greatest abuse of all, the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, was left untouched. Canon law ruled the principles of government, and by the canon law the priest had a sacred character. It followed that cases, to which he was a party, must be tried by men of his own order, that his punishments must be on a lower scale than those of laymen.[1] Under various pretexts the ecclesiastical courts were constantly encroaching on the ordinary law. Widows, orphans, the servants of prelates, were swept within their jurisdiction; they decided on cases of church property and charities, of sexual immorality and blasphemy. And while ecclesiastics could be judged only by ecclesiastics, prelates monopolized the bench in the high courts, that tried laymen and cleric alike. They sat in the *Segnatura*, the *Rota*, the *Sagra Consulta;* they were a majority in the Exchequer Court and in the criminal court of the *Auditor Cameræ.* The young prelates, who were placed on the bench as a stepping-stone to better posts, were venal and incapable. The real work was done by the lay assessors, the "auditors," who, being without responsibility or pay, were the tools of the government or of the richest suitor. The provincial judges, though laymen, bore no better repute; all were removable, most were miserably paid. They were often young and untried men, foisted into office by powerful patronage, ignorant, corrupt, too closely connected with the administration to be impartial. Only in particularly scandalous instances would the government interfere; and a judge, convicted of forgery, was known to have received pension instead of punishment.[2] The procedure of the courts was often equally discredited. Pleadings before the *Rota* and *Segnatura* were in Latin, and before 1831 the same rule applied in many of the lower courts. On the pretext of preventing intimidation of witnesses, the public were excluded from all the more important criminal cases. Every encouragement was given to informers; no bail was allowed; before Bernetti's reforms no criminal defendant might cross-examine; and though after 1831 he was nominally permitted to select his own counsel, the advocate, who made a genuine defence, was liable to be punished. Even more iniquitous was the procedure, that obtained in cases of treason and sedition. Here even after 1831 no cross-examination was allowed; men were sentenced without knowing who their accusers were; their counsel was appointed by the court, and often worked for conviction.[1] It was treason, punishable with death and confiscation, to be present at a meeting of a secret society; the galleys for life were the penalty for being privy to the escape of an affiliate (unless he were a relative), or to an attempt to proselytize. Sacrilege, however innocent of political complexion, was constructed into treason and punishable with death. Political convicts were deported to "unhealthy localities," or confined with criminals "contrary to the law of nations," or chained for life to the walls of their cells.[2]

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[1] Sauzet, *Rome*, 198–202; Pianciani, *Rome des Papes*, III. 243, *et seq.*

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[1] See Minghetti, *L'état*, 5.

[2] Farini, *op. cit.*, I. 158.

The police were more than ordinarily vexatious. "They can," complained a pamphleteer in 1846, "imprison a man, banish him, exercise surveillance over him, refuse his passport, confine him to a district, deprive him of civil rights, rob him of office, forbid him to carry arms or leave his house at night. They open his letters in the post, and make no attempt to conceal it. They can invade his house and seize his papers, they can close shops and cafés and inns, and fine us at their pleasure." Espionage was general; they had domestic servants in their pay; men were arrested at the bare hint of the parish priest. There were at one time 3000 political suspects at Rome, confined to their houses between sundown and sunrise, and driven to confession once a month. There was special surveillance of what a police document termed "the class called thinkers." Too busy to spare time for the protection of person and property, it sometimes seemed as if they were in league with criminals against the propertied classes.[3]

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[1] Whiteside, *Italy*, II. 292; Pianciani, *op. cit.*, III. 244, 266, 286–288; Galetti, *Memoria*, 7.

[2] Orsini, *Memoirs*, 31; Pianciani, *op. cit.*, III. 343; D'Azeglio, *Ultimi Casi*, 99. For the administration of law generally, see *Raccolta delle leggi*, VII.; Pujos, *op. cit.*; Guizot, *Mémoires*, II. 439–442; Vesi, *Rivoluzione*, 78–86; Farini, *op. cit.*, I. 158–161; Pantaleoni, *op. cit.*, 13–14.

[3] Un Galantuomo, *Indirizzo*, 41–42; Gaiani, *op. cit.*, 207, 259–260; *Carte segrete*, II. 32–33; About, *Question romaine*, 170; Orsini, *op. cit.*, 248; *Raccolta delle leggi*, V. 680.

They found efficient allies in the Holy Office of the Inquisition. While the police harried the people in their daily lives, the Inquisition collected the secrets of the confessional,[1] and launched its spiritual thunders on the unconforming. An edict is extant, issued by the Inquisitor-General of Pesaro in 1841, commanding all people to inform against heretics, Jews, and sorcerers, those who have impeded the Holy Office, or made satires against the Pope and clergy. A brother-Inquisitor threatened excommunication against any who were privy to and did not denounce those "who worship the devil in their hearts."[2] Unsavoury stories were told in later years of skeletons and instruments of torture found in their dungeons at Rome.[3] Their most hapless victims were the Jews. Though Jewish capital supported the trade of Romagna and Ancona, and their co-religionists financed the Holy See, they were compelled to wear a badge, and prohibited from acquiring land. Leo forbade them to travel without leave, and confined them to the Ghettos after nightfall. Under the Lambruschini misrule their lot was even worse; the Jews of Ancona and Sinigaglia were forbidden to "have friendly relations with Christians," or bury their dead with funeral ceremonies; and an attempt was made to drive them from the province by an order, doubtless evaded, to sell their property, real or personal.

While the Inquisition coerced the people into outward conformity, the government tried to kill out heterodoxy and sedition by crippling education. Its critics said that its maxim was "to tolerate vice and proscribe thought." "Ignorant people," said a Monsignor to D'Azeglio, "are easier to govern." There was indeed no lack of educational institutions; traditions of days, when the church had protected learning and Italy had planted thick her Universities, had not been entirely effaced. But education was monopolized by the clerics, and enervated by a rigid and absurd curriculum. No person might teach without the sanction of the bishop; in spite of Dominicans and parish clergy and local authorities the Jesuits got secondary education into their own hands; the Ignorantelli Brothers unpopular for their questionable pedagogy and morality, supplied the staff for many of the elementary schools; even in the Universities the majority of professors were ecclesiastics. The church managed education no better than law or finance. Elementary teaching, even such as it was, failed to reach large sections of the people. Boys' schools were maintained by the commune in the great majority of towns and villages, but the teaching was of a poor order, and the peasants used them little. There was practically no elementary education for girls, for mixed schools were strictly prohibited, and public opinion was prudish and opposed to female learning. It was estimated that only two per cent. of the population attended school, and even in Rome the proportion was only one in ten.[1] In the secondary schools the scholars stagnated under a dreary course of Latin grammar and scholastic metaphysics. Of machinery for higher teaching there was a superfluity. There were two great Universities at Rome and Bologna; smaller ones at Perugia, Ferrara, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo. Bologna still retained some of her old prestige, and the Roman University bore a fair repute. But the professors were appointed by competition, and were liable to summary dismissal; modern literature and political economy were excluded; down to 1835 at Bologna, and probably later elsewhere, Latin was the compulsory medium for lectures in theology, law, and metaphysics, even to a certain extent in medicine.[2] The government was always tormented by the fear that the Universities might become centres of Liberalism. In order to matriculate it was necessary to produce the governor's and bishop's certificates of "good religious, moral, and political conduct";[1] and nobody was admitted, "who had given any cause for suspicion of rebellious tendencies." And alike to students and adults the lawful literary diet was of the meagrest. The Jesuits forbade the study of Dante in their schools; private circles to read economic books were forbidden; in the '30s a censor struck out some verses referring to the motion of the earth.[2] It was of course impossible that any native literature of worth could flourish; and except where they were surreptitiously obtained or connivance was paid for,[3] the great bulk of Italian and foreign publications were excluded. Most modern books of high repute, most newspapers were placed upon the Index.[4] By means like these the rulers hoped to keep orthodoxy immaculate; perhaps all the more because of them, freethought spread fast among the cultured classes, and sapped the authority of the Papal See.

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[1] Niccolini, *Pontificate*, 106–107; *Carte segrete*, I. 136, 369; Orsini, *op. cit.*, 232.

[2] Gennarelli, *Lutti*, 155–159; *Miscellaneous Documents*, No. 14.

[3] I state this with considerable reserve. There is no doubt that the skeletons and instruments of torture were found, but there is some suspicion that they were placed there after the Inquisition had been expelled. See Vol. II., Appendix E.

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[1] Bowring, *op. cit.*, 85, 89; Tournon, *Études*, 87; Serristori, *op. cit.*, 229; Mittermeier, *op. cit.*, 210–211; Sacchi, *op. cit.*, 63.

[2] "Ove la maggior decenza esige:" sec. 83 of Leo's Bull. See About, *op. cit.*, 71. It was said that a teacher of veterinary medicine was obliged to lecture in Latin: Pianciani, *op. cit.*, III. 145.

It was impossible that it should be otherwise. The strictest moral laws were in monstrous contrast to the moral laxity of those who administered them. While attendance at church and communion at Easter were obligatory, the daily traffic in sacred offices, the jugglery in eternal salvation was shameless as in Luther's day. While men were denied the physician's aid if they refused the sacraments,[5] covert freethought was rife in the Roman hierarchy. The censorship kept the theatres pure, but left the churches centres of intrigue. Children, who at school were compelled to strictest religious observance, heard from the pulpit eulogies of devout highwaymen, whom the saints protected from the gallows. Fiscal necessities kept the lottery open on Sundays, while shops and cafés had to close. There was no doubt a purer section of the hierarchy which cherished an ideal of a godly state, but the vexatious jurisdiction of the stricter ecclesiastics only prejudiced the cause of morality. Illegitimate children were excluded from the universities; confession was refused to those who did not denounce blasphemy and fornication; an archbishop of Sinigaglia ordered betrothals to be broken off if the parish priest refused his sanction, and forbade young men and women to pay more than three visits to each other's houses. The good men, who prompted the compulsion of virtue, were more in fault in their methods than their aims; but viewed in connection with the lives of some of their colleagues, it seemed the very organization of hypocrisy.[1]

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[1] *Raccolta delle leggi*, II. 8.

[2] Campanella and Niccolini, *op. cit.*, 149; Gaiani, *op. cit.*, 105; Minghetti, *Ricordi*, I. 47, 223.

[3] Curci, *Vaticano regio*, 168.

[4] Of English papers, the *Times* was "suspected"; the *Standard*, *Morning Chronicle*, and *Examiner*, and "in general all the Protestant and Tory papers," were "adverse to religion"; the *Globe* and *Observer* were "indifferent."—Orsini, *Memoirs*, 257.

[5] Farini, *op. cit.*, I. 137.

Such was the misrule that held high court in the Temporal Dominions of the Pope, with stagnation and discontent, often anarchy and sheer misery for its fruits. A travelled Irish judge pronounced that the Pope's subjects were the only people in Europe more wretched than his own countrymen; and though the popular conception of their backwardness and unhappiness took inadequate account of Romagnuol vigour, it was not much exaggerated. The very disgust produced by the hypocrisy of the government proved perhaps the moral safeguard of the people; but no industry or ability could make a state prosperous in the face of a corrupt administration and an economic system that strangled trade. And the nearer to Rome, the more miserable was the decay of the country and its inhabitants. In the eastern portions of the state the misrule had not had time to wreck all traces of prosperity. Romagna and the Marches had down to the days of the French rule enjoyed a large measure of independence, and in consequence they were comparatively prosperous and advanced. There was a vigorous middle class in many of the cities, and the Romagnuol artisan was perhaps the finest specimen of Italian manhood. Bologna was the most important manufacturing centre in the state; Ancona was the only port that boasted a trade. Even the peasants here, farming on *mezzedria* tenures, were comparatively prosperous. The hemp industry of the Romagnuol plain was thriving; and along the coast provinces as far as Fermo the culture of the soil was fairly good. But the exactions of brigands and Centurions[1] at times brought misery on the thrifty farmers, and the Sanfedists[1] found zealous defenders of the faith among the unemployed.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 411–414; *Raccolta delle leggi*, II. 3, 8, 11; *Carte segrete*, I. 369; Gennarelli, *Lutti*, 160–161; *Id.*, *Governo pontificio*, I. 324; Miscellaneous Edicts, No. 18.

Their comparative prosperity and intelligence were probably the chief cause of the perpetual unrest, with which the trans-Apennine provinces seethed. The hereditary feuds of the Middle Ages transmuted themselves into bitter and bloody struggles between Liberals and Sanfedists. Romagna was the unfailing seed-bed of conspiracy; and through the Legations ran a vast network of secret correspondence, which had never been betrayed. The bulk of the Liberals were separatists. There was no homogeneity between the eastern and western portions of the state; the barrier of the Apennines parted off the Legations and the Marches from Rome, and their affinities lay with the provinces that had formed the Kingdom of Italy. The cities of Romagna could never forget their lost liberties, granted them by old treaties, which Napoleon had swept away, and Consalvi had refused to restore. They looked on the Papal Government as a pledge-breaker, and most of all Bologna, proud of its history, its university, its trade, ill-disguised its hatred of rival Rome, the home of the venal bureaucracy that plundered the state. "Better the Turks than the Pope," ran the Romagnuol proverb; and many would have even taken Austrian rule, if it would free them from his tyranny.[2] Even in the '30s statesmen like Rossi and Bernetti saw that Home Rule was the only means of preserving the Adriatic provinces to Rome;[3] and the separatist feeling came to the fore at every crisis in the history of the state.

The inland provinces on the western slope of the Apennines showed a progressive deterioration. The hill districts of Umbria were not far behind Romagna in prosperity. But there was less virility and self-reliance, more sentimental attachment to Rome, and the Liberals were strong only in a few towns. South and west of Umbria, in the Comarca, all traces of prosperity rapidly disappeared, except in the small hill-district of Frosinone. The great entailed and mortmain properties began, and as the traveller neared Rome, he found the population more and more sunk in ignorance and brutish squalor. The climax was reached in the desolate solitudes of the malaria-smitten Agro Romano, which stretched along the coast-line southwards from Civita Vecchia. Here the great Roman families, whose estates stretched to portentous magnitude in Italian eyes, had their patrimonies.[1] The land, naturally fertile, but almost valueless through neglect, was let at very low rents, in huge farms averaging 1500 acres and reaching in one instance to over thirty square miles. What had once been the centre of Roman civilization was now the home of a few ragged and fever-stricken herdsmen. Migrant labourers came in gangs from the hills in harvest-time, the high wages overcoming the terror of the malaria, which decimated their ranks, and made the work a fearful lottery. In spite of its native richness, the average produce was one-third of that of Romagna, and the population of the province of Civita Vecchia was thirty-five to the square mile.[2]

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[1] See below, pp. 116, 141.

[2] *Carte segrete*, I. 354, 360–361, 454; Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 282, III. 127 *n.*; Gualterio, *op. cit.*, I. 143; D'Azeglio, *Ultimi Casi*, 52.

[3] Guizot, *Mémoires*, II. 451–452; Chateaubriand, *Mémoires*, IV. 379; Poggi, *Storia*, I. 151.

Rome naturally occupied a position by herself. In a sense, the city was only the suburb of the Papal court. The reverence which surrounded the centre of Catholic Christendom, the pomp of cardinals and nobles, the daily procession of mystic ceremony tied the Romans to the Pope by strong bands that were absent in the rest of the state. The native aristocracy was parasitic and exclusive in a sense little known in Italy, jealous of the ecclesiastical power, but bound by tradition to the Papacy. The professional and mercantile classes were Liberals, but they were few in number, and without a municipal authority to give expression to their wishes. The Roman populace was brave, alert, comparatively educated; but the pride of a supposed classical descent and the demoralization of lavish charities[1] made it idle and quarrelsome, and the lower strata led a life of infinite degradation. Rome, in fact, as Metternich said, was like a magnificent theatre with bad actors.[2] Its churches were "full of monuments, but empty of people." On the surface the most moral of European cities, in reality it was corrupt as any.[3] There was little industry; the streets swarmed with beggars; large numbers of the poor were hangers-on in the households of prelates and nobles, and had learnt to wear the badge at least of servility. In Sismondi's words, all Romans wore either the tonsure, or livery, or rags. For the Pope the populace had an unbounded reverence; they were interested in the pomp of the Prelacy, and even in the ecclesiastical small-talk; but they profoundly disbelieved in its virtues, and relished the pasquinades which lashed the abuses of the government and the vices of the great. Still they had little sympathy with Liberalism; the spoilt children of the state, they despised the progressive middle classes. It was not till Gregory's reign that a change came over them. His life and character were little calculated to stir their loyalty. Young Italy made many converts, and Lamennais' *Words of a Believer* are said to have made a deep impression on the more thoughtful. Though much of the old sentimental loyalty survived, the men whom the Trasteverines followed in the '40s were earnest democrats, with little love for a Pope, unless he threw his lot in with them. Still, even in later times, except in the early years of Pio Nono and under Mazzini's republic, Rome was perhaps the least Italian of Italian cities. The Papal influence was always strong; the foreign residents and visitors distracted their clients from politics. And though the majority were probably always passively nationalist after 1846, though they hated and despised the Pope's government, they gave a poor backing to the efforts outside to free them, and gave some colour to the argument that Rome was not Italian, but cosmopolitan.

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[1] Prince Borghese owned 100,000 acres.

[2] Tournon, *Études*, I. 310; Galli, *Cenni*, 182, 207 *et seq.*; according to *Ib.* 205, the produce was 2½ bushels per acre. A special tax was imposed in 1832 for killing wolves: *Raccolta delle leggi*, VI. 21. See also About, *op. cit.*, 274–276 *et alibi*; Chateauvieux, *Travels*; Didier, *Campagne*; and for its condition in 1882, Beauclerk, *Rural Italy*, 72–81, 86, 87, 104.

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[1] On New Year's Day 1848 the Senate distributed 120,000 lbs. of bread and 30,000 lbs. of meat.

[2] Metternich, *Mémoires*, III. 201. He adds, "I cannot understand how a Protestant can turn Catholic at Rome."

[3] Liverani, *op. cit.*, 124–125, 251; Gregorovius, *Diari romani*, 129; Dicey, *Rome*, 35; About, *op. cit.*, 48–50.

CHAPTER V

SOCIAL CONDITION OF ITALY—(continued)

NAPLES: the new land system; theory and practice; justice; local government; education; corruption of government; nobles; clergy; educated classes; trade; city of Naples; peasants; political indifference. SICILY: character; Home Rule; land system; the peasants; *malendrinaggio;* want of education.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE ITALIAN NATION: church; nobles; middle classes; universities; artisans and town labourers; peasants. The oppression; absence of political life; dawn of patriotism.

NAPLES

IN the south of the peninsula, covering three-eighths of its surface, lay the Kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the "Two Sicilies" of diplomatic language. Character, geographical position, the bitter feud between Neapolitan and Sicilian, made it the most distinctive and isolated of Italian states. The two countries, which were held together merely by the common pressure of the government, had their different traditions and aspirations, their character and social life most dissimilar. Naples shared in the reforming movement of the eighteenth century. Charles III. reduced the privileges of the nobles; Acton in the earlier years of his ministry designed the gradual abolition of feudalism. But the French Revolution frightened the government back into extremes of reaction. The Bourbon court, driven into Sicily by the French, returned in 1799 to wreak its revenge, and under Nelson's willing patronage[1] Fra Diavolo and his crew outran their royal master's orders and made Naples red with civil blood. Seven years later the French advance again made the court take refuge behind the English arms in Sicily, and Naples for nine years came under the French rule, first of Joseph Bonaparte, then of Murat. Feudalism was abolished; the great majority of monasteries were dissolved, and their immense properties were sold or let on perpetual leases. Entails became illegal, and many of the large feudal estates passed into the hands of creditors; communal lands were divided into small holdings and let to the poorer inhabitants. The land-system was revolutionized at a blow, and great slices of the country were bought up by small proprietors. There were now a million landowners, or one in five of the population. It is true that many of the properties were too small to yield an independence; that others were bought up by speculators; that to some extent the change only increased the number of little tyrants of the middle class, who owned both land and capital.[1] Yet the French legislation went far towards democratizing the social structure. Murat left Naples free from feudalism, with a reformed law, an ordered finance, a more stable land-system. Civil institutions had advanced four centuries in the nine years of French rule. And though the Restoration undid much, it left the law, the church, the land, in theory at least, in harmony with modern conditions. No other state in Italy could boast institutions so advanced; no government, save the Pope's, was so utterly degraded in practice as that which afflicted Naples and Sicily under the Bourbon rule.

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[1] For his atrocious conduct see Hervey-Saint-Denys, *Histoire*, 236–253.

It was the same story of corruption in every branch of the administration. Naples had the most enlightened code of justice in Italy. The courts were generally open to the public; there was a modified system of bail; a defendant might select his own counsel and cross-examine. In practice too often caprice was the only law. Secret orders in council overrode the codes; the crown interfered to protect Bourbonists or persecute Liberals; the police were empowered to try suspects by their own secret and illegal procedure, to liberate convicted men, or detain those acquitted by the courts. Prisoners were flogged, torture was connived at or encouraged;[1] the prisons, though the official regulations were good, were "gulfs of hell." An almost universal corruption completed the wreck of justice. Assassinations in full day went unpunished if the criminal had friends in office; and everywhere there were informal societies with common bribery funds to get enemies condemned and friends acquitted. So too in local government, the law was good, the facts were vicious. Each of the fifteen provinces of the mainland had its council appointed by the government, with powers to assess taxes, to execute public works, to control main-roads and public societies, with liberty to criticise officials, to propose reforms of administration, to discuss matters of general import to the state. The communal councils controlled by-roads, elementary schools, vaccination, the maintenance of foundlings. But the fabric, so liberal in principle, was spoilt by the corruption of the government and the tyranny of the local magnates. The public vote, which elected the communal council, often only voiced the orders of the ex-feudal lord, whose nominees plundered in his interest the estates of the commune and wasted its forests, while the officials leagued themselves to the conspiracy.[2] In education the gulf between theory and practice was as great. By a law of 1810 every commune, except the smallest, was bound to have its primary school, every province its secondary school. But nothing was done to bring the children to them. Even in Naples itself there were but four gratuitous public schools, and only one in three of school age attended. For girls there was practically no provision. In the provinces it was worse. The bishops did their best to frustrate the efforts of the Education Ministry to open schools. There were whole communes without a literate peasant; and how general was the ignorance, is shown by the law that required that one-third of the members of a town council should read and write.

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[1] Bianchini, *Napoli*, 551–552; M. L. R., *Saggio*, 54, 298; Franchetti, *Provincie napolitane*, 125–126; Chateauvieux, *Lettres*, I. 28. I cannot believe the figures in Bodio, *Movimento economico*, 48.

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[1] Nisco, *Francesco I.*, 37; *Carlo Poerio, etc.*, 38–39; Settembrini, *Protesta*, 28; see also Correspondence—Naples (1848), 95.

[2] Franchetti, *op. cit.*, *passim*; Bianco di Saint-Jorioz, *Brigantaggio*, 48–49; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, II. 246.

The secondary schools, with a few notable exceptions at Naples, suffered from the same "grecism" that afflicted the intermediate education of all Italy. The University bore a high name, its classes were crowded, and its professors kept to some extent their independence; but the idle life and enervating atmosphere of the capital too often demoralized the young provincials.

Everything—law, local government, education,—was tainted by the corruption that had eaten through the public service. The government was "a pyramid with priests and police for its base, and the king for its apex," and from top to base reigned the same callousness to the commonwealth. The Bourbon court treasured all the vices of the family. Under Francis, courtesans ruled it; under Ferdinand II., priests. One of Ferdinand's brothers worried a creditor to death with his mastiffs; another's bravoes carried to his harem his neighbours' wives and daughters. Corruption found good soil at such a court. In Francis' reign "justice, titles, high offices were brought to the hammer." "The man who pays for a post," said the King, "wants to keep it, and is loyal."[1] Ferdinand's Jesuit confessor kept an open sale of office; the Ministry of the Interior was a market of jobbery; at Palermo places in the civil service were publicly sold. High officers of state manipulated the corn duties to help their own speculations, and the Home Minister took for his private collection the finest discoveries of Pompeii. His subordinates copied him; no official could be sued without royal sanction, and they made good use of the immunity. "Every civil servant," said an official report, "makes what he can out of his office." In collusion with contractors, they squandered the public monies; the police levied blackmail, and carried on a contraband trade; they warned the Calabrian brigands when danger threatened, and sheltered them when ostensibly in pursuit.

The corruption had free play, because there were no strong elements of opposition. Many of the nobles were well contented with a system, which gave them a rich share of the plunder. Others had been drawn to Naples and ruined by its luxury and vice. The great landlords of Calabria were less often absentees than in the rest of Italy, and their influence proportionately greater; but they loved the misrule, and their custom of allowing only one son of a family to marry demoralized the country-side. The church was silent as the nobles. It had always been subservient to the government; and when it tried after the Restoration to assert its independence, it found that the hand of the crown was not shortened. And though the Concordat of 1818 gave it some privileges, and marked a surrender to Rome unknown before at Naples, it only tied the clergy more completely to the interests of the absolutism. The 26,000 priests and 20,000 monks and nuns[1] were one in thirteen of the population. But the ill-fame of bishops and priests alike, their petty tyranny and injustice, the knowledge that many of them were spies of the government robbed them of moral weight. Nor was there any virile intellectual element. Some of the traditional culture was left, at all events at Naples and in Calabria; but there was little that was worthy of the country that had produced Pythagoras and Thomas Aquinas, Bruno and Campanella and Vico. Much of it was a rude, forgotten land, with little oases of civilization in a great waste of ignorance or superstition. An almost prohibitive duty kept out foreign books; and though there was latitude for economic discussion, and keen controversies were waged over free-trade and the land-tax, no purely political writings were allowed. The educated class was small—a crowd of lawyers, a few literary men of high attainments,—and they lacked the stamina and patriotism of their fellows in North and Central Italy. Such writing and thought as there was, had little in common with the rest of the peninsula. It was not till the study of Dante grew and spread, and the revival that followed Ferdinand II.'s accession stimulated literature, that any serious effort was made to assimilate speech and thought to that of Upper Italy.[2]

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[1] Nisco, *Francesco I.*, 6, 22.

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[1] So Serristori, *Due Sicilie.* At a later date Crispi (*Scritti,* 186) puts the total number at 70,000.

[2] Settembrini, *Ricordanze,* I. 56, 57.

The trading class, too, was small and unimportant. While the Continental System lasted, there had been a certain fictitious prosperity in the production of cotton and brandy, but both industries collapsed with the Peace, and the influence of the Physiocrat economists kept prejudice strong against manufactures. After the crisis of 1824 the government tried to encourage industry by lavishing bounties and protective duties and abolishing the guilds. But protection did little to stimulate, and it was not until the short-lived confidence in the government that obtained from 1831 to 1834, that there was any serious progress. Even then the imports remained small; the staple export was olive-oil; the manufactured exports were insignificant, mainly spirits, silk of a high quality, and gloves. The meddle and muddle of the government still hampered enterprise; and the King restricted banks and dissolved insurance societies, because they expected interest on their capital.[1]

In contrast with the half-barbarous condition of much of the country stood Naples with its veneer of civilized luxury, and its unfathomed depths of degraded life, with all the vices and few of the virtues of a metropolis. At this time it was by far the largest city in Italy, with a population of over 300,000. The capital was the spoilt child of the government; while peasants were dying of hunger, great sums were lavished on its theatre of San Carlo; it had enormous charities, and after 1830 the government made large grants for its poor. There was a traditional understanding that the Bourbons should leave the paupers of the slums to their idleness and crime, if they supported it at need, to cow the respectable and progressive classes. The *lazzaroni* numbered at least 40,000;[2] a demoralized, idle mob, hardened by suffering, brutalized by superstition, with the anarchical instincts of licensed pariahs, ready at a call to massacre artisans and tradesmen, and loot in the interests of church and throne. Already the *camorra* existed, with its dreaded secret organization, to shelter crime and levy blackmail.[1] A want of enterprise and manliness weighed on the whole city. The cultured classes, acute and inquiring though they were, made no sustained effort for their principles; the municipal government was corrupt as all else; the civic guard was an armed faction under the orders of the police; the draconic laws against beggars were a dead letter; and in the Foundling Hospital nine infants out of ten died of starvation.

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[1] Gualterio, *op. cit.*, II. 273; La Farina, *Storia*, II. 168.

[2] Lady Morgan, *Italy*, II. 393.

But the gay, thoughtless, gesticulating Neapolitan was no type of the bulk of the population. Five-sixths of the workers were employed on the land. From the mountains of the Abruzzi in the north the country sloped down to the fertile Terra di Lavoro, to Naples and Sorrento on the west; on the east to the flat pastoral district of the Capitinata on the Adriatic, to the Basilicata round the Gulf of Taranto, and Puglia with its rich vineyards and oliveyards in the heel of Italy; while the Apennines formed a continuous back-bone down the centre, through the Principati to Calabria in the toe. By nature a great portion of the land was exceedingly fertile, but neglect and bad government had made large tracts well-nigh useless. Immense stretches of land, which only needed the drainage of the rich alluvial soils, were given over to malaria. Lake Fucino, which had been drained under Claudius, had been allowed to make pestilent the great valley round it; the mountain district of La Sila in Calabria was deserted save by banditti and wandering herdsmen; the vast Tavoliere di Puglia, stretching for seventy miles along the Adriatic, was, despite the protests of the economists, kept in the state of natural pasturage to which it had been devoted since the fifteenth century. All through the southern portion of the country the want of thoroughfares crippled the agriculturist. Carriage-roads, along which the mails crept at the rate of fifty miles a day, were very few; in some districts of the interior it was almost impossible to travel on horseback in winter; even fifty years later, in the province of Aquila, one-third of the communes had not even a proper cart-road. It is small wonder that agriculture showed few signs of progress, that the bulk of the grain and wine and oil were of poor quality. It was only in the Terra di Lavoro, and round Bari, and in the oliveyards of Gallipoli, that there was any better culture.

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[1] Monnier, *La Camorre;* and below, Vol., II. p. 184.

Despite the French legislation, a large proportion of the cultivators rented their farms, often on onerous terms, and paying exorbitant interest to the usurious landlord or private loan-monger. Sometimes, as in the Basilicata, much of the land was let on short improvement leases, the landlord finding everything, and at the end of the tenancy taking land and crops with little or no compensation. In the western provinces the system of tenure varied, *mezzedria* farms alternating with yearly tenancies or large holdings on long leases. But almost everywhere the peasants were practically the serfs of their lords, tied hand-and-foot by their indebtedness, driven by poverty and the keen competition for land to accept the cruel contracts imposed on them.[1] The tax-gatherer took what the landlord left. The very heavy land-tax was rigorously exacted from the famine-stricken peasants, and to pay the hated grist-tax implements and houses were often seized. Salt, which was a government monopoly, was so dear that the people were sometimes unable to buy it. And though there were districts where the squalor of the peasants had disappeared, their general condition was one of more or less degraded and savage poverty. The small proprietors, who had sufficient land of their own, were hardly better off. The labourers, though wages were sometimes comparatively high, had a precarious lot. And the land-system, though it showed so admirable in statistics, proves on examination rotten as the rest of the social fabric. In some parts, as in Calabria, there was a severance between rich and poor rare in Italy. The *gentiluomini* kept the peasants and labourers in a state of serfdom, grinding their faces in abject poverty, corrupting their family honour. Their miserable condition, their superstition more pagan than Christian, their brutish ignorance seemed sometimes to have killed all moral sense. "Theft," wrote one who knew them, "is their second nature, almost their necessity"; and sometimes a whole village, seized with a common passion for crime, would leave their ploughs to plunder and murder. Brigandage had for generations been endemic in some of the mountain districts; under the French rule it had taken a political colour; when its Bourbon patrons returned, it became frankly criminal. At times sentries had to guard the whole length of road from Capua to the Papal frontier. The Calabrians went about armed to the teeth; and the roving *banditti* were recruited from the murderers, who "went into the country," while the scent was fresh on their wild deeds of violence.

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[1] Franchetti, *op. cit.*, *passim;* De Augustinis, *Condizione*, 156; C. D. V., *Cenni*, 34, 38; Della Valle, *Considcrazioni;* Bianco di Saint-Jorioz, *op. cit.*, 18, 124–125; Villari, *Lettere meridionali*, 55–59; Laing, *Notes*, 396; Beauclerk, *Rural Italy*, 43–46. Already, in 1835, the farmers were feeling the effects of foreign competition "even from America." The communes tried sometimes to provide a remedy for usury: v. Raumer, *Italy*, II. 251. The recent rapid extension of land-banks is, it is to be hoped, killing out the usurer.

From such a people no steady political activity could be expected. There was of course a considerable class above the level of actual poverty—the middling proprietors, the merchants of the towns, the tradesmen who had retired to their small estates. It was from these, doubtless, that the Carbonari of 1820 drew their strength. But they were a minority, too often a corrupt and fibreless minority. The mass of the people were sunk in an ignorance and misery, which left no room for hope or progress. Arrears of civilization and sunderance of interests were likely for generations yet to prevent Naples from marching in line with the rest of Italy.

SICILY

Sicily and Naples were members of one state, but they were parted by a bitterness as intense as that which divided Ireland from England. Differences of race and history and character made it impossible to fuse the mainland and island. The large admixture of Norman and Saracen and Berber blood in Sicily, the semi-tropical climate, the long parliamentary tradition had produced a character that had nothing in common with that of the mainland. In contrast to the lazy, vivacious, shallow Neapolitan, the Palermitan was silent, laconic, brave. Though the Sicilian was wanting in resource and perseverance, and though his southern blood and the absence of intellectual outlet made him subject to wild bursts of sexual passion and savage vengeance, yet he was generous and chivalrous, he had virility and a rough kind of loyalty. A Sicilian rarely betrayed another; while the Neapolitan was a courtier by nature, he was rugged and independent, and Ferdinand I. had found him unsusceptible to court favours. Thanks to his seven centuries of parliamentary history he had more interest in public affairs, a patriotism which was all the intenser for its narrowness. And despite the lawlessness of Palermo and its neighbourhood, despite the murders four times more numerous than in Piedmont and the universal prevalence of theft, there was not the same depth of corruption that prevailed on the mainland.[1]

History combined with difference of character to sever the two peoples. From the Sicilian Vespers to 1735 Sicily had been independent of Naples. Even when joined under one crown, it had kept its own flag, its parliament, and separate administration. The struggle between crown and barons in 1812 had only confirmed the Sicilians in their rights; and when, four years later, the Bourbons stole their liberties, the free past beckoned to them with ever more alluring fascination. Feudalists and Liberals might endanger the common cause with their quarrels, but the same intense love of independence ruled them all. The very clergy and monks redeemed their ignorance and wealth by their fervid patriotism. On all classes weighed the oppression of the Bourbon government. "The Sicilians are barbarians; we have come to civilize them," boasted the Neapolitan officials, and they treated the island "beyond the Faro" as a conquered province. The Sicilians repaid them with a hate that embraced both court and people of the ruling race. There was little sympathy between the Liberals of Palermo and Naples, still less respect or loyalty to the crown. It followed that Sicily had no share in the common life of

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[1] Palmieri de' Miccichè, *Pensées*, I. 258, 263; Famin, *Révolution*, 4; Nisco, *Ferdinando II.*, 34; Pasqualino, *Letters*, 8, 9; La Masa, *Documenti*, I. 41.

Italy, that in its bitter hostility to Naples it turned rather to England, to Russia, to France, to any Power that would secure its independence of the mainland. It was only at a later date that the Italian spirit reached them, that they learnt to appeal to Italy against Naples, and seek for freedom by merging themselves in the bigger fatherland, of which Sicily and Naples would be equal and independent provinces.

The nature of the Neapolitan rule was sufficient of itself to create the repulsion. It is true that Sicilians and Neapolitans were fellow-sufferers, that the government was little, if at all, more corrupt and tyrannical than it was on the mainland. But its bitterness lay in its being an alien rule. In some respects, indeed, the laws of Naples were in advance of their own, and the Neapolitan Liberals might regard their imposition as a gain to the cause of progress. But while they provoked the unresting hostility of the nobles, they were too much opposed to the national tradition to be acceptable even to the down-trodden masses. This was especially apparent in the attempts to reform the native land-laws. Feudalism had been nominally abolished in 1812, but in a half-hearted way, that contrasted with the root-and-branch reforms which the French had carried out at Naples. Numberless questions of detail were left to be decided by the courts (there were many still pending in 1838), and for some time the presumption of the courts went in favour of the lords. In spite of legislation to facilitate the sale of encumbered estates, there was none of the wide distribution of property which had taken place at Naples. A league of *latifondisti* protected the interests of the big proprietors, and the few commercial men, who purchased land, ranged themselves on their side. Here and there the commons were divided into small holdings, but the great majority of the people were landless, and it was only in the rich Conca d'Oro round Palermo, and in the neighbourhood of Messina and Marsala, that small properties could be found. Nine-tenths of the soil belonged to the barons and prelates, and one noble's princely estate stretched for thirty miles. The insecurity and unhealthiness of the fields drove the people to live almost entirely in towns; in three large provinces only two per cent. lived in the country; and the great reaches of natural pasturage, without villages or trees, much of it smitten with malaria, with little produce save the food of scattered herds, stretched over what had been the granary of Italy. The farms were leased for short terms at rack-rents; and the middleman-farmers, with insufficient capital for their enormous holdings (many ranged from 2000 to 5000 acres), sublet the corn land in small parcels to peasants paying rent in kind, advancing the seed and supplying oxen for the plough, and taking sometimes three-quarters of the produce in return. So much was the peasant at their mercy, that his plot, when rent and interest were paid, barely allowed him a subsistence. But he could legally claim enough food to save him from starvation, and such was the uncertainty of employment, that he preferred to have a rack-rented holding rather than work for wages.[1]

Under such a system the culture was necessarily primitive.[2] The implements were of antique shape, and as late as 1860 threshing was done by treading. It was only in the neighbourhood of large towns, where the land was held by small proprietors, that there was any effort to improve. The vineyards of Marsala, and the orange and lemon gardens of the Conca d'Oro alone showed of what the land was capable. Even where there was disposition to improve, the government did what it could to discourage it. Down to 1819 all corn for export had to be deposited in bonded warehouses (*caricatoi*), where the export duty was collected. When these were abolished, the want of roads still practically stopped the trade in grain. Means of communication were lacking even more than on the mainland; it was not till 1828 that carriages could travel from Messina to Palermo, and for long years after the interior was inaccessible to them. Robbers infested the rough tracks, that were the only means of communication in the greater part of the island.

Franchetti, *Sicilia*, *passim*; Balsamo, *Memorie*; Palmeri, *Saggio*; Gregorio, *Discorsi*, I. 168–172; Afan di Rivera, *Sicilia*, 34; Cordova, *Discorsi*, I. 31; II. 289–306; Villari, *op. cit.*, 31–36.

[2] According to Senior, *Journals*, II. 36, the produce per acre was the same as in Verres' time.

The backwardness of its agriculture was the more serious, because Sicily had little commerce. The only industries were the wine trade of Marsala and the sulphur mines round Caltanisetta and Girgenti, and these were worked by foreign enterprise and capital. Down to 1824 there was no free trade even with Naples, and protection crushed all attempts to create a commerce.[1] Wretched, indeed, was the condition of the people. The sulphur-workers lived in a degradation hardly reached by the white slaves of early factory days in England. The agricultural labourers, going long distances to their work from their squalid homes in the towns, earned but from five to seven shillings a week. The peasants, sober and hard-working as they were, were weighed to the ground with usury, robbed bare by the exactions of grist-tax and land-tax, to escape from which they would sometimes forsake their holdings, and turn to the more profitable call of brigandage. All were slaves to the corruption and tyranny of the Intendants and their underlings; slaves too to the barons, whose armed retainers terrorized them, and whose feudal dues and jurisdiction, though abolished at law, remained as customs, against which they dared not rebel. From high to low there was no respect for the law. The government never scrupled to break it; the officials prostrated it to their own greed; the nobles employed their retainers to assassinate their enemies. It is small wonder that crime was organized to an extent hardly credible in Western Europe. The vast households of the nobles, the criminal gangs of Palermo, the orange-growers of the Conca d'Oro (descendants of the old bravoes of the barons), the middlemen of the centre of the island formed a vast unseen conspiracy, before which justice was powerless and government paralyzed.[2] It was this *malendrinaggio* or *mafia*, which has made part of Sicily the despair of constitutional, as it was then of despotic government.

But while, because of it, severe, almost cruel, repression has been a necessity, the unhappy island has needed and not had the patient work of a generation to heal its ignorance and poverty and superstition. Of education there was then, as long after, almost none; even the children of the nobles were often hardly literate. And though there was a limited amount of culture and a few men of real ability, Palermo spent ten times as much on its foundlings as on its schools, and professors at Messina University had less than a gendarme's pay. The religion of the people was a pagan superstition. The Church was, indeed, very powerful; monks swarmed, and their property, untouched by the Revolution, exceeded in value that of all the other monasteries of Italy, but "their ignorance was on a par with their dirt and their wealth." Santa Rosalia ranked above the Redeemer to the Palermitans; and the sulphur-workers of Girgenti, after an explosion, broke their image of the Madonna, and subscribed for a new and more tutelary one. Despite the polished luxury of Palermo, it was a lawless, semi-barbarous people, bred in a school of violence and force; a nation of nobles and proletarians, with no middle-class, with few local institutions, with nothing to hold them together save the feudal tradition and the intense common pride of race. But while Sicily has been and remains one of Italy's greatest problems, while normal settled government there seems still a dream, its people has a strength and an independence, a half-Oriental dignity, a latent fire, which has always made them the hope of the advanced patriots of Italy.

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[1] v. Raumer, *op. cit.*, II. 308, 309; Perez, *Centrallizzazione*, 142; Mortillaro, *Reminiscenze*, 164; *contra*, Bracci, *Memorie*, 48.

[2] Villari, *op. cit.*, 34, 35; Ciotti, *Palermo*, 6, 7.

The unbelievers in Italian nationality would point to the wide diversity of character, which parted the inhabitants of the different states. There seemed little in common between the heavy, painstaking Piedmontese and the light-hearted, idle, dissolute proletarian of Venice or Naples; between the gentle, intelligent Tuscan and the passionate, sullen Sicilian; between the activity and enterprise of Genoa or Lombardy and the dead stagnation of the Comarca. There was no common Italian stock; Teuton blood predominated in the north, Greek blood in the Basilicata and Puglia; Arabs and Normans and Spaniards had left their traces in Sicily, while the old Italic and Etruscan stocks remained, perhaps with little mixture, in Tuscany and Umbria and the Abruzzi. Different governments had trained them to varying social habits and widely dissimilar land systems, to activity or stagnation of industry, to high or low standards of education. Feudal customs were still strong in Piedmont and Naples and Sicily, while in Lombardy and Tuscany they were half-forgotten memories. But the existing states had not even the merit of recognizing the minor affinities of the populations. Romagna gravitated to the states of the Po basin; the Abruzzi and the Principati had more in common with the Roman border-country than with Calabria. Sicily was divided less from any Italian state than from Naples; and the worst municipal rivalries were between cities of the same state. And beneath the differences ran a common likeness. The remoteness of Piedmontese and Neapolitan was no greater than that which divided Norman and Provençal, Prussian and Bavarian, English and Irish; and the rich mixture of blood promised a resultant stock of virility and many-sidedness. Despite the dialects, Italy had a common tongue, a common name, a common memory of the days when she had ruled the world; and history was very real, where every district had its traditions of the great men and deeds of Rome. She had a common literature, a common possession of Dante and Ariosto and Macchiavelli. The great barrier of the Alps meant more than a geographical expression, and necessities of trade preached every day against the partition of the peninsula. Despite the jealousies of Piedmont and Genoa, of Naples and Sicily, of Romagna and Rome; despite the interests that pleaded the independence of each petty metropolis; despite the greater differences that parted North and South, it was clear to thinkers like Napoleon and Alfieri and Mazzini that sentiment and expediency alike would teach the different fractions to merge themselves in a great united Italy.

To the hasty traveller belongs the monopoly of generalizing on the Italian character; a historian must go delicately even when he deals with particular sections and districts. Of the various classes that made up the Italian

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people, first in power without doubt came the 150,000 ecclesiastics. The nearer, indeed, to Rome, the more the abuses of the Church stank in the nostrils; but none the less the presence of Rome gave an unique power to its hold on Italian minds; and its subtle net of influence reaching to every commune and hamlet in the land, its pomp of power, the support, however grudging, of the civil arm, its control of the schools, its authority over the marriage rite, its claim to open and shut the gates of heaven, gave it an unmeasured influence over a religious and imaginative, often superstitious, people. For the Italians were essentially not only religious, but Catholic. A little rationalism had filtered in in the last century; there was a certain fashionable scepticism at Florence and Milan; hypocrisy often held high state in church and court. But the masses of the people, high and low, even when they did not accept the whole Catholic doctrine, even when they abominated the Roman court or satirized the clergy, gave willing adhesion to the Catholic faith and ritual, and felt a sentimental pride in the possession of the Papacy. The attacks of the governments on the Church in the last century had already faded into a not very cordial alliance between it and the state. The attempts of after years to reform the discipline of the Church always aimed at reforming it within the pale of Catholicism;[1] the abolition of ecclesiastical abuses, that followed the rise of constitutional government, was careful to disclaim hostility.[2] And at this moment it seemed not impossible that the Church might range itself with the nation. Though it had thrown in its lot with the Restoration, many a parish priest, many a monk, was a patriot and in a way a Liberal. Each revolution contributed its batch of martyr-priests. Especially in Lombardy and Sicily, the fire of patriotism burnt bright in sacristy and monastery. Sprung largely from the people, they shared the people's poverty[3] and hopes; and the earlier years of Pio Nono proved how easily the clergy might have been won to the national cause, if Rome had led the way. But the collapse of Pius' brief Liberalism showed that the Roman Curia could never become national, that, without far-reaching changes in its constitution, it, the most worldly and unteachable of courts, can never accept reform, that the Temporal Power stands, and must always stand, between Papal claims and Italian rights.

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[1] See below, Vol. II., p. 125–6. [2] See below, p. 393; Vol. II., pp. 3, 126

[3] In 1867 the average stipend of a parish priest was 795 lire (under £32): Frigyesi, *L'Italia*, 355.

It was often said that Italy possessed no landed aristocracy. This was true in the sense that there were few territorial magnates, and that even such as there were, were, except perhaps in Sicily and Calabria and in later years in Piedmont, absentees and dwellers in towns, and therefore had little of the influence of the English landed peer. The unnumbered counts of the north and centre, the dukes and princes of the south cheapened the prestige of a title. In Naples and Venice and Rome the nobles were corrupted and degenerate. In all the political vicissitudes of the century the creation of a hereditary second chamber never seriously entered the head of an Italian politician. None the less their power was great, and often deserved. In Sicily they were omnipotent, both because of their wealth and because they shared the great political passion of the people. The brilliant aristocracy of Milan made its wealth and capacity felt through Lombardy. The best of the nobles of Florence, sprung from the great mercantile families of the republic and the Medici rule, had identified themselves with all that was most progressive and improving in Tuscany. The military nobility of Piedmont, crass and out-of-date as it was, kept much of its feudal prestige and tradition of simple, solid patriotism. There was an unpretentiousness of life in their vast uncomfortable palaces, where they would rather see a masterpiece of the great painters than an easy chair or a warm fireside. And on the whole the Italian nobility, except in Piedmont and at Rome, was not exclusive. In Tuscany, and partially in Lombardy, it had sprung from the bourgeoisie, and everywhere constant fresh creations fed it with new blood. The Universities, the free social life of the cities, the comparative absence of great wealth fused it more or less with the class beneath it. Its courtesy to all classes awoke the marvel of German observers. And though much of it was worthless and discredited, there was a section of high note in every state, which identified itself with the best hopes of the nation. Every Liberal, even every Revolutionary movement could find its noble leaders; and if the middle classes can claim Mazzini and Manin, Gioberti and Farini and Rattazzi, the nobles can boast that Santa Rosa and Pallavicino, D'Azeglio and Cavour and Ricasoli, the Bandieras and Pisacane sprang from their ranks.

But the best life of the nation was in the middle classes. They had felt their power under the French rule; Modena had had its famous school of civil servants; as engineers, as scientists, as writers, men of ability had had their chance. No class, therefore, suffered more from the repression, to which they were condemned at the Restoration. The civil service offered few attractions, for it meant selling help to the oppressors, and there was little hope of promotion, while in Lombardy the Austrians, in Piedmont the nobles, in the Papal States the *monsignori* monopolized the higher posts. Literature was a thorny path, with censors watching at every corner to crush out originality or check the smallest incursion into politics. Italy indeed was fairly rich in writers; she had her philosophers in Galluppi and Rosmini and Romagnosi, her poets in Leopardi and Niccolini, her scholars in Mai and Mezzofanti, her novelist in Manzoni. But Rossetti and Berchet had been driven into exile; and not only was political and social, even economic, literature almost killed out, but the expense and delay and uncertainty of obtaining the censor's imprimatur checked authorship of every kind. Literature often passed with difficulty from state to state; the total number of new books and editions published in Italy in 1835 was 2811, and the majority of these were probably reprints; in 1833 there were less than 100 periodicals, mainly scientific or commercial.[1] The official gazettes, it was said, gave more space to the affairs of India and Japan than to those of Europe, and had no intelligence of contemporary politics. The *Antologia* was the only periodical, that took a place among the great European reviews. Of journalism proper there was none. There was hardly more outlet in trade. Protective duties and customs'-barriers, the absence of a common coinage or common weights and measures, the official discouragement of banks were fatal to a vigorous manufacturing or commercial life. Except in some of the Lombard cities, and at Genoa and Leghorn, mercantile enterprise was hardly known. There was no at all important manufacture, except a silk-spinning industry in Lombardy and Piedmont; no great staple exports, except the raw silk of the north,[1] the olive-oil of the Genovesate and Lucca and Naples, the sulphur of Sicily. The whole export trade of the country was probably under £18,000,000. Thus, with little opening in the civil service or literature or trade, the young men who left the Universities crowded into law or medicine, to swell the ranks of the educated unemployed, bitterly feeling the social oppression, which snuffed out their ambitions and doomed them to an idle and profitless existence.

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[1] Cantù, *Milano*, I. 73; *Id.*, *Cronistoria*, II. 387.

The bright spot in middle-class life was the Universities. The country boasted twenty-four with some 14,000 students. Those of Bologna and Naples bore a high repute; Turin, Rome, Pavia, Padua, were justly proud of their position. It is not easy for an Englishman to realize what a part Italian Universities played in the life of the country; always to the front in every national movement, destroying social barriers by their free democratic life, exercising through the great number of their scholars a preeminent influence on the action of the educated classes. It was not without reason that the governments suspected and harassed them. It was the Universities that supplied the spiritual fuel for the nationalist movement, that gave it its thinkers, its writers, sometimes its fighters. It was the professors at Bologna who led the revolution of 1831, professors and students from Pisa and Pavia and Genoa, who were the soul of the volunteers in 1848, and who made up the largest section of Garibaldi's Thousand. The students might be often desultory, sentimental, excitable; but there was a purity of life and motive, a devotion to ideals, a readiness to pulse with the nation's life, to act rather than criticize, to follow their heroes even to the battlefield or dungeon, that made them the very salt of Italian society.

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[1] Valued in 1835 at £12,000,000; the olive-oil trade perhaps reached £2,000,000 to £3,000,000.

The same causes, that cribbed the life of the middle classes, depressed the artisans. Their material condition, indeed, was comparatively a tolerable one; though often far below a level of comfort in food and housing, the cheap living of a warm climate and the steadiness of an inelastic trade kept them from want. Of class ambition there seems to have been little. Italian manufacture was still mostly in the domestic stage, and there is little evidence of friction between masters and men. Besides, in Piedmont at all events, to strike was a crime, unless the courts decided that it was with just cause.[1] Socialistic feeling was almost entirely absent, even in 1848. In a country, too, where they probably did not exceed 15 per cent. of the population, the artisans were too humble a factor to play any large part in the national life. But they were alert, intelligent, often fairly educated, highly skilled in some minor industries. There were gondoliers and master-workmen at Venice of no little culture; Guerrazzi's father, an artisan of Leghorn, was well read in the classics and Dante. And though the artisans, as a body, took little or no part in the earlier revolutions, Young Italy brought politics home to them, and they were the backbone of the Liberals in the later nationalist movement. The Five Days of Milan, the defence of Venice and Bologna proved their sturdiness and patriotism. The stratum below them varied much in the different cities. In Genoa and Leghorn and Palermo there was a mass of rough and uneducated unskilled labourers, of tough and manly fibre, but with wild passions, that drew them into every revolution and seldom left it unstained by crime. Rome had its populace of proud Trasteverines, idle, demoralized by charities, but generous and brave; at first the Pope's loyalist supporters, afterwards his bitterest foes. Naples had its 40,000 *lazzaroni*, Venice its crowd of unemployed poor, both in their squalor and superstition a danger to the state, though in time the Venetian nature hardened to a robuster patriotism, while that of the Neapolitan seemed incurable.

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[1] *Economic Journal*, December 1893.

But Italy was essentially a non-industrial country. Only six cities, Naples, Rome, Milan, Venice, Palermo, Turin, had over 100,000 inhabitants.[1] The capitals of the eight states had an united population of less than a million. Probably, at least 60 per cent. of the people depended directly on agriculture,[2] though, as in Sicily, this did not necessarily mean a village life. And miserable indeed was the plight of Italian tillage. Great tracts of the richest soil in Europe were given over to the malaria. With the continuous destruction of forests, that went on in the earlier decades of the century, the rivers made ever wider waste with their uncontrollable floods. And apart from the rich pastures and ricefields of parts of Lombardy and Piedmont, or the minute culture of the Valdarno, or improved olive and vineyards and orange groves in a few favoured or progressive districts, the land gave a miserable return. The yield of wheat was twelve bushels per acre;[3] the vines were, for the most part, carelessly cultivated, and the wine made in primitive fashion. The agricultural societies and improving landlords had hardly come into existence, and even a quarter of a century later their attempts to improve methods and breeds and machinery made little impression on the crass obstinacy of the peasants. The condition of the agricultural classes corresponded. The statistics of wide diffusion of property are somewhat deceptive; many of the small freeholds belonged to tradesmen, others were too small to yield a living.[4] In the districts, indeed, where peasant ownership or *mezzedria* tenancy was general, the farmers, though living hard and miserably housed, had a fixity of tenure and a certain security against privation, which made life tolerable to an abstemious people. The peasants had a bright-hearted childlike enjoyment of the present; in sexual morality and sobriety they perhaps stood unequalled in Europe.[1] But below them, little noticed by governments or revolutions, but laying up its store of trouble for the future, lay the sore and aching mass of Italian rural poverty. Their misery unrelieved save by the princely charities,[2] the famous hospitals and orphanages (and in the south even these failed), the agricultural labourers of Sicily and the Lombard plains, the rackrented peasants of parts of the Comarca and Campania, the migrant harvestmen, whom poverty drove from the Abruzzi to sow the Maremna with their bones, had a lot of hopeless misery, beside which that of the English factory slave or Irish peasant was bright.

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[1] In 1830 Naples exceeded 300,000; the others ranged between 100,000 and 200,000. Genoa and Florence had over 90,000; Bologna and Leghorn about 70,000.

[2] In 1882 there were 32 per cent. actually engaged in agriculture, of whom two-thirds were males. Serristori, *Due Sicilie*, gives for Naples and Sicily 1,824,000 males engaged in agriculture out of a population of about 6,000,000; Calindri, *Saggio*, gives for the Papal States an agricultural population of 1,176,000 out of a total of 2,592,000.

[3] This was the yield in 1882, Beauclerk, *op. cit.* It could not have been perceptibly higher in the early part of the century.

[4] In 1866 the number of proprietors (excluding Venetia and the Comarca)

But the material misery of the rural masses had comparatively little attention from the Liberals. It was inevitable that a movement, whose strength lay in the middle classes, and whose doctrines were those of the old Liberal school, should give more thought to the abuses of the government than to the social condition of the disinherited. Through all Italy the despotism, against which they rebelled, varied only in degree. The Austrian rule indeed had its redeeming features in its fair and dignified judicial system and its admirable schools; that of Tuscany in its enlightened criminal law and free trade; that of Piedmont in its strict and honourable civil service. Taxation, though high in relation to the poverty of the land, was only crushing in the South.[3] But outside Lombardy-Venetia and Parma there was no serious system of national education. In Piedmont

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was 2,871,439, or 13.13 of the population, with an average-sized holding of 7½ hectares. The size of holding was smallest in Lombardy, Naples, and Piedmont; highest in Tuscany, Romagna, the Marches, and Umbria: Galeotti, *Prima legislatura*, 142.

[1] Mittermeier, *Condizioni*, 127–145; see below, Vol. II., p. 305.

[2] *Ib.*, 150–154; Gori, *Rivoluzione*, 278.

[3] In 1834, 11 lire per head in the Papal and Neapolitan states, 13 in Tuscany, 19 in Piedmont; at the same time, 45 in France: M. L. R. *Saggio*, 261.

and the Papal States and Modena the law was cumbrous, antiquated, severe to a degree that discredited justice; it was only in the northern states that the Bench bore a creditable name. Exceptional courts protected the clergy in Piedmont and the Pope's dominions; there was no trial by jury, no bail except in Naples and Tuscany; the criminal courts were open to the public only in Tuscany and Parma, and to a limited extent in Rome and Naples. The whole bias of judicial procedure was against the defendant even in ordinary crime, still more where the government was concerned; and in times of civil commotion every infamous art was employed to secure conviction. Every state had its secret tribunals to follow in the wake of each political plot, with moral, sometimes physical, torture to assist them. And behind the secret tribunal stood, responsible to itself alone, sometimes half-independent of the government, the terrible power of the *sbirri*. Their spies were in the cafés, in the theatres, in men's households; the confessional, the school, the post yielded to them their secrets, and the man who came under their suspicion was doomed for life. They could ruin his career at the University, in the civil service, in trade; they could prevent him from travelling, or sending his children to be educated away from home. And though the higher officials no doubt seldom acted from other than political motives, the common *sbirro* often used his power to crush his private enemies. It was this petty persecution of individuals, the cynical denial of justice, the intolerable interference in the privacy of home, that maddened Italians, and drove them to desperate protest and conspiracy.

It was a minor grievance in comparison, that the political life of the nation was driven underground. But Italians could not be content, while there was no right of public meeting or association, while even agricultural and scientific societies were only tolerated and often frowned on, while there was little liberty of speech or writing, and it was only on purely economic questions that criticism of the government was tolerated. France, Spain, Portugal had their parliaments; but Italians had no control over taxation, no responsible executive, not even a consultative voice in legislation. Even local government had little chance of vitality, for Napoleon had done much to destroy the vigorous municipal life of Italy, and the Restoration had no desire to revive it. The rural communes indeed had everywhere far greater powers than an English village possesses at the present day; but, judged by the continental standard, their liberties were not very wide, and they were subject to the petty and capricious interference of the central government. The municipalities of the great towns were under practically the same conditions. Provincial councils existed in Lombardy-Venetia, Piedmont, Naples, and after 1832 in the Papal States, but nowhere except in the Austrian provinces had they any vigorous life or independence. The Central Congregations of the Austrian provinces were in theory the germ of representative institutions; but the fears of the government kept them tightly in hand, and it needed the great national impulse of 1847 to give them voice.

It was small blame to the Italians, if they lacked the commonplace virtues of citizenship, if they put their faith in theories and programmes, and wanted in patience and practical capacity. These were the inevitable results of a system, that allowed no political training or responsibility. But the taunts of Lamartine and Niebuhr, that Italy was the land of the dead, were only the expression of foreign spleen or ignorance. The ferment that produced three revolutions in ten years, and the ever-recurring crop of small conspiracies; the patriotism that rose up undiscouraged after each defeat, that sent Italian men to the scaffold and Italian women to widowhood, that for thirty years toiled and suffered in unquenchable faith, bore testimony to the life that was within.

CHAPTER VI

THE LATER CARBONARI

1823–1832

ROMANTICISM: in Italy; Manzoni; the *Antologia;* Mazzini. THE LATER CARBONARI. Position of Austria. The *Concistorio.* The Papal States, 1823-30: Leo XII.; the *Zelanti* Cardinals; the Liberals in Romagna. REVOLUTION OF CENTRAL ITALY: Francis IV.'s plots; revolution at Bologna; the Temporal Power; Non-intervention; collapse of the first revolution; the "new era"; the Memorandum of the Powers; second revolution of Romagna; the French at Ancona; character of the revolution.

MEANWHILE the revolutionary movement was only quiescent. Though it seemed crushed by the failure of the Neapolitan and Piedmontese revolutions and the fate of the Lombard conspirators, it had really entered on a new phase. The *Conciliatore* began the transition from the mere blind revolt against despotism to the thoughtful constructive movement, which cared more for intellectual and moral progress than for political change in itself. The movements of 1820–21 were in Italy the finale of the drama, which began with the French Revolution; the last struggles of the half-democratic half-military idea, which had governed the Napoleonic age. New forces, partly a development from it, partly a reaction against it, were coming into play.

The Romanticist movement was much more than a phase of literary development. The Classicist school, against which it was a protest, was as much a phenomenon of politics and society as of literature; and as such Napoleon had appropriated it and turned it to his ends. Its style harmonized well with a system, that was based on positive and commonplace views of life, and dreaded the progressive and spiritual elements of national existence.

Its framework, modelled on the myths and history of Imperial Rome, was an instrument to the hands of one who took the Cæsars for his model. Its paganism appealed to a generation bred in the scepticism of the Revolution. It was inevitable therefore that the reaction against the Napoleonic order should seek a new form of literary expression. The Germans went back to their national traditions, and discovered that the peoples of modern Europe had a history and legends and popular life, worthy of epic and lyric. But while the new school supplied the fire for the War of Liberation, inspired its songs, filled Germans with the belief in a great Fatherland, the spirit, that followed it from its medieval sources, made it the tool of the reaction, and its ultimate results in Germany were conservative and clerical. Even before the Restoration the movement had passed to France. Men, who were weary of a system which lived entirely in the obvious and matter-of-fact, took refuge in the kingdom of dreams, and turned to the fantastic and marvellous. The logic of the Revolution had started from so many false premisses, that common-sense itself was discredited. The Revolution had apparently failed, and men turned to the past, with which it had violently broken, the past of monarchy and Catholicism. The great religious reaction, which De Maistre and Chateaubriand led, found in Romanticist literature matter and style exactly fitted to its purpose. They made it a revolt of art against science, of the spiritual against the material, of conventional morality against sensualism, of artificial society against the equality of man. In France, therefore, as in Germany, Romanticism, at all events in its earlier stages, helped the reaction. But even here by correcting the one-sidedness of the Revolution, and by being in its essence a protest against the present, it inevitably became in the long run a revolutionary influence.

When it passed to Italy, more from Germany and England than from France (it had as its teachers Byron and Macpherson,[1] Schiller and Goethe), it took from the first a Liberal imprint. In Italy Catholicism had been practically unchallenged by the Revolution, and there was no room for a religious reaction. Romanticist literature sent the Italians, like the Germans, back to their past; but their traditions, which Sismondi had lately popularized, were of republics and vigorous civic life and democratic victories over German feudalism. A few who, like Monti, clung to the classicist tradition, attacked the new school as a foreign importation, but its writings were accepted as the literature of progress by the great mass of earnest men. "Romanticist," said Pellico, "is synonymous with Liberal." The keen literary life of Milan, full of humanitarian sympathies, protested against the sterile classicist literature, whose "ideas," in Manzoni's indictment, "were impotent for good or evil, whose teaching was neither of duty nor hope, of glory nor wisdom." Romanticism inspired Berchet to sing of the "inexhaustible woe" of Italy. Foscolo had been to some extent under its influence, and his *Jacopo Ortis* was full of the despondency of the German school, inevitable where tyranny shut up every outlet for endeavour; and its purity of passion and self-renunciation, its worship of Petrarch and Dante, its despairing but fervid patriotism, made it a power among the younger generation. But the prophet of Italian Romanticism was Alessandro Manzoni. He was a grandson of Beccaria, a genial, sensible Milanese, large-hearted and tolerant, a Gallio among enthusiasts; at heart, however, an ardent Catholic, whose "Sacred Hymns" were full of the religious note. His Tragedies teemed with veiled political teaching, and their choruses became in after years the marching songs of the Volunteers. In 1827 he published *I Promessi Sposi*, and the famous novel easily lent itself to the allegory intended by its author,[1] of Italy sundered from her peace by foreign rule and social tyranny. Manzoni went to the people for his studies of character; he discarded the romance of chivalry as much as the mythological poem, and his work had a true democratic ring. But whatever were the political lessons that he meant to teach, Manzoni was convinced that the times were not ripe for revolution. His country must be morally healed before she could be politically regenerated. Practical Christianity, justice, self-sacrifice, were the only road to liberty, and so he preached a patient, dignified quietism, that had more to do with morals than politics.

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[1] *Ossian* was immensely popular.

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[1] Cantù, *Manzoni*, 183–190; see Settembrini, *Litteratura*, III. 320–324; Bersezio, *Regno*, III. 167.

In close connection with Manzoni and his school, Vieusseux, the Florentine librarian, and the Liberal noble, Capponi, founded (1820) the *Antologia* in imitation of the *Edinburgh Review*. Though its circulation was small,[1] its influence was great: the leading Italian writers of the time, Carlo Troya, Tommaseo, Leopardi, Colletta, Mazzini, wrote in its pages. Its object was "to represent Italian society and its moral and literary needs, to make Italy know itself, to bring before Italians a national and not a municipal ideal." It was more definitely political than Manzoni's work; it was more closely in touch with the social reform movement, and in many respects was the direct precursor of the Moderate Nationalists. And round the *Antologia* grew up an eager group of Dante students in the footsteps of Foscolo and Gabriel Rossetti, and a school of history, which Romanticism had directed to the past glories of Italy. Carlo Troya at Naples, Cesare Balbo, the son of Prospero, at Turin, Capponi at Florence, made the middle ages known to their countrymen; and Rossetti and Berchet in their exile were writing patriotic songs and fierce philippics against Pope and princes.[2]

But history and romance only irritated men, who were wearing out their souls in rage against a brutal tyranny. Sensible and masculine as was much of Manzoni's teaching, its reverence for the priest, its acceptance of the whole Catholic dogma could not content those who hated the one and doubted the other. "Manzoni grumbled, where Alfieri gnashed his teeth;" and a gospel, which taught non-resistance and universal forgiveness, rang false to men who fretted under present political wrong. The first note of opposition came from a young Leghorn lawyer, Guerrazzi (1827). Like the Romanticists, he drew his scenes from the great medieval days of Italy. His writings, bitter, misanthropic, hopeless, were the protest of a generous soul against oppression, and had a trumpet-note that told of revolt and battle. But his cynicism went far to spoil his work, and a sounder protest against the defects of Italian Romanticism came from Mazzini. He had learnt discontent from Byron and Foscolo, but had got a manlier fibre from the Bible and Dante and Roman history. Romanticism, he objected in brilliant but not quite fair criticism (1828), belonged to the individualist school; it had no sense of personal or national mission, and therefore could not found a literature. It must become practical and political and didactic, and concern itself with the revival of national life. To a certain extent Mazzini was himself a Romanticist, but with him the school became intensely patriotic and radical. With Manzoni political reform was to come through the personal; with Mazzini personal reform was to come through the political.[1] He made Romanticism a battle for liberty and independence. "It aims," he said, "at giving Italy an original national literature, to voice eloquently the ideas and needs of the social movement."[2]

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[1] In its eighth year it had 530 subscribers, the majority in Tuscany.

[2] Before 1800 there were sixty-eight editions of Dante in Italy, between 1800 and 1864 there were two hundred and thirty-eight: Vannucci, *Niccolini*, I. 44. For the political effects of the study of Dante, see Mazzini, *Opere*, IV. 299. Marc Monnier remarks that "the Italians regard the *Divina Commedia* as a kind of Pentateuch."

Romanticism is the starting-point of modern political schools in Italy. In the sphere of ideas it marked the close of the Carbonaro period; it was the direct precursor alike of Young Italy and the Moderates. But as yet its influence was only imperfectly felt in political action. Manzoni's system of moral reform required time; Mazzini was not yet known as a politician. Politics were still in a transitional stage, retaining much of the old purely negative Liberal school, but with a new view of patience and earnestness, and something more social and constructive. The main direction of the reform movement still lay with the Carbonari. After the collapse of the Neapolitan Revolution, they had moved their Supreme Lodge to Paris, still the Mecca of European democracy. The society ceased to be purely Italian; its chiefs, Lafayette, Pepe, and Louis Philippe, were projecting a league of the Latin nations to balance the Holy Alliance.[1] But as it became cosmopolitan, it lost its earlier enthusiasms. Its religious and moral features disappeared, and it became the unthinking instrument of men, whose ideas, Liberal though they were, had little democratic fibre. Its lack of constructive doctrine, its remoteness from the masses of the people, promised ill for any revolution born under its auspices.

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[1] Pesenti, *Romanticismo.*

[2] Mazzini, *Opere*, II. 60, 138.

However little else they had in common, the Carbonari and the Romanticists shared equally in the hatred of Austria. Many a young Italian longed to be at her throat, regardless of consequences. The revolutions of 1820-21 had given her the excuse to revive her pretensions to control the domestic concerns of the peninsula. She feared, or professed to fear, the triumph of republican unity, and after the Congresses of Laybach and Verona she openly posed as the mandatory of the Powers to guard the thrones of Italy from revolution.[2] Alexander had come over to the reactionary camp; France was unfriendly but unwilling to act against her; the new spirit which Canning had given to English influence was hardly felt as yet in Europe. Secure from interference from without, she set herself to consolidate her position. She had her armies of occupation at Naples and Ancona; she intended to annex Tuscany, if the line of Lorraine became extinct; she had still, perhaps, her designs on Romagna. Her agents and spies—cardinals, officers, lawyers—were at work in every state.[3] As Giusti put it, the Italians "ate Austria in their bread." But the very evidence of her strength undermined her influence. However readily the princes might fly to her for help in time of revolution, their pride revolted at her arrogant claims to patronage. Piedmont and Rome had again frustrated her attempts to form a postal league; Charles Felix and Francis I. of Naples successfully manœuvred to get the armies of occupation withdrawn; Leo XII. had been elected Pope in her teeth, and there was a great and growing suspicion between the Papal See and the great erastian Empire.

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[1] Frost, *Secret Societies*, II. 1-9; Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 129.

[2] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, IV. 243.

[3] Poggi, *Storia*, I. 510; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, I. 463; Manno, *Informazioni*, 18-20.

The common distrust shaped itself into something of an active alliance. Of the details of the *Concistorio* little is certainly known; of its existence there can be no doubt. The restless Duke of Modena had turned to new schemes to enlarge his dominions, this time at the expense of Austria, and he found a party in the Church. Ever since the reaction of 1799 there had been a more or less defined society of "Sanfedists"[1] (followers of the Holy Faith), the "Don Quixotes of militant Catholicism," in touch with, if not fused into, the *Calderari* of Naples and the Catholic Society of Piedmont. Reactionary and ultramontane and intolerant as they were, they had a strain of nationalist sentiment, which made them regard Austria with unfriendly eyes as heiress of the Ghibelline attack upon the Papacy. How far the Sanfedists merged themselves in the more organised *Concistorio*, how far the latter expanded into a general plot, we can only guess. At all events Francis had some sort of understanding with the *Zelanti*[2] of the Papal Court, possibly with the Kings of Piedmont and Naples, to partition Italy afresh at the expense of Austria and the House of Lorraine. For this he was willing to approach the Carbonari, or at least that section which, under the name of Guelfs, looked kindly on the Papacy, and hoped to make it the rallying point of the national movement. There was much obscure intriguing for a compromise on a common nationalist policy.[3]

All the time, underneath the workings of Carbonari and Concistorio, the popular discontent was making an explosion sooner or later inevitable. Romagna was now the focus round which every conspiracy centred. Hitherto the comparative mildness of Consalvi's rule, and the absence of an army possessed by Carbonaro ideas had saved the Papal States from revolt. But every year the misgovernment grew more intolerable. Consalvi had only been able to postpone the reaction. He lived to see it triumphant, and his enemy, Della Genga, Pope (August 1823). In spite of age and sickness, Leo XII. was an alert and busy ruler. His settled aim was to establish the theocracy in its strictest form, to restore the pre-Revolution order, to exterminate all shapes of Liberalism. His "Congregation of State" made the Cardinals once more supreme over the government. He gave the nobles back many of their privileges, placed education and charities in the exclusive grip of the clergy, disqualified the Jews from holding property and drove them to hear sermons. It was part of his scheme that the hierarchic state must be free from foreign intrusion, and for this Leo was prepared to throw down the gauntlet to Austria, which little relished the prospect of aggressive ultramontanism. His nationalism, such as it was, was not the only well-meant chapter in his policy. However obscurantist and impossible it may have been, he had, no doubt, a dream of a state preeminent in piety and orthodoxy, where, though Liberals might be fiercely persecuted, the plain moral virtues would flourish, and government provide for the comfort of a conforming people. There were efforts to reform Roman morals, so drastic as to induce an exodus of high-placed sinners to more tolerant Tuscany. Leo's edicts show some care for the Roman poor, and his educational Bull was a well-meant effort to put down scholastic abuses. But while he tried to dragoon his people into virtue, his reforms left undisturbed the vices of the Roman court. Men might be driven to church, and Lenten abstinence enforced, but, while Cardinals plundered the treasury, and the police harried the poor, the obtrusive religiosity of the government could only move contempt.[1]

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[1] Compare the "Congregation" in France and the "Apostolicals" in Spain.

[2] See below, p. 117.

[3] An estimate of the *Concistorio* must depend largely on the credit to be given to Didier's *Rome Souterraine*, especially I. 146–153, first published in 1833. See also Witt, *Sociétés Secrètes*, 26–33; Saint-Edme, *Carbonari*, 207–212; Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 137–138; III. 411–412; *Carte segrete*, II. 56, 67, 83, 90, 334; III. 50–60, 96–99; Bianchi, *Ducati*, I. 318–319; Gualterio, *op. cit.*, I. 42-43; Poggi, *Storia*, I. 546–549, 558; Casati, *Confalonieri*, I. 94.

On Leo's death in 1829 the struggle was revived in the conclave between the partisans of Austria and the *Zelanti* Cardinals, who desired an independent and ultramontane

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[1] *Carte segrete*, I. 341; Salvagni, *Corte Romana*, III. 67.

Pope. The Papal Court was a traditional battleground of Austrian and French diplomacy, and the Zelanti naturally looked to France for patronage. In spite of it, Albani, the leader of the pro-Austrian cardinals, manœuvred the election of his candidate. Cardinal Castiglioni became Pope Pius VIII., and Albani, a rich irreligious man, with hands soiled in commercial speculations, was his Secretary of State. Pius' short reign of twenty months was uneventful, and his death in November 1830 saw a repetition of the intrigues. The Zelanti avenged their defeat, Mauro Cappellari was elected Pope as Gregory XVI., and Leo's secretary, Bernetti, returned to office.

Gregory had lighted on troublous times. It was the year of revolution, and the Papal question had passed beyond the diplomatic duel of France and Austria. The trans-Apennine provinces were honeycombed with Carbonarism, and the secret societies recruited even from the officials and police. Five years before, Leo had sent Cardinal Rivarola to crush them (1825), but all his hideous severity failed, and a succession of attempts on his life frightened him back to Rome. There was almost open revolt in some of the cities, and so dangerous looked the future that, even before Leo's death, Bernetti had predicted that the days of the Temporal Power were numbered. The July Revolution brought the ferment to a head. The Parisian Carbonari had been industriously connecting the threads of insurrection in North and Central Italy. Before the Revolution, and in the early days of the Orleanist monarchy, the plotting went on briskly under Louis Philippe's patronage. Duke Francis was ready to lead a crusade against Austria, or partition the Pope's dominions, provided that France would secure him by promising her support. Protesting himself "a true Italian," he opened negotiations with Menotti and Misley, the leaders of the Modenese Liberals, and the credulous patriots of North Italy were ready to look to him as a possible royal leader. In close touch with Menotti, the Carbonaro lodges at Bologna and Rome were preparing for insurrection, and had fixed the outbreak for an early day of February. But Francis found he had embarked on too hazardous a venture. He had clearer proof than the other conspirators that that "abyss of roguery," Louis Philippe, was plotting treachery, perhaps that he had already betrayed him to Austria. Much mystery hangs on the Duke's relations with Menotti and Misley,[1] but whatever may have been his promises to them, he was preparing to repudiate them and buy himself back into Austrian favour by a daring stroke. A premature rising at Rome, while the Conclave that elected Gregory was sitting, had been easily put down. The news of its failure decided Francis to act. On the night of February 3 (1831) his troops surrounded Menotti's house, and capturing the conspirators assembled there, he sent an express to fetch the executioner. But it was too late. Bologna rose next morning, and many who had small sympathy with the Carbonari threw themselves into a movement that promised an escape from Papal rule. The soldiers fraternized or retired; the frightened Pro-legate nominated a Provisional Government and withdrew. As soon as the news reached Modena, Francis fled, taking his prisoners with him. The Duchess of Parma followed, and from Bologna to Piacenza the country was in the hands of the Liberals. The Revolution spread rapidly through Romagna; within three days of the Bologna revolt, Forlì, Rimini, Ravenna, Ferrara had risen; by the 9th it had reached Pesaro, Ancona, and Perugia. The rest of Umbria and the Southern Marches sent in their adhesion a fortnight later, as the Liberal army under Sercognani passed through. In less than three weeks all Romagna, the Marches, and Umbria down to Terni and Narni had thrown off Papal rule. There was no opposition; the troops, the municipal officers, the civil servants quietly adhered. Even most of the priests, and here and there a bishop submitted with apparent willingness.[2] Never had revolution been made with more perfect quiet and unanimity.

The Provisional Government declared the Temporal Power abolished in the province of Bologna, and ordered elections for a National Assembly. Delegates came from all the cities of the Legations and Marches, and from Umbria as far as Perugia and Spoleto, and as soon as they met, they stamped the national intention of the movement by naming themselves the "Assembly of deputies of the Free Provinces of Italy," and the revolted districts "The United Italian Provinces."[1] On February 19, Sercognani with their army was at Otricoli, fifteen leagues from Rome. Here the Bologna government halted him, doubting what reception he might find at Rome, but young Louis Bonaparte, who had been thought of as a figurehead for the revolution, after writing with boyish impudence to advise the Pope to surrender the Temporal Power, was preparing on his own account a quixotic attack on the city.[2] The Roman government was in consternation. There was no real power of resistance. Bernetti had appealed to the loyalty of the peasants and the Romans, but there had been two attempted risings in the capital, and few except the poor of the Trasteverine quarter had responded to his call. The Pope was probably intending flight, and Bernetti was ready to compromise on any terms.[3]

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[1] The evidence is collected in Tivaroni, *Dominio Austriaco*, I. 625–627; see Poggi, *op. cit.*, I. 557–561; II. 56.

[2] Zanolini, *Rivoluzione*, 10, 13, 25.

But Austria was already on the way to save the Papal power from its imminent ruin. The revolutionary government had assumed from the first that France would protect it from a foreign attack. One of the formulas of the July Revolution had been that no state should be allowed to interfere in the domestic concerns of another. The French ministers had protested that they would never permit the principle of non-intervention to be violated; they had helped the Italian exiles to reach Romagna, and promised that if Austria intervened, France would fight.[4] But they sent Metternich private messages that their brave words meant nothing,[5] and the old statesman, reassured, contemptuously disregarded French bravado. When Casimir-Périer, whose

[1] *Miscellaneous Documents*, No. 4; *Rivista Europea*, XIX. 461–462.

[2] Vicini, *Rivoluzione*, 172; *Carte segrete*, II. 408; *Reine Hortense*, 56; Nisco, *Francesco I.*, 53.

[3] Vesi, *Rivoluzione*, 31.

[4] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 45; Gualterio, *op. cit.*, I. 28–31, 80 *n.*; Palmieri de' Micciché, *Le duc d'Orléans*, 30; Louis Blanc, *Dix ans*, II. 204; *Gouvernement de Juillet*, 11–34; Pepe, *Memoirs*, III. 290–301; Vimercati, *Histoire*, I. 60.

[5] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 58, 345; Fyffe, *Modern Europe*, II. 401–402.

appointment to the ministry marked the King's final severance from the Revolution, declared that "the blood of Frenchmen belonged to France alone," he knew that he could act. The Austrians easily overran Parma and Modena (February 25 to March 6), and the Duke, returning with his Austrian escort, sent Menotti to the scaffold. Zucchi, an ex-general of Napoleon's army, who commanded the Modenese insurgents, retired with his troops to the Romagnuol frontier, but the Bolognese government, in pedantic observance of the non-intervention formula, and still hoping against light that France would insist on its observance, treated Zucchi's men as belligerents entering a neutral territory and disarmed them. "None of our people," they said, "shall take part in our neighbours' quarrels." Their action gave the lie to their high-sounding phrases of unity and nationality. They had no heart for danger. They had, it is true, only 7000 ill-disciplined though enthusiastic men, and most of these were with Sercognani in Umbria. But a spirited defence would have roused the country, and the events of seventeen years later showed what possibilities of resistance lay in the Bolognese. Had they kept the Austrians at bay for a few weeks, the excitement in France might have forced the Paris government to act. But they tamely withdrew to Ancona, and the Austrians entered Bologna without a shot (March 21). Pressing on along the Emilian Way, they encountered Zucchi's small force at Rimini, and were beaten back with loss. But Zucchi retired to a better position at Ancona, and arrived there to find that the Provisional Government had capitulated to the Pope's agent on the bare promise that an amnesty should be granted (March 27). One member, Mamiani, refused to sign, and the bolder spirits had advocated a rush on Rome with Sercognani's troops. But their colleagues still feared the temper of the Romans and the probability that France would intervene to defend the Papacy.[1] The more timid counsel prevailed, and with the disbanding of Zucchi's and Sercognani's men the three-weeks-old Revolution ignominiously collapsed.

It seemed to have died as easily as it was born. The

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[1] Zanolini, *op. cit.*, 30; Vannucci, *Martiri*, 347–348.

Austrians laid the conquered provinces at the Pope's feet. Bernetti announced a "new era" of beneficent government,[1] and initiated it by repudiating the armistice and allowing his troops to shoot down the citizens of Rimini in cold blood. But it was by no means an unchequered victory. The failure of the Revolution only transferred the Roman question to the hands of the diplomatists. Even Casimir-Périer was irritated at Metternich's prompt action, and public opinion in France would not allow him to leave Austria sole champion of the Papacy. His policy was to get the Austrians out of Romagna, and extort from the Pope sufficient reforms to allow the country to settle down. Metternich, for his part, was anxious to assist him against the Liberal opposition, and was willing, at least partially, to withdraw the army of occupation. But the other Powers could not allow the question to become a struggle for precedence between Austria and France. Papal misrule was too crying a scandal, too perennial a source of disturbance to the peace of Europe. The representatives of the Great Powers met at Rome to arrange for the withdrawal of the Austrian troops, and discuss remedies for the misgovernment. England, France, Prussia urged large measures of reform; Austria and Russia opposed. But nominally the latter gave way, and a Memorandum was presented to the Pope (May 10), demanding the admission of the laity to the whole civil service and Bench, and general remedies beginning with municipal reform. England, however, was alone in earnest, and Bernetti knew that he need not take too seriously the admonitions of the Conference. He threatened to stir the Catholics and Legitimists in France; and Casimir-Périer was content to see the Austrians removed from Romagna, and win some nominal concessions that would satisfy French opinion. Austria and Russia secretly worked against the Memorandum, and Bernetti knew that it was enough to promise Provincial Councils and the admission of more laymen into the government. The Conference broke up in July, the English representative protesting that not one of its recommendations had been fully adopted. A few days after, the Austrians withdrew from Papal territory.

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[1] Roman landlords were forbidden to raise rents on sitting tenants for a year: *Miscellaneous Edicts*, No. 72.

Their departure left the government as powerless as before. The vague promises of reform contented nobody, and as soon as the Austrians had gone, revolt broke out again through almost all Romagna. The tricolor was worn, no taxes were remitted to Rome, and a practically independent government ruled the Legations of Bologna, Ravenna, and Forlì. But the Romagnuols were ready now to give up separation and even Home Rule, provided that Rome would guarantee their very modest programme of reform, withdraw its troops, and allow them to arm a citizen guard. Bernetti temporized; but the Romagnuols were ready to meet him half-way, when the hopes of a settlement were suddenly dashed by edicts from Rome, which closed the Universities for a year and increased the land-tax (October). A meeting of delegates summoned to Bologna ordered the citizen guard to discard the Papal uniform. It was meant as a threat of rebellion, and the publication of Bernetti's Code,[1] despite its concessions, only roused opposition to its defects. An agitation, led by the Bolognese bar, compelled the authorities to suspend its introduction; and on Christmas Day the delegates summoned a parliament from the three Legations. It was an act of overt rebellion, and Bernetti refused to wait longer. The four Powers (for England dissented) encouraged him to demand unconditional submission. France, anxious above all things to avoid another Austrian occupation, urged that the revolt should be suppressed by Papal or Piedmontese troops; and Bernetti, eager as they not to call in the Austrians, sent Albani with a strong native force. Two thousand volunteers fought bravely but ineffectually at Cesena (January 20, 1832); and the Papal troops sacked the city even to its churches,[2] and plundered unresisting Forlì. Bologna might still have made a defence, but the advance of an Austrian force crushed hope, and the city was glad to save itself from Papal outrage by admitting an Austrian garrison.

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[1] See above, p. 76.

[2] Gennarelli, *Governo Pontificio*, II. 582, 668; Saffi, *Scritti*, I. 35.

This brought France again on the scene. Austria had stolen a march, and the Paris government had to calm the irritation of the country. It sent a force to occupy Ancona (February 22), and the French Liberals hailed the move as the prelude to a war of liberation. The *Débats* talked of "the inevitable struggle," and Galloy, the commander of the expedition, took down the Papal arms and released the political prisoners, while his men sang the Marseillaise. Galloy probably exceeded his instructions;[1] and when Bernetti threatened to break off diplomatic relations[2] and Russia menaced war, the government brusquely reversed its policy and ate dust. France and Austria made friends over the grave of Liberal hopes, and Palmerston could do no more than make a barren protest.

The Revolution of Romagna has been hardly dealt with. The irresolution and incapacity of its leaders, their pedantic faith in formulas, their incapacity to lead admit of no apology. The lawyers and professors, who directed it, had small experience of public life; they tried to move men with academic maxims, and despised the more vital spiritual forces of a revolution. There was no popular fibre in them; Vicini, the president, was old and feeble;[3] Zucchi distrusted the volunteers, Armandi, another general, branded Italian Unity as an utopia. And so the people, who welcomed the revolution at its outset, soon cooled into indifference, and never learnt their own responsibility and place in the new order. Men, who, under good leadership, would have fought and perhaps conquered, found themselves isolated and paralysed, and resigned themselves with hardly a struggle to the old hated rule. And yet it was an advance on the earlier revolutions. In some respects it even went in advance of popular feeling; for, scrupulously deferential as it was to religious sentiment, its abolition of the Temporal Power scandalized the masses in the villages and small towns.[4] In spite of the disarming of Zucchi's men, it voiced, however uncertainly, the national and propagandist side of the democratic movement. Ten years before, the nationalist aspirations of the Piedmontese peeped timidly from behind the provincial ambitions of the subalpine state. Romagna claimed no hegemony; she was willing to admit all free provinces on equal terms. The title of her government, the ambition to make Rome the capital of the new state, showed how thoroughly national were the aims of some at least of the insurgents.[1] Italian Liberalism, too, had broadened socially. Democracy no longer paraded in military full-dress; it had spread from the army and the lawyers to the tradesmen and the artisans. It had become middle-class and unostentatious, and if it lacked capacity and enthusiasm, it had gained a certain plain solidity. There was a disinterestedness and probity in the movement, which testified to the new spirit; and the social reforms, which had been forgotten by the revolutions of 1820–21, came to the front in a long list of practical improvements in law and taxation and social liberty.

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[1] *Gouvernement de Juillet*, 34.

[2] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 111. I do not credit Poggi, *Storia*, II. 47.

[3] The charge that he tried to revive the old oligarchic Senate of Bologna was untrue: *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 336.

[4] Pepe, *Memoirs*, III. 362.

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[1] Bianchi, *Zucchi*, 106–107; Vicini, *op. cit.*, 113, 167, 171.

CHAPTER VII

YOUNG ITALY

1831–1844

Reaction against the Carbonari; MAZZINI; YOUNG ITALY. Piedmont, 1824–30; CHARLES ALBERT; becomes King; Mazzini's plot; Savoy Expedition. Naples, 1824–34; Francis I.; Ferdinand II. Tuscany, 1830–40. Modena, 1831–40. Papal States, 1832–40; Gregory XVI.; Bernetti and the Centurions; Lambruschini. The Depression, 1833–37. The literary revival; Giusti. Revolutionary movements; Sicilian rising of 1837; Muratori rising; the Bandieras.

NONE the less it left a bitter sense of failure in the minds of the younger Liberals. It humiliated them that a few thousand Austrians should have been enough to crush the national rising, that the masses should have shown such apathy, that the leaders should have proved themselves so unequal to their work. The Carbonari twice had led a popular rising, and twice had failed. A new organisation was needed with more vitality and force than theirs. The movement found its leader in Guiseppe Mazzini, the young critic of the Romanticists. He was born at Genoa in 1805, and was almost a youth when he contributed to the *Antologia*. When his literary career was ruined by the suspicions of the Piedmontese government, he threw himself into political agitation, and at twenty-five years found himself a prisoner. In the fortress of Savona the young conspirator worked out his revolutionary scheme. The Carbonaro revolutions had failed, so ran his criticism, because their leaders were men of small capacity or originality, selected more because of their years and position than for better claims. They had no programme beyond the overthrow of the absolutist governments, no social outlook beyond industrial freedom and a presentable system of law and education. They might have succeeded under a free government; but the tyranny could only be overthrown by revolution, and that needed leaders with a confidence and energy that they did not possess. It was time for new ideas and new men. "Place the young," he said, "at the head of the revolution, make them feel they have a noble part to play, fire them with praise, give them the word of power, then hurl them on the Austrians."[1] "Young Italy," as he called his association, must be, like the Carbonari, a secret society; otherwise it would be stamped out. But it was to be much more than a conspiracy; its members must not act from blind obedience but from personal conviction; its policy must look beyond the liberation of Italy to the intellectual and social uplifting of the masses of her people. Thus Young Italy would be a moral power, with the faith and brotherliness of a religion. There was something of the smug and fantastic in the picture; but it was a noble and daring conception. Mazzini was young and poor, hardly known outside Genoa; but when he was allowed to exchange prison for exile (February 1831), and from his press at Marseilles circulated his writings through Italy, the new school quickly supplanted Carbonarism, and its broad nebulous doctrines, its vision of social redemption and national glory, the passionate and intolerant dogmatism of the young revolutionist himself fired the vague impatience of thinking Italians, who were groping for a leader.

Mazzini parted himself at once from Guerrazzi's impotent criticism and Manzoni's opposite ideal of concentration on the smaller duties of life. Life was to him much more than the cultivation of the passive virtues. To the growing host of his disciples he preached action, strenuousness, union; more preparation for revolution, more vigour when it came; a programme in harmony with "the social ideal of the coming age." Without the masses revolution could not conquer, and the masses "had come by sad experience to look on revolutions as Dead-sea fruit." The Liberals must hold high their social aim. "Tell the people you will free them from the tyranny of princes, from the insults of officials, from the oppression of the privileged and rich; then and then only, when the masses begin to stir, point to Lombardy and preach war on the Austrian." And at the same time Young Italy, true to its religious mark, must satisfy a nobler thirst. There was not only the Austrian to fight, but the "dissensions and vices, the impatience and hopelessness, that come of servitude." Passionately Mazzini appealed to writers to give themselves to practical work; to bring literature to the people, to tell them of their history in books and almanacks and pamphlets. "Emancipate the intellect; in the name of your country and your own glory, march." And to inspire them, he lifted up the vision of the new Italy, a highly-organised democratic state, free from diplomatic entanglements, ruled on new and bold lines in the interest of the people. The belief in a national mission was the corner-stone of his politics. Like Gioberti after him, the current depreciation of his country drove him into hyperbole, and he painted Italy initiating a new life among the nations, Rome a third time the world's teacher, reconciling Roman justice and Christian altruism in the new social gospel.[1]

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[1] Mazzini, *Opere*, I. 205–206.

This new Italy must be republican and indivisible. The royalists in Piedmont, he owned, possibly in the other states, might join in the attack on Austria; the advantages that a royal leader would bring were obvious—the standing army, the treasure, the comparative absence of diplomatic difficulties. But these would be more than neutralized by the jealousies, which would assuredly alienate the other princes. The circumstances of Italy, all her traditions, all her great memories, he claimed for republicanism. A royalist war of liberty, even if it brought a constitution in its wake, would leave the social fabric still unmended. And in the Republic Mazzini saw the ideal commonwealth, where privilege was banished, where the poor were made the state's first care, where association and education opened an infinite vista of progress.[2] With such a vision before their eyes, the people, he had persuaded himself, would rise in mass to expel the Austrians. He always had before him the example of the Spanish War of Liberation. The standing armies might be swept into the movement, but the burden of the war must be borne by volunteers. Much of Italy was admirably made for guerilla fighting: the Alps and Apennines, the Lombard plain with its network of canals. Austria could not stand, he believed, before the strength of twenty-five millions of men, undisciplined though they be.

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[1] *Ib.*, I. 40, 73, 82; III. 307; V. 73, 250–252. He spoke of the "moral primacy" of Italy ten years before Gioberti: Mario, *Mazzini*, 207.

[2] Mazzini, *Opere*, III. 212–224, 235–247; Mario, *op. cit.*, 206–207.

Even dearer to Mazzini than the Republic was Italian Unity. Few as yet dared to believe in its possibility. Provincial life, in spite of Napoleon's work of centralization, was still strong; provincial animosities, though on the wane, were too deeply rooted to disappear in one generation. Each capital rejoiced in its little court, and clung jealously to its metropolitan prestige. The armies were attached each to its prince, and felt no interest in Italy. The Papacy was irreconcilably hostile to a great Italian state. The House of Savoy, however it might fix its eyes on a North Italian Kingdom, had no thought of fusion with the Centre or South. It was Mazzini's faith that made an united Italy possible, that led men beyond the existing fact, beyond the schemes of federation, that till now had been the utmost bourn of national hope, on to what seemed the utopian and impossible, but which his teaching was to make the gospel of his nation. Only through unity, he believed and made them believe, could Italy be strong and democratic; only when Rome became her capital, could she hold her place among the nations of Europe and teach a nobler ideal of government.[1]

While such were the aims of revolution, its instrument must be the secret society. It was easy for critics to attack the "sects," to say with Foscolo, that "while Italians aspired to liberty, they conspired to servitude." The defects of the secret society were obvious; its mystery and ritual played to a feeble sentimentalism that was a bad school for action; the chiefs had an uncontrolled and irresponsible power, that might lead the society into short cuts by muddy paths; its paper perfection, its easy constitution-building gave a distaste for commonplace endeavour. Mazzini could not save Young Italy from being the prey of the detective and the *agent provocateur;* even he resorted to the wire-pulling and the dictatorial impatience, with which his enemies accurately enough reproached him. But there was no alternative. In a country where the mildest criticism of government was punished, where there was not even a germ of representative institutions, secret organisation and the secret press were the only resources left to the reformer. In after years, when the princes had been touched by the nationalist spirit, it was safe for D'Azeglio to preach "conspiracy in the light of day." In the '30s, open agitation meant military law and the state prison.

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[1] Mazzini, *Opere*, I. 112, 118, 314; III. 210–233.

Mazzini's hopes have been realized only in part. Secret societies have generally been powerless against the gold and steel of an omnipresent government; they have none the less been potent disseminators of ideas. Mazzini's work, from its clear high dawn to its dark and misty close, broke ineffectually against the obstacles that must meet the pure revolutionist;—the forces of inertia, which count for legions on the side of an established government; the impossibility of making an ill-armed and undisciplined population step into the field to face bayonets and artillery; and even if success comes at first, the ignorance of management and affairs that paralyses the amateur statesman, unless he has trained administrators behind him. And Mazzini, with all his energy, all his enthusiasm for details, somehow did not make things march. He always underrated the obstacles in front of him. He was, even apart from the irritability which may be pardoned to his misfortunes, a difficult man to work with. In old age he became, as many a conspirator tends to be, a mere mischief-maker. Nor was he more successful in moulding his country to his ideal. The Republic, the social reconstruction, have proved a dream. The former was probably neither possible nor desirable; and in time Mazzini himself, save in moments of obstinate unreason, came to realise that Italy was too conservative, too monarchical, perhaps too stagnant, for his titanic schemes. None the less he made Italy. His mistakes in action have been far outbalanced by his mighty and fruitful influence. It was not only that he practically created the belief in Italian Unity, that he gave new force to the crusade against the Austrian; he lifted the nationalist movement from the low level of the Carbonari and the Concistorio, and made it, as he conceived it, a religion. He stamped it with his own moral fervour, and gave it the strength that could survive long waiting and disappointment and struggle on to victory. He had the genius to see that men require unselfish motives to stir them to noble deeds, that they will never rise above themselves save for a great and good cause, that it needs some sacred idea which goes to the souls of men, to move them to action that means loss of love or home or life.

It needed a nature of purest temper to do this. The popular conception of Mazzini as a tyrannicide, who sank the man in the conspirator, is as much a travesty as such pictures usually are. He was by instinct and training a student; the first interests of his mind were literary. His nature was womanly in its gentleness and purity, and, though its melancholy darkened into morbidness among the disappointments and privations of exile, its sincerity and nobleness and absolute disinterestedness won him the devotion, almost the adoration, of the men and women who were his friends. It was a sense of duty that took him into politics; though much of the framework of his mind was Catholic, he was a Puritan in his intense conscientiousness, a Puritan, too, in his inability to see the other side of the question. His political beliefs were to him articles of faith that admitted no questioning; wrong politics to him implied wrong morals; he was dogmatic, intolerant, too forward to obtrude the belief that he and no other was the true prophet; and though in after life he sometimes compromised, it was always against the grain, and with a half-sense of wrong-doing. None the less he stands first among the makers of Italy. As a man of action he failed; as philosopher, he was too loose a thinker to be a successful framer of a system; but as moralist, as inspirer, he stands on a pinnacle where he has no rival, a prophet to Italy and to the world.

The immediate result of Mazzini's teaching was to fan to a blaze the embers of Italian nationality. Apart from questions of unity or federation, of monarchy or republic, it concentrated Italian politics on the vital point of Independence. All the memories of Roman greatness, the revived study of Dante, the tradition of the medieval struggle with the "barbarian," of the Lombard League and Pontida, the new sense of nationality that had conquered Napoleon, and which Mazzini was formulating into an article of democratic faith, all combined to make alien rule yet more intolerable, and added to the hopes of Italian Independence the passion of a religious instinct. Mazzini, like many of the Carbonari, looked to Piedmont as the starting-point of the national movement. Ferdinand II. had forgotten his brief mood of Liberalism,[1] and destroyed for ever the chances of Neapolitan hegemony. Romagna was discredited by her recent failure. Despite the unpromising materials in Piedmont, there was a growing conviction among the more far-sighted patriots that here lay the fairest hopes of Italy. The stubborn recalcitrancy of the Savoy Kings to Austria's efforts to draw them in her train, the military strength of the little kingdom, the fiery Liberalism of Genoa, the vicinity to Milan and the Austrian border, the still flickering belief in Charles Albert, all conspired to make Piedmont the cynosure of Italian ambitions.

On the surface, however, the state made little sign of responding to these hopes. Its quiet dull progress, its comparative prosperity were ill calculated to stimulate the faint and leaderless Liberalism of the time. Still there were marks of progressive feeling, which found encouragement in the Spanish and Greek revolutions, and had its relations with the new Carbonarism. In 1830 a plot to extort a constitution was feebly hatched by Brofferio and Giacomo Durando, and had its partisans in the army and bar. Again the conspirators looked for Charles Albert's patronage, but they had built their hopes on sand, and their ill-laid schemes paused, till the government had scent and nipped them. At the moment Charles Felix died, and Charles Albert ascended the throne (April 1831). It was not without difficulty that he had preserved his title to the crown. His cousin had gone to the Congress at Verona (1822), to persuade the Allies to bar him from the presumptive heirship. If the Salic Law were repealed in Piedmont, Francis of Modena would succeed through the rights of his wife, a daughter of Victor Emmanuel. But Fossombroni enlisted France and Russia in Charles Albert's cause, and Talleyrand threatened war rather than see one, who was practically an Austrian prince, master of Piedmont and Savoy. Metternich, whatever may have been his secret wishes, dared not favour a course so counter to the principles of legitimacy; and Charles Felix, finding encouragement in no quarter, abandoned his purpose for the time. But it appears that, despite Wellington's protest, he persuaded the Congress to extract from the young prince a pledge to preserve the established monarchical constitution.[1] Probably he still hoped to disinherit him; he kept him in a sort of exile at Florence, and it was only after repeated petitions, that he allowed him to prove his loyalty to the cause of monarchy by fighting in the French army against the Spanish Liberals. When the prince returned with a name for brilliant courage, he was coldly forgiven, largely at the suit of Metternich;[2] but so fearful was the king of latent Liberalism, that he extorted a promise from the prince that on his accession he would govern by the advice of a reactionary council, "and preserve the organic form of the monarchy."[3]

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[1] See below, p. 138.

The persecution left abiding marks on Charles Albert's character. He had persuaded himself of his loyalty in 1821; he dreaded standing ill in the eyes of monarchical and respectable Europe; and though he could never forgive the wrong which Austria, so he believed, would have done him, he humbly begged the Emperor's advice and licked the dust before Charles Felix. The Liberals, though he seems to have hinted to them that his progressive beliefs were not dead,[1] execrated him; Berchet wrote of him that—

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[1] Wellington, *Despatches, N. S.*, I. 300, 308, 411, 427–429, 611; Metternich, *Mémoires*, III. 526–527; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, I. 109; II. 114, 120, 169–170; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, III. 25–38; Vayra, *Carlo Alberto*, 141, 148, 151–152, 209–211. For the part taken by Francis of Modena, see Galvani, *Francesco IV.*, II. 57; Poggi, *Storia*, 554, 560; II. 7.

[2] Metternich, *Mémoires*, IV. 264–266; Bianchi in *Curiosità e ricerche*, XVIII. 330–336. I agree with Tivaroni in believing Metternich.

[3] Berti, *Alfieri*, 77.

> "In every clime an exile's curse
> Arraigns thee traitor."

But for all that the king and the court distrusted him. He chafed at the misunderstanding; he brooded over the version of his conduct, which was accepted at the palace, and which after all was truer than the one he had invented to quiet his own conscience. The brilliant cynical youth grew morbid and apocryphal;[2] he mingled gallantry and religion; he wore a hair-shirt and fasted. The religious mood grew upon him; he became a devotee, easily played on by confessor and Jesuit, timidly scrupulous to prove himself a good son of the Church and gain Papal sanction for his acts. He was conscientious, but his conscience gave divided allegiance to the God of righteousness and the God of the Jesuits. He paltered with truth to justify himself; his unhappy introspective mind preferred to brood over others' injustice rather than face its own weakness; his sentiments were noble, but he had no courage to put them into practice. He had his silent enthusiasms; he was affectionate to his intimates, though not to his family; he had a high sense of royal duty, and proved himself in after years a wise and reforming King. But through all his life he played hide-and-seek with Liberalism; he was at heart, and still more in profession, an absolutist, a monarch proud of his historic throne, who would "never make terms with the revolution." Constitutions he abhorred, for they led to evil party strife and made a discord in the national harmony.[3] He scorned the July Monarchy and its popular origin; he turned young Camillo Cavour out of his household for "wanting to play the Jacobin." But while in theory he was the benevolent despot, in practice he bent before every resolute minister. Throughout his life he ever shrank from coming to a decision, and went down to posterity as "King Wobble."[1] Brave and chivalrous on the battlefield, "half friar, half knight," he was a coward in the council chamber, who baffled opposition by delay, and manœuvred out of office the ministers whom he feared to meet in argument; always hankering after popularity, but delighting in the secrecies of intrigue and loathing publicity; a strange compound of the worldly and the martyr spirit, no hero, but a perplexed, scruple-harassed man, the victim of a fatal indecision between the authority of convention and the nobler promptings of his heart.

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[1] Cibrario, *Notizie*, 41; Nisco, *Storia*, II. 274.

[2] Bianchi, *Carlo Alberto*, 8; Manno, *Per nozze*, 23.

[3] Manno, *Spicelegio*, 222–225; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 90; Costa de Beauregard, *Dernières années*, 571.

It was his fate through life to be regarded as the leader of a cause he dreaded. On his accession the Liberals looked for large and bold reforms. "Everybody," said Dal Pozzo from Paris, "expects a constitution from Charles Albert." The King had doubtless a more or less definite programme of reform; now, as in 1821, he wished to make office independent of class, to reform the army, to encourage industry, to further social freedom. Could he have relied on French protection, he would perhaps, despite his prejudices, have granted some form of constitution; but Louis Philippe's hands were too busy at home, and Charles Albert knew that, unless he had France behind him, Austria would fight rather than see free institutions in Piedmont.[2] Besides he was hampered by his pledge to the Allies, timid and cautious as ever, anxious not to take sides too much or alienate either party. He reappointed his cousin's reactionary ministers, but by their side he placed the Liberal lawyer Barbaroux. He promised large reforms in education and law; he appointed a Council of State, which had always existed in constitutional theory, but he narrowed its scope down from its first broad lines to insignificant proportions.

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[1] *Rè Tentenna.* See below, p. 188.

[2] Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 254; Brofferio, *Piemonte*, III. 13; *contra* D'Haussonville, *Politique extérieure*, I. 34, 248. See Bosio, *Villamarina*, 25.

Meanwhile the country saw little accomplished and a reactionary ministry in power. There was a sharp revulsion from the early expectations. Mazzini published a letter to the King, appealing to him to lead the nationalists. Republican though he was, he could not altogether escape the fascination which Charles Albert threw over the Liberals. But the appeal at best was only half sincere[1]; and he counted on its failure to wean the Italians from uncovenanted reliance on royal figureheads. When the letter had for answer an angry sentence on its writer, Mazzini rushed into insurrection. With the exile's distorted vision he fancied that the country was on the eve of revolution, that it needed only the bugle of Young Italy to call up the hosts of ready rebels; the Piedmontese army would join the revolutionary flag and invade Lombardy, offering Charles Albert the choice between leadership and deposition. The government quietly unravelled the wild plot, and a reign of savagery succeeded. Court-martials, torture, twelve executions stamped out the conspiracy in blood (April 1833). The King egged on the judges to strike hard, and decorated them, while Europe was aghast at the cruel tale. Whether from fanaticism or fear, Charles Albert remains the real criminal of one of the worst pages in the history of Piedmont. Partly to revenge himself on the King, partly to restore the courage of his party, Mazzini prepared a second attempt at revolution. Some 700 exiles of all countries mustered in Switzerland to make an irruption into Savoy; the conspirators engaged for leader an exiled Savoyard general, Ramorino; and a young sailor of the Riviera, Guiseppe Garibaldi, undertook the hopeless task of revolutionizing the fleet. But Ramorino had no heart in his work, and was perhaps paid by the French government to wreck the expedition.[2] His delays and incompetency spoilt its slender chances, and after some desultory fighting the little army disbanded (February 1834).[3]

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[1] Mazzini, *Opere*, I. 52; III. 315; IX. 243.

[2] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, IV. 41.

[3] For Gallenga's attempt to assassinate the King, see Vol. II., Appendix B.

The Liberal movement of 1830 found its echoes in every state of Italy. It proves how little Mazzini's republican creed represented the feeling of the country, that in four of the states the Liberals looked to the throne for leadership. There was no decided note about the movements; they bore the stamp of a transitional stage, when politics were still largely under the influence of the old provincial and middle-class ideals, though the bigger national and democratic hopes of Young Italy were beginning to make themselves dimly felt. This was conspicuously the case at Naples, where Ferdinand I.'s death in 1825 had been followed by the five-years' reign of his son Francis I. As Regent in Sicily in 1812, at Naples in 1820, he had been the pretended Liberal and accomplice in his father's treachery. He was a vulgar, cruel profligate, who left the government to his favourites, and lived with his mistresses in the midst of guards in hourly dread of assassination. While in Sicily the Viceroy Della Favare cowed the island with his spies till theatres and cafés were deserted, the mainland broke into revolt at Cilento (June 1828). Delcarotto, an officer who had served the revolution in 1820 but like many another had made his peace with the oppressor, stamped out the rising with fire and sword, beheading the leaders, and hanging their heads in front of their own homes. Still, in spite of disillusion and the long tale of tyranny and perjury, the feeble people were ever ready to look to the throne for reform. And when Francis' son, Ferdinand II., came to the throne in 1830 and publicly censured his father's rule, hope was bright as ten years before. Ferdinand was young, handsome, popular in address. He had dabbled in patriotic talk; his care for the army and love of military parade endeared him to the soldiers; his free and vulgar manners made him the darling of the lazzaroni. His people did not yet know that he was a true Bourbon, "cruel and crass and proud as they"; ill-educated, superstitious, a tyrant by instinct. He was no profligate like his father and grandfather; priests now ruled the palace instead of courtesans; to spare the public blush, the Venus of Praxiteles was draped, and the King's royal pen prescribed the length of

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ballet-dancers' skirts. But his boorish brutality killed his wife, the gentle Cristina of Savoy, and to friends and servants he was faithless on principle. "The world," he is reported to have said, "likes to be made a fool of, and a King should be the first adept at the business." And yet in his early days, shamed perhaps by the crying corruption of his father's court, he made some essays towards good government. Most of his father's ministers were dismissed; the favourites flitted from court; the King's popular brother, the Count of Syracuse, was sent to govern Sicily. Ferdinand showed interest in railways; the exchequer was reorganized, and trade improved as confidence grew up. The Liberals hoped that these were the prelude to more drastic reform. Appeals came to the King from home and from Bologna to place himself at the head of the nationalist movement,[1] and for a moment he seems to have been tempted to respond. There were even hopes of a constitution, and the minister Intonti, wishing to make his peace with the new order, proposed a sort of representative Assembly. Louis Philippe, it was said, advised it, but the twenty-years'-old King replied, that his "people were not like the French, and he did their thinking for them." And though he refused to concert measures with the Papal government against the secret societies, he proposed an alliance of the Italian governments to combat revolution. Had he done otherwise, had he thrown himself on his people and the French alliance and granted a constitution, he would have won for himself and his state the hegemony of Italy. But again, as in 1820, the Bourbons threw away their chance for good and evil. It is well, on the whole, for Italy that they did so; for though it would have saved the South from a generation of retrogression and all the long painful effort to recover ground, it would have put the destinies of Italy in the hands of a nerveless people, and made Italian Unity impossible in this century.

The Liberals were repaid for their folly in trusting a Bourbon. Ferdinand in fact was the very antithesis of a

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[1] Nisco, *Ferdinando II.*, 27; Settembrini, *Ricordanze*, I. 42–43; Leopardi *op. cit.*, 27–28; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 255; Poggi, *op. cit.*, II. 331.

Liberal, and his system, as he gradually developed it, was a purely personal government. The teachers in the schools had to tell the children that rebellion was worse than murder, and that a prince's promise to limit his sovereignty was null and void. His ministers were merely his executive officers; and he would encourage their mutual jealousies to make them more dependant on himself. Though his industry was intermittent, he had a grasp of details, which made him master of every branch of the administration. The exchequer, though it was shrewdly and economically administered, was treated as his own privy purse. Not but what his rule had a kind of patriotism; the tyrant of his own people, he would brook no foreign influence, whether from England or France or Austria; and bigot though he was, he made the clergy feel his heavy hand. He found his instrument in Delcarotto. The new minister was perhaps a Liberal in theory; he hated Austria; he was sincere and honest, and died poor.[1] But he was ruthless and unbending, and in the public mind he came to symbolise the hateful tyranny. His appointment completed the Liberal disillusioning. The plottings were resumed, and conspiracy and repression succeeded in miserable alternation. But the conspiracies had the same want of connection and thoroughness, which characterized all the work of the later Carbonari. The new spirit had not reached the South.

Tuscany was hardly touched by the movements of 1831; but as Fossombroni's age relaxed his grasp, and the police deserted their mild traditions, the discontent found vent in a war of epigrams, till Neri Corsini, Fossombroni's friend and pupil, compelled the police to moderate their new activity (August 1832). Still the old mild rule never fully returned, and Fossombroni's last stand barely defeated a proposal to bring in Austrian troops. The *Antologia*, which the contemporary excitement had drawn into politics, was suppressed in deference to Austrian and Russian pressure (March 1833). Fortunately Leopold was more intent on reclaiming the Maremna and the Val di Chiana than on harrying Young Italy; but Corsini had neither the ability nor the firmness of his master, and the sinister influences that centred round the Bourbon Grand Duchess overshadowed Tuscan tolerance with an ever encroaching spirit of bigotry.

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[1] Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 31-32; Nisco, *op. cit.*, 19, 22.

In Modena there was pure persistent reaction. Francis' victims crowded to prison or exile, and the notorious Canosa was called to rule the state. A little cabal outdid the Duke in despotism, till their mutual bickerings led to Canosa's fall (1837). The cabal had its literary organ in the *Voce della Verità*, whose columns preached the pure Sanfedist doctrine. "God has made hell," it said, "and the most pious prince is he whose prime minister is the executioner." Liberals should be killed as enemies of society, or, if the Czar permitted, relegated in gangs to Siberia. Democracy by its very creed implied immorality, and in contrast to the fluctuating "common sense" of the people, government must base itself on fixed unvarying principles. These principles found their expression in the long years of Francis' tyranny. The police were allowed a license of savagery rare even in Italy. Arbitrary arrests, domiciliary visits, interference in the every-day concerns of private life, kept his subjects in perpetual terror. Lovers' letters were confiscated in the post-office; marriages were arbitrarily forbidden, or forced on reluctant couples; the least expression of Liberal opinion was enough to blast a career. The Duke's apologists pointed to his rich collections of books and coins; to his stores of food collected against time of famine; to the fact that only eight political prisoners were executed during his long reign. But though research has cleared his name of private greed and meaner instincts, and shown him a well-meaning ruler after his light,[1] his reign remains one of the darkest phases of the dark days of Italian tyranny.

In the Papal States the "new era" had set in ever blacker abomination of misrule. Gregory XVI. was not calculated to enhance the credit of the Papacy. The stories of his immorality are probably exaggerated, but his undignified person and manners, his gluttony, his timid, irascible temper destroyed respect. He made his throne a sinecure; he had spent most of his life in a Camaldolensian monastery, and he hated public business. "I am too old to reform the state," he is reported to have said, "and the world will get along somehow;" and he absorbed himself in ignoble interests, while the country groaned under the misrule, and his ex-barber and favourite amassed a princely fortune.[1] He was an obscurantist of the most trivial order. He set himself against the Scientific Congresses;[2] he allowed no railways in the state, partly, it was said, from belief that they would "work harm to religion," partly lest they might bring up deputations of provincial malcontents. He earned an ill name in Liberal Europe for his counsels of passive obedience to the Poles in 1833, though he partly atoned for them in later years by the one brave action of his life, his denunciation to his face of the Czar Nicholas.

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[1] See above, p. 18.

His reign began amid revolution. Austria won back the revolted provinces for him, but Bernetti was resolved to be independent of foreign powers. He and his master viewed with suspicion the patronage of the erastian Empire, supposed still, though perhaps now with little reason, to have its eye on the fat plains of Romagna[3]. To escape its perilous support, it was necessary to have a native force sufficient to crush revolution. Bernetti increased the army, but he saw in the fanatical section of the population the material for a more effective weapon. He encouraged the formation of irregular volunteer bands under the name of Centurions (1832), and the new bodies soon counted their thousands. The Liberal movement of the previous year had been apparently so universally accepted, that it is difficult to conjecture where they recruited their ranks. Probably the revolution had never been heartily obeyed by the superstitious, priest-ruled peasants and unskilled labourers; no doubt, too, there was much latent conservatism in the towns, unrecognized in 1831, and the hereditary feuds between Liberals and Papalists and the mass of semi-criminal vagabondage brought many to a flag, which promised reconciliation with the government and unlimited possibilities of revenge and loot. In league with the Jesuits they drove the Liberals into silence, drew the municipal government into their own hands, and enforced a show of religious conformity. A White Terror reigned through Romagna and the Marches. Centurion peasants refused their rents, Centurion artisans threatened their masters; Centurions and Liberals waged a grim warfare of assassination, till for very shame Austria insisted that the Pope should put an ineffective curb upon his savage allies.[1]

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[1] Salvagni, *Corte Romana*, III. 197–199. "Gaetanino" Moroni, the ex-barber, wrote an Ecclesiastical Dictionary, and every commune was compelled to buy a copy: Farini, *Roman State*, I. 141.

[2] See below, p. 150.

[3] Gualterio, *op. cit.*, I. 134, 139. See Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 139, 394.

Bernetti himself was soon to be the victim of Austrian influence. His "volcanic" temper had made him many enemies. Gregory's favourites turned against him, and in 1836 he was dismissed from office. His successor was the Genoese, Lambruschini, a true ecclesiastical statesman, personally pure and uncorruptible, but bigoted, uncompromising, ruthless. Under his rule all pretence of decent government disappeared. The whole fabric of the state was worm-eaten with corruption and incapacity;[2] the Sanfedists sold their support for license of unlimited rapine, and under the all-powerful influence of the Jesuits misrule and anarchy held high state. For a time the sense of helplessness, which followed the succession of Liberal reverses, silenced protest. Europe had deserted the Pope's unhappy subjects, and Austria and France both evacuated Papal territory in 1838. But under the surface the secret societies thrived amid persecution.[3] "If you ask a youth in Romagna, if he has been in prison," wrote D'Azeglio, "he replies, 'I am hardly a man or I should.'" Even the Romans, though still halting in their Liberalism, were growing weary of the misrule. "Compromise is impossible with priests," became the popular watchword. But for the Swiss troops, the government could not have survived a month;[1] and when the Pope flaunted his sympathy with the Sonderbund, even they (for many were Protestants) wavered in their loyalty. It was increasingly clear that there was no hope for the Roman State, while the government remained in clerical hands. "There is no remedy," said the Piedmontese ambassador in 1837, "but in reducing Rome to a merely ecclesiastical supremacy, with only the shadow of the Temporal Power." Even Capponi, conservative though he was, and Galeotti, staunch defender of the Temporal Power, saw no solution save in a Pope who might reign but did not govern.[2]

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[1] Gualterio, *op. cit.*, III. 105; IV. 455; Vesi, *Rivoluzione*, 214–215; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, III. 150–151, 408–410; *Id.*, *Matteucci*, 37–38; Orsini, *Memoirs*, 11; Campanella and Niccolini, *Gavazzi*, 244; Farini, *op. cit.*, I. 73, 78.

[2] See the reports of the Piedmontese ambassadors in Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, III., *passim*; O'Reilly, *Leo XIII.*, 104–105; Gualterio, *op. cit.*, I. 190; *contra* Perfetti, *Ricordi*, 65.

[3] It is curious that in spite of the general belief that there were many assassinations on both sides, an apologist of the government could only point to three by Liberals: pamphlet in British Museum Catalogue No. $\frac{898.\ e.\ 2}{2}$, p. 8 *n*. See *Carte segrete*, II. 423.

For the moment, however, whether in Rome or Naples or Piedmont, the country was passing through a period of depression, too heavy to allow of revolution. Liberalism was crushed in Italy, in France, in Germany, in Poland. Mazzini had found refuge first in Switzerland, then in England;[3] petulant, unhappy, intolerant, but translucently noble in his ideals and his devotion to them. Democratic officers, the generals of the future wars, the Durandos and Cialdini, Medici and Fanti, were fighting for the Liberals in Spain and Portugal; others, like Garibaldi, sailed to the Italian settlements in South America, or flocked to Paris and Brussels and London, wasting in a foreign land the abilities, which under a happier star would have enriched their country. For several years Italian politics showed few signs of life. The Carbonari, though the name still lingered here and there, had practically disappeared for ever.[1] Mazzini retired for a time from the direction of Young Italy,[2] and its organisation was almost broken up. In Naples, at all events, many an ex-revolutionist was ready enough to serve the cause of despotism; in Lombardy society was resigned and contented on the surface, gilding its material enjoyment with vague aspirations for a higher and freer life. Cautious men, like Dal Pozzo, pleaded that it would be better to accept Austrian rule and make the best of it. Something of the spirit of Leopardi's misanthropy and pessimism seemed to have settled on the country. And just as the Irish Famine arrested the national movement there, so the cholera, which scourged Italy in 1835–37, depressed the physique and industry of the nation, and everywhere, except in the South, turned men's minds from public to private griefs. Italy might well seem to the superficial observer "the land of the dead"; it needed the faith of a Lamennais to realise that it was "the peace of the cradle and not of the grave."

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[1] Guizot, *Mémoires*, II. 451; Gennarelli, *Governo Pontificio*, I. 41-42, 66, 70; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 403.

[2] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, III. 157; Capponi, *Moti di Rimini;* Galeotti, *Sovranità*, 190, 209. See above, p. 83, 118.

[3] For his life in England, his "second home," see his *Opere* V. For his friendship with the Carlyles, Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, II. 182; J. W. Howe, *Margaret Fuller*, 144, 145; according to Mario, *Mazzini*, 304 *n*, Carlyle in later life said, "And yet this idealist has conquered; he has transformed his utopia into a patent and potent reality."

But the revival soon came, heralded in literature. Silvio Pellico's *Le mie Prigioni*, though intended to be a manual of quietism, burnt into its readers' hearts with its description of the martyrdom of the Spielberg. Berchet had written his famous chorus:

> "Arise, Italia, arise in arms, thy day has come."

Guerrazzi's novels spoke of an Italian greatness which might return again, and his *Assedio di Firenze* (1835) was "written, because he could not fight."[3] D'Azeglio's *Ettore Fieramosca* struck a manly note, that helped to wean Italian youth from ballet-dancers to patriotic thought. Colletta and Botta published their histories of recent Italian struggles. Gustavo Modena's comedies taught Italian and anti-Papal ideas as boldly as the censorship allowed. Rossini's and

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[1] There were a few lodges at Rome and in Umbria as late as 1867: Mazzini, *Opere* XV. lix.

[2] Mazzini, *Duecento lettere*, 14–15.

[3] Guerrazzi, *Memorie*, 95.

Verdi's operas had tales of national effort for their themes. Niccolini's tragedies drew from medieval history memories that roused the people to recollections of their old democracy; and his *Arnaldo da Brescia* (1843) was a hymn to liberty, fiercely satirizing German and Papalist, and teaching how Emperor and Pope were leagued to oppress the land. Guisti's satires circulated in hundreds of manuscript copies (1835), labelling the princes, the police, the courtiers with stinging epigrams, that stuck in the public memory. He wrote "in his blouse" in nervous, vernacular Tuscan, with the sharp, rattling rhythm of popular songs, or sometimes with an epic dignity, that recalled the greater ages of Italian literature. He lashed the princes, who "shaved at second-hand," the "conscience-jaundiced Piedmontese," "the feeble Lazzaroni-Paladin" of Naples, the "Tuscan Morpheus, with lettuce and with poppy crowned"; he lashed the police, "those locusts of the state," the priests who preached resignation and a marrowless humanitarianism, the weather-cock politicians, the official "adepts in the art of not-doing." The Pope he told to "tear the mask, first from his own face, then from the tyrant's." But he was as merciless to the cant of the demagogue as to the cant of the official; he sneered at the "devotees of King Log," at the "thin and shadowy virtue" of Florence, at the exiles whose "clock always stood at '31." His was a deep and serious patriotism; he laughed at the men who thought that "a cosmopolitan idea makes the brain grow larger"; and he turned fiercely on the sentimental foreigners, who spoke of Italy as the land of the dead:

> "Oh, such a noble graveyard might make the living envy!"

Meanwhile Mazzini's passionate pamphlets, smuggled from hand to hand, were slowly leavening with a new earnestness the best among the educated classes, and Modena's popular versions of them must have made their mark on the masses. Here and there the branches of Young Italy lived on, and gradually, in spite of the depression, the network of conspiracy was rewoven from Palermo and Naples to Bologna and Florence and Milan. From England and

France, from Spain and Corsica, from the Ticino and Malta and the Ionian Islands the exiles were in close correspondence with their friends at home. Sicily was now the focus of insurrection. The stamina of the population, the hatred of the government which showed itself in almost yearly outbreaks, the distance from the Austrian garrison—all pointed to the island as a fitting starting-point for revolution; even the Piedmontese government was bidding for a foothold of influence there.[1] The long struggle between the advocates of complete centralization and the party which tried to make the Lieutenancy the means to a modified home rule had ended in the final discomfiture of the latter, when Ferdinand's jealousy recalled the Count of Syracuse (1835).[2] The intolerable misrule, which followed, extinguished the divisions among the Liberals; Palermo and Messina were ostentatiously reconciled; the old separatist party joined hands with the younger school, which sought to merge the island in an Italian republic. In 1837 deputies from all the secret societies of the island were meeting at Palermo to concert rebellion. A month or two later the popular fury, which accompanied the cholera, precipitated the rising. The terrible visitation, which struck the North with despair, in the South was the signal for blind outbreaks of panic and frenzy. The epidemic was decimating the population; 22,000 died at Naples, over 40,000 at Palermo. The maddened people gave a ready ear to the old superstition, that the plague was born of poison, and so utterly discredited was the government, that even educated men were ready to believe that its agents had poisoned the bread and contaminated the wells. Formidable disturbances broke out in the Abruzzi and in Sicily. The Liberals took advantage of the panic. They deliberately encouraged the belief in the poisoning,[3] and preached rebellion to the frenzied population. Palermo itself was crushed by the awful plague, but Messina, Catania, and Syracuse rose; in the two latter cities the yellow flag of Sicilian independence flew; at Syracuse the crowd massacred police and suspected poisoners, and for three weeks the city was under mob-rule. The victims of the populace owed their deaths to the cholera scare; at Catania, where the movement had been more political, there was no bloodshed; but the murders gave the government its excuse for vengeance. Delcarotto was sent to organize terrorism, and condemned to death over one hundred of his victims. When the savagery came to an end, the last remnants of independence were destroyed. The civil service was fused with the Neapolitan; the viceroyalty became a sinecure; gendarmes on the Neapolitan model took the place of the old local police. Alone of their ancient privileges the Sicilians preserved their exemption from conscription, for the government feared to train to arms a people of potential rebels.

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[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, III. 279.
[2] Bracci, *Memorie*, 55–58, 168–170.
[3] Sansone, *Avvenimenti*, 103.

The Sicilian rising was an isolated movement, but it helped to show that despair was passing into exasperation. As Young Italy raised its head again, the plans of insurrection took a more organized and extensive form. In the summer of 1843 the revolutionary committees projected a general rising in Naples, Romagna, and Tuscany, but each province waited for the others to give the signal, and the rebellion was still-born. The plot had leaked out, however, at Bologna and Ravenna, and a few conspirators, to escape the Legate's revenge, were led by the brothers Muratori to the Apennines, where they kept up a desultory guerilla fight. But the mountaineers gave no help; the tiny band grew weary of an outlawed life, and fled to Tuscany or hiding-places in the mountains, while below Cardinal Spinola sent their accomplices to the prison or the scaffold.

Critics jibed at the young Romagnuols, who thought that "if Forlì or Faenza rose, all Europe would be in flames"; and Mazzini, in common with the wiser of the conspirators, had come to recognize the futility of these local movements. While the exiles at Paris were trying to fuse constitutionalists and republicans on a bare programme of Italian Unity, he would have preferred to wait for a time. It was just at this moment that occurred the most noted of the petty movements. Attilio and Emilio Bandiera were young Venetian nobles, officers in the Austrian navy. Saturated with the literature of Young Italy, they had convinced themselves that what their country needed was an example of brave and vigorous action. This example they would give by organizing a guerilla in the Southern Apennines. Mazzini and others did what they could to dissuade them; but deaf to his reasoning, deaf to their father's threats and the prayers of Attilio's young wife, they determined to make a descent on Calabria, where rumour had swelled a petty outbreak to an insurrection. Escaping from their ships, they took refuge at Corfù (May 1844), and thence sailed to Italy with a handful of men. They had detailed their preparations in their correspondence with Mazzini, relying on the "well-known trustworthiness of the English post"; but the letters were opened in the English Home Office, and Lord Aberdeen put the Neapolitan government on its guard.[1] When the little band landed (June 17) they were easily lured into an ambush, captured, and condemned to be shot. Faltering for a moment, they tried to save their lives by representing the movement as monarchical, and appealing to Ferdinand to lead it; "a King of Naples," they told him, "is the only possible King of Italy."[2] It was the only unworthy action, that stained their perfect honour. They were shot, cheering for Italy. Their chivalry, their cruel death, their proclamations in the name of Italian Independence and Unity, made a deep sensation. Gioberti attacked their memory with his torrential invective for "destroying brave lives for a dream"; but they had gained their object. They "proved that Italians could die"; they startled the country from its torpor. But the expedition was a heavy blow to Young Italy. It was plausible, however false, to represent Mazzini from his safe hiding-place egging on the Bandieras to their forlorn enterprise, and the odium that fell on him gave a great impetus to the new school, which was beginning to contest with him the guidance of the Revolution.

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[1] See Vol. II., Appendix C.

[2] Ricciardi e Lattari, *Bandiera*, 160.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MODERATES

1843–1846

The reaction against Young Italy. The social reformers; Scientific Congresses; railways. THE MODERATES: (i.) THE NEW GUELFS; Gioberti's *Primato;* (ii.) THE PIEDMONTESE SCHOOL; Balbo's *Speranze d'Italia;* D'Azeglio; his *Ultimi Casi di Romagna;* the Albertists. CHARLES ALBERT'S REIGN: his reforms; railway schemes; the King and Austria; growth of Liberalism; tariff-war with Austria; the King and the Moderates.

SINCE the discredit of the Carbonari, the democratic and more or less republican movement, which centred round Young Italy, had inspired the active patriotism of the country. However fitfully, the democrats had for the past twelve years been almost alone in upholding the flag of Italian Independence. They had now to confront a great wave of nationalist conservatism that swept over the country. To a certain extent, no doubt, the Moderate School was descended from the earlier Liberalism of the Carbonaro period, retaining and developing its nationalist policy, and reverting from fear of Young Italy's democratic programme to the more conservative and cautious thought, that had inspired and spoilt the movements of '21 and '31. There was an angry revulsion from the little plots, with their waste of life and the cruel retaliation they provoked. "It is hard," wrote Gioberti after the Savoy Expedition, "to be calm, when one reflects that a band of inexperienced young men, however good their intentions, presume to risk the future of Italy." And the Moderates bore the impress of the constructive didactic school, which sprang from the *Conciliatore* and the *Antologia* and Manzoni. There was a wide conviction that any forward political movement was out of court at present, that the energies of the nation for the moment were best devoted to education and social reform. Men, like the Georgofils in Tuscany, or Cattaneo at Milan, or the agricultural reformers of Piedmont, believed that the spread of schools, agricultural improvements, the introduction of railways, the promotion of literary journals and scientific societies must take precedence for their generation over any political movement, though many of them looked to create an atmosphere where despotism could not live. They attacked the dialects, and brought classic Italian into more general use; they started model farms; they established infant schools and savings-banks. They founded, under the lead of Carlo Bonaparte and Sir John Bowring, the Scientific Congresses, first held at Pisa and Turin in 1839 and 1840.[1] The Congresses were at first colourless but very practical gatherings of naturalists and scientists, who met under government patronage; but it was impossible for Italians of different states to come together without giving something of a national complexion to their meetings. Economic questions suggested a customs'-league, social problems led up to politics, geography to free-spoken talk of Italy. The Scientific Congresses were among the forces that made the new nationalism; and the Pope and Duke of Modena were wise in their generation, when they forbade their subjects to attend them. It was the same school that gave the first serious impulse to railways. Military necessities and royal conveniences, if no higher considerations, compelled even the governments, except in the Papal States, to favour them. A short line from Naples to Portici was the first to be opened in 1839; another line, equally for the comfort of a court, ran between Milan and Monza a year later. These were the preludes to the great trunk lines. That from Milan to Venice was commenced in 1840, and the first section from Padua to Mestre was opened in 1842. A line from Leghorn to Pisa, the first instalment of a railway to Florence, was working in 1844. The Piedmontese trunk system followed a little later,[1] and Cesare Balbo as early as 1845 was advocating the tunnelling of the Alps. Even in the South there was talk of a line to Brindisi.[2] But though the government helped on the railway movement, it was the nationalists who saw its real import. It was not only that railways promised to develop trade; the patriots recognized that they would be the most potent of material interests to bind the peninsula together. As D'Azeglio said, they would "stitch the boot." It was a favourite project that a great coast line should connect Genoa with Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples. The portentous bulk of literature, which appeared on railway questions, showed with what earnestness the country was watching their development.

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[1] The other Congresses were at Florence, 1841; Padua, 1842; Lucca, 1843; Milan, 1844; Naples, 1845; Genoa, 1846; Venice, 1847.

Thus gradually the social reformers, almost despite themselves, drifted into politics. Mazzini's leaven was at work, though with ultimate issues unintended by its maker, swelling his readers' hearts with love of country and thoughts of glory and independence. Giusti was undermining the thrones with his satire; Guerrazzi was making men's hearts burn within them. There was progress and life in the air. The deadness of the previous decade had lifted; and the great mass of educated Italians, who had too much common-sense or too little courage for Mazzini's gospel, were looking for a milder creed which would reconcile patriotism and prudence. Cautious men, who thought with Balbo that "unsuccessful conspiracies fan the spirit of distrust rather than of patriotism"; sensitive men, who flinched from preaching to the people a gospel of sacrifice and martyrdom; all who shrank from sullying their respectability by contact with a party of uncompromising democracy; the orthodox, who feared the rationalist elements in Mazzini's teaching; the conventional, who resented its lack of deference to the social traditions; Italian humour, offended by the fantastic sentimentalism that hung round Young Italy; the cowardice, that sought the shelter of throne and church; the best of

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[1] See below, p. 165.

[2] Ferdinand II. would allow no tunnels, thinking them immoral, attached a chapel to every station, and allowed no trains to run at night or on holidays. —Memor, *Fine di un regno*, 338.

Italian common-sense, the worst of Italian mediocrity—all swelled the volume of the Moderate party.

From the start it parted into two currents. The first was above all Catholic. The New Guelfs, as they called themselves, were the direct descendants of the Romanticists of Manzoni's school. Sentimentalists, worshippers of the past, they gave their reverence to Catholicism and the Papacy as its central embodiment. Respect for the priest had to be reconciled with their humanitarianism, their very real sympathy with the oppressed. And so they pictured the Church released from the bondage which Joseph II. and his imitators had laid on it, pictured the Pope independent and supreme as the arbiter of nations, the defender of the poor, the champion of Italy. The popular Catholicism of the *Promessi Sposi* was to be the great feat of modern Europe. And their deeply religious spirit, dainty and wanting in masculine fibre though it was, made them moralists. Like Mazzini, they preached duty, perseverance, education, domestic virtue; unlike him, they preached passivity and resignation. Wanting in moral courage, fearful of the stony road of progress, tender to opponents, over-sensitive in their sympathies, they painted an Utopia of class reconciliation, where Pope and priests and princes, converted to justice and mercy, were to lie down with a grateful and contented people.

The tradition (which had its French counterpart in Montalembert's and Lamennais' earlier writings) had been nursed by the Paviese school of Romagnosi and Cantù, by Raffaello Lambruschini's suggestions of church reform, by Capponi's and Carlo Troya's historical rehabilitation of the Papacy. In 1836 Niccolò Tommaseo, a poet and critic, who had been exiled from Tuscany for his writings in the *Antologia*, published at Paris[1] an appeal to priests and princes to co-operate in the work of national regeneration, and pointed to a reforming Pope as the pivot of the movement. But Tommaseo's book was little known, and the new school started into prominence with a work, perhaps in part based on his, which appeared seven years later (June 1843). The *Moral and Civil Primacy of the Italians* was the work of Gioberti, a Turin priest, who had been exiled in the early days of Charles Albert's reign. From sympathies with Young Italy his versatile interests had passed to an Italian school of metaphysics, to church reform and Jansenism,[1] and now fixed themselves on Italian Independence. His transcendental philosophy created an Italy of the imagination, and some fragmentary history and a few ethnological conceits blinded him to the real Italy past and present. With reasoning more conspicuous for patriotism than logic, he argued that Italy, because it had been the fatherland of Dante and Vico and Napoleon, must for ever be the country of the "dynamic" men, the home of creative genius. Almost in Mazzini's words he declared that because the Romans had been the elect people to propagate the idea of justice, because Christian Rome had taught the peace and love which created modern civilization, therefore Italy must always be the redeeming nation, the eldest-born among the peoples, the moral and spiritual centre of the world.[2] Such dignity claimed as its corollary national independence, and independence alone was needed to make his country again the first of nations. But Gioberti did not believe in Italian Unity. Italy, he thought, had been too long divided to permit a peaceful union, and union by force would be a crime. He wished to see a federation of Italian states, under the supreme authority of the Pope, which would secure the country against foreign invasion, and make room for a national navy, national colonies, a customs'-league, a common system of administration.[3] The federative idea was a part of the conservatism, which pervaded all his political thought. Like Locke, he uses first principles to justify the system of his predilection; he often fails to get behind conventions, and makes philosophy the handmaid of the existing fact. The Italian genius, he announces, is essentially monarchical and aristocratic and federalist. The Pope is to keep his Temporal Power;[1] the Church, as heir of the Jewish priesthood, must preserve her ancient independence; all good Italians must love and reverence their princes. His conservatism, however, is of the best. Though there is to be no change in the social order, every class must subserve the great national idea. The times were propitious for reform, and the princes were to initiate consultative assemblies and a modified liberty of the press. The nobles must justify their title to lead, must renounce the works of feudalism, must respect the lower orders. Priests must study, must free themselves from suspicion of worldliness, be tolerant to other creeds, use the same frankness to princes as to people. Even the Jesuits are called to help, and the whole country bidden rouse itself to move the dead weight of mediocrity that held the nation down.

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[1] *Delle nuove speranze d'Italia.*

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[1] Berti, *Gioberti*, 15, 23. He told Mazzini in 1847 that his Catholicism was elastic enough to include anybody.

[2] Gioberti, *Primato*, 14, 19, 27–32, 48.

[3] *Ib.*, 57–58; *Prolegomeni*, 59, 158.

The results of Gioberti's book were great and manifold. In common with Mazzini, it had a manly strain of encouragement and hope, a memory and a prophecy of high destinies, sorely needed by a weary and disillusioned generation. He taught, as Mazzini had done, that it was craven to despair of twenty millions of men. Like him, he made their hopes pivot on national independence, and federalist though he was, he helped to swell the stream that set for Unity. But Gioberti parted from Mazzini, when he taught Italians to look for salvation to the Pope and the King of Piedmont. The fate of Italy, he said, depended on the alliance of Rome and Turin. He had all the pride of a Piedmontese, and held that the subalpine kingdom was now the chief seat of Italian arms and culture. Rendering lip-service to Charles Albert,[2] he told how the manly piety and tenacity of the House of Savoy had disciplined its state, and prophesied that it was reserved to the Carignano branch to turn its energy to larger purposes. But much as he caressed Charles Albert, he reserved his highest honours for the Pope. The old medieval idea of a reforming Pontiff was revived. Gregory (for even Gioberti could not idealize him) was told not to expect the joyful day himself, but he might rejoice in the high destiny reserved for his successor. The Pope, as heir of Guelf traditions, was to free Italy from the barbarian; as the true friend of princes and peoples, he would hold the balance between them. The mediating office of the Papacy would champion right and religion against "Most Christian" kings and Holy Alliances. And then again, almost in repetition of Mazzini's words, Gioberti foretold that from Italy, the seat and court of the spiritual monarchy, from Rome, the eternal city independent of change and time, would go forth the word that would regenerate the modern world.

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[1] He was already wavering as to this when he wrote the *Prolegomeni*, *q. v.* 89.

[2] So again in *Prolegomeni*, 157. In his *Rinnovamento*, I. 507, he says he did not mean what he said about Charles Albert. So too he disclaimed his eulogies of Rome, *ib.* I. 20, II. 144, and Berti, *op. cit.*, 151, 187; but the disclaimer was probably introduced to square with his later policy.

The book met with a splendid popularity. It was a safe book; the timid, the devotees, the priests found in it palatable doctrine, that reconciled patriotism and prejudice. The clergy were won by its Catholic tone;[1] the nationalist statesmen by its praise of the Savoy princes. It was in vain that the sceptics and anti-Papalists pointed to the scandals of Gregory's court and the hideous misrule of Romagna; it was in vain that Niccolini retorted that to regenerate Italy the Pope must begin by unpoping himself; it was in vain that on the other side the Jesuits refused to be won by Gioberti's caresses, and savagely attacked his "Liberal house with the Papal scutcheon." The Franciscans and Dominicans defended his orthodoxy, and he became the champion of the Liberal clergy. And when, stung by the Jesuit attack, and angered by the Sonderbund[2] and the execution of the Bandieras, he placed the Jesuits and Neapolitan Bourbons under ban in his *Prolegomeni* (1845), he only voiced the national indignation, and his fame rose higher still.

But though Gioberti carried everything before him in the popular imagination, there were cooler heads, who could not accept his version of the Papacy, and he himself almost abandoned it in his *Prolegomeni*.[1] The fashionable Voltaireans of Florence and Milan, students of Dante like Gabriel Rossetti, the earnest democrats of Mazzini's school, the Pope's own wretched subjects found it impossible to believe that any good thing could come out of Rome. Above all, the Liberal statesmen of Piedmont, however much they might welcome Gioberti's panegyric of their country and the reaction against the democracy and conspiracies of Young Italy, had small hope that a Pope would lead the cause of nationality and reform. It was Gioberti's belief in the House of Savoy that appealed most strongly to them in his doctrine. This school of nationalist statesmen had already found a voice in a very able but little known pamphlet,[2] published at Paris in 1841 by Mamiani, an exiled leader of the revolution of 1831. Mamiani believed that sooner or later Italy must win her independence by hard fighting under an Italian prince and without foreign help. But she must wait her opportunity in Austria's embarrassment, and years of patriotic education were needed before the masses could take their part. His policy was personal reform, the winning of the clergy and the rich, national education, church reform, and a thoughtful programme of mildly socialistic measures to raise the people to a confidence and sense of dignity, that would fit them to co-operate in the work.

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[1] *e.g.* Pecci (now Leo XIII.): Berti, *op. cit.*, 157.

[2] The Sonderbund was the union of the seven Catholic cantons of Switzerland, formed in 1843. When the Diet declared for the expulsion of the Jesuits, it refused to obey (September 1847). The eighteen-days' civil war (November 1847) ended in its complete defeat.

But Mamiani's book, statesmanlike as it was, failed to win notice, because it attached itself to no existing political fact.[3] The statesmen found their real voice in the Piedmontese school, which represented to a certain extent the anti-Papal and Ghibelline tradition. The policy of the Turin bureaucracy had been to make the Church a branch of the civil government; it preferred a commonplace and docile clergy, kept in order under concordats. While Manzoni's followers had linked patriotism to the cause of the Church, and attacked the Austrian government as Jansenist and irreligious, the Piedmontese statesmen put small reliance in the Pope, and centred their hopes on the erastian House of Savoy. They were mostly Piedmontese nobles, proud of Piedmont's past, believers in her destinies, inheritors of the traditional hatred of Austria. They had the bureaucrat's love of good government, the bureaucrat's horror of untried paths, his contempt for theories and policies of faith. Some had a tincture of Liberalism; a few wished to copy O'Connell and agitate within the bounds of the law for more popular institutions.[1] But none were democrats. They wished to see the Neapolitan and Papal States better governed; they were willing to absorb Lombardy; they favoured an Italian Federation for common defence and customs'-union. But they were opposed to Unity; they shrank from the struggle, which an attempt to realize it might involve; they feared that Turin might have to yield its metropolitan honours to Milan or Rome.

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[1] Gioberti, *Prolegomeni*, 60.

[2] *Nostro parere intorno alle cose italiane*, republished in his *Scritti*. See Gori, *Rivoluzione*, 69. His social programme is interesting. See below, p. 274.

[3] So too the *Veri Italiani*, for whom see Mazzini, *Opere*, VII. 143; *Archivio Triennale*, I. 44–45.

Just as the New Guelfs took as their text-book Gioberti's *Primacy*, so the Piedmontese school had its manifesto in Cesare Balbo's *Hopes of Italy*.[2] He was the son of Victor Emmanuel's reforming minister, with the record of a somewhat weak and inconsistent career, but inheriting the ambitions of the subalpine school, and not untouched by the wider national ideal. His book, a wearisome, sententious treatise, was published at Paris in 1843, a few months after the appearance of the *Primacy*. Balbo was a professed admirer and follower of Gioberti, but he planted his hopes not on Rome, but on Turin. The whole book is a veiled appeal to Charles Albert, cringingly tender to his illiberal prejudices, incentive to both the baser and purer sides of his patriotism, promising at once the liberator's crown of glory and the territorial gain that would follow the expulsion of the Austrians.[3] Not that he dangled the bigger ambition of the Italian crown: the Kingdom of Italy was to him a dream of fanatics, and the political future of the country lay in Federation. But Federation was neither possible nor desirable while the Austrian was in the land. "Without national independence other good things are as nought"; and the possession of a single province by the foreigner was fatal to the dignity and prosperity of the others, fatal to Italian industry and literature and art, degrading directly or indirectly the character of the whole nation. Independence, therefore, must be sought before all else—before unity, before constitutional liberty; but its attainment would come not by a war of princes, nor by a war of peoples, nor by the help of another nation, but—impotent conclusion, so it seemed to his contemporaries—from the approaching break-up of the Turkish Empire, which would entice Austria eastwards, and allow her "to make Italy a present of her independence."[1]

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[1] Balbo, *Speranze*, 153.

[2] For the history of the title, see Bianchi, *Santa Rosa*, 30-31; Ricotti, *Balbo*, 156.

[3] Balbo, *Speranze*, 131, 143-158.

But there was another side to Balbo. Salvagnoli might satirize the statesman who looked for salvation to the Turks. Yet the preacher of quietism, the vacillating politician had a strenuous gospel. If Italy was to be independent, her character must earn it; she must be no longer "the land of the olive and the orange"; she must cast off her native vice of sloth; and as Father Matthews had been O'Connell's best helper,[2] so in Italy character and independence must advance together. And all through his book there is a healthy optimism. He attacks the different schools of despair; his theme is his country's Hopes. "A nation of twenty millions is invincible if it has union and character." His conclusion, like Gioberti's, is, "Let every man do his duty at his post, and leave the rest to Providence."

His teaching was carried on by his friend Massimo D'Azeglio, like him born of a Piedmontese noble stock. Destined to the usual military career, he scandalized Turin society by preferring to gain his living by his brush. To an artist the air of Turin was mephitic; and D'Azeglio had shared his life between Rome and Milan and Florence, "the first Piedmontese who made himself practically an Italian." He had painted pictures, written novels,

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[1] Balbo, *Speranze*, 127–128. For the subsequent history of the idea, see below, Vol. II., pp. 16, 196, 232, 234, 285–6.

[2] *Ib.*, 167.

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studied society, done nothing very well. He was a perfect gentleman, an elegant and accomplished man of the world, but indolent, wanting in strenuousness and seriousness, unwilling to do disagreeable work, the very dilettante of politicians. But though he was always an aristocrat at heart, and his democratic veneer came more of ostentation than conviction, his slender purse, his frank manners, his obtrusive if shallow profession of progressive sympathies won him the liking of the democrats, and his novels had made him a household word through Italy. But while Balbo shared Gioberti's tenderness to the Papacy, D'Azeglio hardened his face against Rome. In the autumn of 1845 he received a summons to preach the Piedmontese gospel in Romagna; whether the call came from Piedmontese agents, who were already at work there, or from natives, who feared that Gregory's impending death might be followed by a rising of Young Italy and an Austrian occupation, there is nothing certain to show. D'Azeglio went and preached open agitation and trust in Charles Albert; and in spite of the evil memories that hung round the King of Piedmont, and the inclination of the younger Liberals to rely on their own republican energies, he won the adhesion of a large and influential group. He was not equally successful in destroying the traditions of local revolt. He had hardly left Romagna when the terrorism, which followed the Muratori rising, drove some Liberals of Ravenna to take arms at Rimini, where they published a manifesto "to the Princes and Peoples of Europe," before they were driven across the Tuscan frontier.

The rising was in itself of little moment. But it was the first public manifestation of the new spirit. Though some of the men who took part in it belonged to Young Italy, it was a fragment of a bigger agitation prepared by men like Mamiani and Farini, who dissociated themselves from the revolutionary party, and the manifesto, drafted by Farini, bore their stamp. D'Azeglio could not prevent the movement, but his influence was seen in its language.[1] The object of the rising was to force the Papacy to save itself by reform. Terrible indictment as the manifesto was of Papal misrule, it professed reverence for the Pope and regard for the dignity of his See. Its specific demands were barely amplified from the Memorandum of the Powers in 1831. It excused the rebellion as the product of necessity, and made its appeal to public opinion. So threatening did the new spirit appear, that the Roman Court paid a tribute to its strength by publishing an elaborate reply. D'Azeglio seized the occasion for a declaration in favour of the Piedmontese forward policy. He published clandestinely at Florence a pamphlet *On the Recent Events in Romagna*, in which he drew a modest, temperate analysis of the causes and character of the unfortunate revolt. It was a scathing commentary on the dream of a regenerating Papacy. D'Azeglio professed veneration for the head of the Catholic church, and shrank from any schism that would destroy the one bond of formal unity in Italy. But he freely attacked the utter variance between the practices of the Papal government and the divine principles which it professed. The Pope could not be ignorant of the obstinate obscurantism under which the country groaned; the denial of justice, the economic and financial mismanagement, the monopolies which strangled commerce, the Swiss mercenaries and the Sanfedist assassins, the opposition to everything that savoured of innovation, to education and railways, to banks and agricultural societies and scientific congresses. The responsibility, he insisted, must fall on the Papacy itself; it must cease to pilot a ship, which would not answer to the helm; it must attack the iniquitous proconsulships of the Legations, and give at least the civil justice that Austria allowed her subjects. The Papal government could not rest on coercion; at the present day there was no basis for authority but public opinion and the consent of the governed, and to this final court the Pope himself must bow.[1]

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[1] Farini, *Roman State*, I. 115–128; D'Azeglio, *Ultimi Casi*, 76–98; *Archivio Triennale*, I. 48–52; Gaiani, *Roman Exile*, 270; Guerrazzi, *Appendice*, 88; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, I. 220–221.

Then D'Azeglio turned to the Liberals. While recognizing the provocation and admiring the courage, these petty local revolts, he protested, were not the road to independence. No minority had a right to play pitch-and-toss with the fortunes of the people, and plunge the country into a contest which risked so much. It tended to dwarf the great national struggle down to provincial efforts, and lost all sense of the bigger aim. When Italians fought, all must fight; but the time was not ripe for war, when the Austrians stood ready to crush any appeal to arms. Italy must first school herself by masculine patience, by sacrifice, by refusing to bow her spirit. Patience was difficult to men who were smarting under tyranny; but the true alternative to revolt was public protest, peaceful, but spirited and constant. It is D'Azeglio's merit that he recognized the power of public opinion, and knew what it could extort from the most despotic of governments. He had the cool judgment of the statesman, the patience that laboriously lays foundations, but his theory made him the servant of events, and he had little of the faith that creates new forces and falsifies the accumulated evidences.

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[1] D'Azeglio, *Ultimi Casi*, 46, 99–100, 104–119.

The book at once made a party. Though Charles Albert for the moment made no sign, and his partisans were discredited in Romagna, when their boasts of Piedmontese help ended in nothing; though D'Azeglio himself conspicuously failed to practice in Piedmont his own maxims of civil courage and agitation; yet among the prudent men who had weighed the chances of a struggle with Austria, and the timid, who wanted Piedmont to do what they shrank from doing themselves, D'Azeglio became the fugleman of the "Albertists," who placed their hopes in the King of Piedmont. The republicans found it impossible to stand against the current. Young men, who in 1833 had been republicans, were passing fast to the other camp.[1] How irresistible was the tide was shown by the fact that Mazzini, however much against the grain, found it necessary to compromise, and offer to drop, at all events for a time, his republican propaganda, if on their part the Moderates would give up Federation and work for Unity.[2] Thus the very numerous class, which cared greatly for Italian freedom, which was revolted by the misrule, but which, without leaders or settled plan of their own, rejected the programme of Young Italy, became Moderates and Albertists. At present they had little coherency. Some wished to associate the Pope in the movement; others, like Giacomo Durando in his *Italian Nationality*, and Luigi Torelli, the author of the anonymous *Thoughts on Italy*, cared only to disarm him, and would have forced him to a practical surrender of the Temporal Power.[1] Some, like Balbo, were indifferent to civil liberties; others set constitutional freedom as high as or higher than independence. Some were jealous of Piedmontese expansion, or at the best opposed any annexation beyond the Po valley; others, like Gioberti, wished to see Charles Albert "moral lord of Italy," or would have partitioned the peninsula between Piedmont and Naples and perhaps Tuscany; and there was a section, especially among the half-converted republicans, who hoped that Charles Albert would be pushed despite himself into a policy, which could not stop till the Kings of Piedmont were Kings of Italy.

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[1] Castelli, *Ricordi*, sub. in.; G. Torelli, *Ricordi*, xvi.; Mazzini, *Lettres intimes*, 102, 117; Orsini, etc., *Lettere*, 37, 39; *contra* Ricciardi, *Conforti*.

[2] Mazzini, *Duecento lettere*, 155 (April 1846); see also Un Siciliano, *Sentimento*, 22, 35; *Archivio Triennale*, II. xix.

Meanwhile Charles Albert had been to some extent justifying the hopes of his partisans. In the first years of his reign he had seemed to have lost his earlier and nobler ideals. Impressionable, timid, in a way feminine, he had allowed himself to fall at times into the hands of the clerical party. The Savoy Expedition had scared him, and its cruel repression deepened the gulf between him and the Liberals. He protested that he would never compromise with them; his government helped Austria to coerce Switzerland into expelling the refugees; even as late as 1837 it risked the friendship of England and France by its violent espousal of Don Carlos' cause in Spain. The court, severe and hypocritical, was given over to the cares of etiquette, and the ministry was nearly wrecked, because the wife of an ambassador wore a head-dress sacred to royal princesses. To young Camillo Cavour, returning home from London and Paris, Piedmont seemed "a kind of intellectual hell." The King's health grew worse; asceticism and a vegetable diet completed the wreck, which early excesses had begun; he became the prey of quacks, who perpetuated his debility, and, incredible as the story seems, were paid, it is said, by Austria.[1] The influence of religious charlatans, remorse for the atrocities of 1833, a knowledge of the plotting that went on steadily round him, increased his nervousness and want of fibre.

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[1] Compare Castelli, *Saggi*, 49, 85, with Durando, *Nazionalità*, 85–102, Gioberti, *Prolegomeni*, 315, and Anonimo Lombardo, *Pensieri*, 59, 60. The germs of several of the main ideas of the next period are to be found in Durando's very ingenious book.

But he never became the blind tool of the reactionaries. Old memories had their influence; he had for better and for worse a strong theory of conscientious kingship, which made him jealous of encroachments from Rome, and impelled him to any step, which might make him master of more numerous or more prosperous subjects. Not that any big patient scheme of constitutional reform, such as was read into his life in later years, existed in fact. No doubt he would have done more but for the fear of the Austrian army marching on Turin, and for the daily insinuating pressure of the Catholic party. But his ideal did not reach beyond an enlightened and progressive autocracy; a strong personal government was necessary, he believed, for the protection of Piedmontese nationality. And yet underneath his cold, reticent, antique port there lay a certain power of enthusiasm and sympathy, and a conscientiousness, which, however twisted, was genuine, and made him capable of higher things when the occasion came.

However much his difficulties were aggravated by his cowardice, his position almost compelled him to a middle and dubious course. He stood (so the phrase was put into his mouth) "between the dagger of the Carbonari and the poisoned chocolate of the Jesuits." And this persistent opposition, which met him at every turn, increased his indecision. Never naturally frank, he became more and more the intriguer, playing off one minister against another, less for mischief than statecraft. Slowly, almost shamefacedly, he liberalized the government. For a time, indeed, the ministry was ruled by Della Margherita, a narrow, tenacious man, tender of the national independence, but anxious to keep on good terms with Austria, and dreading any forward movement as dangerous to the narrow religious discipline, which made his political ideal. But as a counterpoise, the King appointed Villamarina, a constitutional minister of 1821, who, though no Liberal, hated the clericalists. The King, irritated at the persistency of the Jesuit party, whose powerful organisation was used to nullify his reforms in the execution, gave his confidence to Villamarina. Slowly, man by man, the more reactionary elements were weeded out of the cabinet, till Della Margherita stood alone.

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[1] Bersezio, *Regno*, II. 18; Predari, *Primi vagiti*, 82–83. He lived largely on potatoes and spinach.

Charles Albert's record of administrative reform was a remarkable one. "I believe," he said at a rather later date, "that we best please God by utilizing every discovery in science and art to serve the greatest good of the people. Government must set itself in the van of progress." His legal commissions published the Albertine Codes (1837–47), on which, in after days, the body of Italian law was based. Except that they left Catholic marriages subject to Canon Law, and hardly touched ecclesiastical privileges, they were among the most enlightened laws of Europe.[1] Feudal customs were abolished in Sardinia, where alone in Italy they still had legal sanction. Villamarina reorganized the army on a territorial and short service system. Protectionist duties were slightly relaxed (1835), and the prosperity of Genoa revived by making it in part a free port (1842).[2] Abroad Della Margherita concluded a series of fifteen commercial treaties. At home government made loans for the development of the silk industry, abolished guilds, reformed the Post Office. The King gave commissions to the best painters and sculptors of Italy; new chairs were founded in Turin University; historians were encouraged, though only to study the annals of the royal house; copyright treaties were completed with every Italian state but Naples. In 1840 the second Scientific Congress was invited to Turin. Even towards the Church, devout son as he was, the King showed a qualified independence. In spite of Della Margherita he supported the Gallican privileges of the bishops against Roman attacks, and refused to recognize the Trentine decrees in Savoy. The Waldenses were more or less protected, and the government connived at evasion of the cruel laws, which still weighed on them. When the clergy opposed lay infant schools and charitable societies, the King "looked at these questions from a standpoint diametrically opposed to theirs." Though he supported the prelates against the Pope, he allowed no evasion of the law from them, and the Jesuits were forbidden to hold a service, in which Hildebrand was lauded for debasing the power of princes. Above all, perhaps, his thoughts were given to commercial development. For this, the country needed railways first of all, and the King proposed to devote to them the surplus that his economic Treasury had accumulated.[1] As early as 1833 a line was projected from Genoa to Arona on Lago Maggiore. The government hoped to secure much of the English-Mediterranean trade by an arrangement with Switzerland to continue the line under the Lukmanier to Chur, where it would connect with a through route to Ostend.[2] The scheme aroused Austria's jealousy, for the command of the Northern trunk-line would give Piedmont a preponderating commercial influence in Central and Southern Italy. The capitalists of Vienna and Trieste championed a rival route from Leghorn through Florence and Bologna to Trieste, thus isolating Genoa; and their government patronized a projected line across the Brenner.

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[1] Sclopis, *Sardegna*, 50 *et seq.*; Portalis, *Code Civil;* Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, III. 193.

[2] Rubattino began to run his packets in 1841.

The railway controversy was the first sign to the world of the growing tension with Austria. Charles Albert had never forgiven Metternich for his supposed efforts to exclude him from the throne; he was very sensible of the historic jealousy between the two states; he remembered that more than once public opinion had marked him for the future King of North Italy. He knew that Metternich had intrigued with his reactionary ministers, that perhaps he had prompted them to scheme for an Austrian occupation, that he had his spies on his correspondence, on every detail of his life.[1] As early as 1835 Della Margherita had seen the drift of the King's thoughts, and done his best to check it; three years later, in some private reminiscences of 1821, Charles Albert wrote of "taking his musket on his shoulder for another war with Austria." And yet, either because he was dissimulating or because he was overborne by his premier, he allowed the professed sympathies of his government to be with her,[2] and married his son, the Duke of Savoy, to the daughter of the Archduke Rainerio. But even Della Margherita was nettled by Austria's persistent claim to dictate, and in 1843, on the occasion of a frontier squabble of patrols, the King threatened "to ring every bell from the Ticino to Savoy and raise the cry of Lombard Independence." He distributed a medal with the device of the lion of Savoy standing over a prostrate eagle and the suggestive legend, "I await my destiny." The cause of nationality, whose sacredness he based on scriptural authority,[3] the traditional policy of his family, hatred of the rival power, a plaintive longing to atone for 1821 and 1833 and become once more the hope of Italy, impelled him in his premature old age to strike one decisive blow. But that strange patience of his, which, though it flinched from facing obstacles, never lost sight of its end, found him still waiting for the great occasion.

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[1] On the question of state versus private capital, see Cavour, *Lettere*, I. 78; V. 116, 122.

[2] Gualterio, writing in 1851, says that the King wanted to enter into closer relations with England, foreseeing the Western alliance against Russia: *Rivolgimenti*, II. 149.

As his designs against Austria matured, he was inevitably impelled to lean upon his people. Thanks probably to his French education, he had never shared the exclusiveness of his aristocracy. He had from the early days of his reign set himself to break the barriers between the nobility and the middle classes. He patronized the sincere philanthropy which had enlisted the best of both, promoting savings banks, infant schools, refuges for the destitute. A certain amount of mild democratic opinion dared to show itself. Entails became rare in the face of public disapproval; the Jesuits found their schoolrooms half empty; Brofferio, a conspirator in 1831, founded the *Messaggero Torinese* of a Liberal colour new to Piedmontese journalism. The King permitted (1842) the foundation of a national Agricultural Society, whose meetings furnished occasions where Piedmontese and Lombards could meet for public discussion, and which, despite the royal bridle, felt that it had something more to do than "talk about the cultivation of cabbages." Gioberti's *Primacy* was allowed to circulate, and the poet Prati was paid to write a marching song of daring allusion:

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[1] Gualterio, *op. cit.*, I. 618, 625–629; III. 176–179; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, IV. 88.
[2] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, IV. 363; Metternich, *Mémoires*, IV. 266–267.
[3] Deut. XVII. 15: Cibrario, *Missione*, 47.

> "All we are of one country,
> One blood runs in our veins."

In the meantime the strain with Austria grew more threatening. Early in 1843 a dispute arose over the salt trade with the Canton of Ticino. By the terms of an old treaty Piedmont had renounced the trade, but when insufficient quantities came from Lombardy, the Canton appealed to Piedmont to make good the deficiency. The salt, which was a state monopoly, was sent, and Austria denounced Piedmont for breaking faith. The quarrel became a question of prestige. Austria tried to exclude Piedmont from the signatories to the Treaty of Florence (October 1844). The treaty would in time have hemmed in Piedmont on its south-eastern frontier by Parmesan or Modenese territory,[1] and Charles Albert retaliated by sounding the Grand Duke touching a defensive alliance of Italian princes. Eighteen months later, when Austria placed a prohibitory tariff on Piedmontese wines (April 1846), the government, at Della Margherita's advice, stigmatised it as an act of reprisals. The attempt to cow Piedmont had failed, and public opinion passionately applauded. Charles Albert, well pleased with the novel taste of popularity, told his reactionary councillors that "if Piedmont lost Austria she would gain Italy, and then Italy would be able to act for herself." He showed no disapproval of D'Azeglio's mission in Romagna, and bade him tell his friends there that "when the opportunity came, his arms and his treasure would be spent for Italy."[1] But when a great popular ovation, a new phenomenon in torpid Turin, was prepared, the King would not be persuaded to show himself until the crowds were already dispersing. Della Margherita formally protested against the new policy, and worked hard for a settlement of the commercial differences. The King shrank back from war, when its prospect became imminent, and proposed to refer the quarrel to the arbitration of the Czar.

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[1] See below, p. 189.

At home, too, he was still irresolute, querulous, though painfully struggling in the face of Jesuit influence and his own moral cowardice to act up to his position. It is impossible but that the *Primacy* had its influence on him; and reform, so Gioberti taught, was consistent with the interests of throne and altar. The King reformed elementary education,[2] and encouraged his Education Minister, Cesare Alfieri, to make Turin University less a hotbed of clericalism. He had a bitter quarrel with Fransoni, the Archbishop of Turin, over the introduction of training colleges for lay teachers, and he turned his anger on Della Margherita. He even gave vague hints of leanings to a constitution.[3] He was more or less in communication with the Moderate Liberals, who wanted social freedom, but who were as much opposed as was the King to a democratic movement, and at this time were barely anxious for constitutional rights. Their leaders were D'Azeglio, Mamiani, Camillo Cavour; Balbo at the moment stood aloof from active work. Knowing the King's deference to foreign opinion, they inserted encouraging articles in the *Debats* and the French reviews. In May Cavour published an article in the *Nouvelle Révue* on the railway question; though on the face of it a manifesto against the republicans, it angrily attacked Austria for her malign influence, and made a tolerably overt appeal to Charles Albert to take up the cause of Independence. The King was not displeased, though he resented the attempt to force his hand.[1] On one point, however, he was proof against Liberal influence. The Jesuits had not lost their hold; he gave his sympathy and help to the Sonderbund, and in the midst of the excitement over the wine duties he promised that they should never be disturbed while he sat on the throne.[2] It was still doubtful perhaps whether patriotism or clericalism would have the mastery, when the face of Italian politics was changed by the election of a new Pope.

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[1] D'Azeglio, *Ricordi*, 529; Brofferio, *Parlamento*, I. clxi.–clxvi.; *Archivio Triennale*, I. 52; II. xix.; Minghetti, *Ricordi*, I. 206.

[2] See above, p. 47.

[3] Brofferio, *op. cit.*, I. lxxxiv., cliii.

[1] Predari, *op. cit.*, 94; Nigra, *Cavour*, 64.

[2] Bresciani e Grossi, *Documenti . . del padre Bresciani*, quoted in Tivaroni, *Dominio austriaco*, III. 626.

CHAPTER IX

PIO NONO

JUNE 1846–DECEMBER 1847

PIUS IX.; the amnesty; the cult of Pius. Charles Albert and Pius; the Scientific Congress at Genoa. The Austro-Jesuit opposition. The Liberals in the Curia; the Moderates in Romagna; the Radicals. Tuscany: Pisa and the Jesuits; the secret press; the Florentine Liberals and the censorship. The Romans; the Council of State; the "Great Conspiracy." Metternich; OCCUPATION OF FERRARA; Charles Albert promises to help the Pope. The CITIZEN GUARD at Lucca, and Florence; the Feasts of Federation. The three progressive states; the Commercial League; Charles Albert in October. The Lunigiana question.

GREGORY had died in the summer of 1846 (June 1), neglected and unregretted, his end, it was rumoured, hastened by want of care and nourishment. The Conclave met to choose his successor on June 14. Its members were aware of the critical state of affairs; Romagna was known to be on the point of revolt, and petitions for reform, signed by thousands, came to warn or encourage them. The majority of the Sacred College hated Lambruschini and his Austrian friends, and, to exclude him from the Papacy, were willing to side with the small section of Liberal and nationalist cardinals.[1] Eager to anticipate the arrival of Gaysruck, the Archbishop of Milan, who was bearer of the Austrian veto,[2] eager, too, to escape from the sultry Roman air, the coalition sank its personal differences, and elected Cardinal Mastai-

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[1] The facts given in Bianchi, *Diplomazia,* V. 9, support the view that Mastai owed his election more to the feeling against Lambruschini, than to any Liberalism in the Conclave. See also Chaillot, *Souvenirs*, 27. Cardinal Micara is said to have observed to Lambruschini, "If God makes the election, Mastai will be chosen; if the Devil gets his finger in, it will be you or I."

[2] See above, p. 72.

Ferretti (June 17). With utmost shrinking and reluctance he was proclaimed as Pius IX. The new Pope came of an old and decayed family of Sinigaglia, long famous down to their cats, so the proverb went, for nationalist sentiment. In early life he had been destined for the army; an impressionable, delicate, disingenuous youth,[1] afterwards a fashionable but pure man of the world. Epilepsy dashed his hopes of military life; he took orders, and acquired the melodramatic fame of an Italian revivalist preacher. As bishop at Spoleto and Imola, he had dealt mercifully with the Liberals; though a patron of the Jesuits, and too much all things to all men, he won a name for graciousness and kindness and success in reconciling the opposing factions. He had read Gioberti and D'Azeglio; he had marked with indignation the political persecutions, the stifling of trade, the foolish obscurantism of the government; he believed, with such enthusiasm as he was capable of, in the future of Italy. Cultured and liberal, kindly, sensible, with considerable acuteness and a clear, forcible oratory, he might have succeeded in quieter times. An epileptic of delicate health, with more sensitiveness than depth of feeling or affection, absolutely devoid of genius, superstitious, unserious, little-minded,[2] he was no hero to steer a revolution. He was too intelligent to be altogether weak; in youth he had been known for his proud temper, and he still had an introspective obstinacy, which, though he never met opponents manfully, rarely let him yield. But he was a coward morally and intellectually; he pined for applause, he shrank from responsibilities; there was always in him something of the supple, cringing ecclesiastic. He loved a half-genuine, half-humorous self-depreciation; "My God," he said, "they want to make a Napoleon of me, who am only a poor country parson." He never fronted the situation, so long as he could drift and throw the responsibility on Providence. Feebly optimistic, with no master-grasp or foresight or caution, he refused to look below the surface, and provided for the moment.

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[1] Trollope, *Pius*, 8. He was said to be of Jewish descent: Chaillot, *op. cit.*, 29; as to whether he had been a Freemason, see Arthur, *The Pope*, I. 13 *n.*

[2] Liverani, *Il papato*, 74-75; Salvagni, *Corte romana*, III. 245; Castelli, *Ricordi*, 240.

Such was the man, who was called to decide the future destinies of the Papacy. He recognized at once that it must ally itself with Liberal Europe. He could not fail to contrast Russian persecution of Catholic Poland and evangelical intolerance in autocratic Prussia with the freedom of the Church in constitutional England and France and Belgium, or the fervid Catholicism of democratic Ireland. He inherited the traditional Roman jealousy of Austria, and the Galician massacres completed the alienation. He had studied the *Primacy*, and though far from rising to the fulness of Gioberti's conception, he wished to see the Papacy leading in the path of moderate reform. But he did not in the least realize all that lay in the Liberal movement; of the desire for political and intellectual freedom he had little comprehension; it seemed to him sufficient to abolish the crying grievances of the old order, and allow free play to trade.[1] He was indeed anxious to prove himself no obscurantist; he promised to support Scientific Congresses, and appointed a commission on railways; he marked his condemnation of Gregory's reign by granting an amnesty for political offences (July 17). But though he had decided on this from the first, he delayed its publication for a month, and clogged it with an oath, which seemed a pledge to abstain from political action.

But in spite of its defects, the amnesty was hailed through Italy with wildest acclaim. There had been amnesties before, but never one that seemed so spontaneous or harbinger of so much besides. Public opinion, steeped in Gioberti's dreams of a reforming Pope, had carefully watched the election; it grew keener when it saw Gaysruck outwitted, and a Pope elected of Liberal family and creditable antecedents. When the new reign opened with the amnesty, and 700 exiles and prisoners returning home spread the fame of their deliverer, it saw in Pius the long-expected reformer, the creator of the new Italy, the mediator between Catholicism and democracy. To the religious, impulsive, ill-educated average Italian a Pope's sympathy meant more than all the philosophy and idealism of Young Italy. Pius' presence had a magnetism on the thousands that crowded to Rome. He had a fine person and magnificent voice; in contrast with Gregory's coarse and sordid appearance, he was a gentleman in bearing and manners. His simple informal habits, his interest in every social and educational scheme, his lavish and theatrical charity, the hundred stories of his wit and kindness, strung to fever-pitch the adoration of the people. Applauding thousands followed him through the streets; festive demonstrations commemorated each day connected with his life; torchlight processions would march to the Quirinal in the warm summer nights, and the Pope from his balcony would bless the kneeling multitude. Hymns were written to him; the men wore scarves, the women ribbons of his colours; Rossini wrote a cantata in his honour; tokens of esteem came from every nation of Europe and America; even the Sultan sent his presents. "Pius," wrote Gioberti in his *Modern Jesuit*, "has reconciled men to religion by proving himself a friend of civilization," his reign "begins a new era for Italy and the world." All men bowed before the conception of a reforming Pope; and when the amnestied exiles crowded to receive the sacraments, it seemed a symbol of the dawning time, when liberty and social redemption would go hand in hand with religion and moral reform. There was a boyish enthusiasm that hoped and believed all things. The air was thick with schemes of charity and education, with projects of railways in which everybody should have shares,[1] with universal fraternity and optimism. Bologna sent to Rome its symbols of reconciliation; old trade feuds disappeared; there were solemn peace-makings between police and people. The guilds of Romagna converted themselves into mutual benefit societies, and large subscriptions were collected to found schools. Even in slow Piedmont big schemes of social construction were in the air, and a "grand Italian association" appeared on paper to reclaim the uncultivated lands of the peninsula.

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[1] Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, III. 48.

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[1] Spada, *Rivoluzione*, I. 83, and *Progetto nazionale* . . *Conti*.

To Charles Albert a reforming Pope was the strongest of encouragements. His conscience was at rest, now that he was progressing on the same road as the Head of the Church,[1] and could set the Pope's example against the warnings of confessor and Jesuits. He defied Archbishop Fransoni to do his worst. "In spite of the tiny Austrian party," he wrote, "I am firmly determined not to stop on the road of progress." Austria was threatening to occupy Romagna, and religion and patriotism made him hail the chance of championing Pius against her attacks. "The moment that Austria or Naples interferes in the Papal States," he said in October, "I shall raise the cry of independence and religion." Promises of support poured in from the richer and middle classes of Piedmont. Vercelli, followed by other cities, congratulated him on his spirited foreign policy, and hinted that the time was ripe for constitutional liberty. The Agricultural Society, smarting under the retaliatory Austrian tariff, and touched by the patriotic current, was absorbed by the topic at its annual meeting (September 7). A week later the Scientific Congress met at Genoa, and, encouraged by the King,[2] speech was free and bold. As if in national parliament, the associates discussed independence and liberty and the Italian revival. In December the government, giving itself head, allowed the Genoese to celebrate the centenary of their expulsion of the Austrians (December 5); and men's thoughts turned to the near future, when Milan and Venice in their turn might drive the foreigner out. The line of bonfires, which blazed along the Apennines into Tuscany and Romagna, was a new gage of defiance to Austria.

But though for the moment the Jesuits and reactionaries had not attempted to stem the flood, though some of them had themselves barely escaped the contagion, they quickly rallied. In Naples and Modena and the Austrian provinces reform had not dared to show its head. In Piedmont and Tuscany and Rome they were still a powerful and dangerous party, filling the public offices, controlling a large section of

[1] Della Margherita, *Memorandum*, 542.

[2] Promis, *Memorie*, 75, quoted in Gori, *Rivoluzione*. See *ib.*, 159.

the aristocracy and clergy, strong in their world-wide organization and influences, secret or overt, in every Italian Government. At Rome Pius found himself opposed by the Jesuits, the majority of the Cardinals, the great mass of at least the higher clergy, and practically the whole civil service. In his anxiety to offend no party he had decorated notorious Centurions and confirmed Gregory's most reactionary officials. It was a fatal error; in vain Rossi, the French minister at Rome, urged that a purging of the civil service must precede all reform; the Pope replied that nothing but the clearest evidence of guilt would induce him to dismiss an official. He paid the penalty of his ill-timed leniency. Orders from the Quirinal were disobeyed; the Sanfedists talked of civil war, and libelled him in their secret press.[1] The more sagacious of them knew that Pius was "straining his voice," and waited till they could persuade him that reform was a sin against the Church, and make him throw himself into their arms.

Fortunately there were more wholesome influences at the Quirinal. The Pope's brother was an old rebel and a Liberal. Father Ventura, a brave, frank, puzzled man, who had scandalized Gregory's court by his friendship for Lamennais, held up his ideal of the Church's mission for liberty and social regeneration. Rossi, whose Italian blood and repute of philosophic Liberalism combined with Jesuit hatred to win him the respect of the reformers, was Pius' trusted adviser. Corboli-Bussi, the Pope's private secretary, had, like Ventura, vague socialist enthusiasms, and was fighting the worst corruptions of the government. In August the Pope had appointed Cardinal Gizzi to be Secretary of State. Gizzi was looked to as the leader of the Liberal churchmen, and had been the popular candidate for the Papacy. In fact there was more easy tolerance than principle in his Liberalism; his years (he was nearly 90), his municipal ignorance and timidity unfitted him for a statesman's work. The demonstrations frightened him; and in October he issued a secret circular against "the noisy rejoicings of the populace," which was soon in everybody's hands and finally undid his brief popularity. The puzzled Pope tried to "reform without offending anybody." He refused to allow Bologna to invite the next Scientific Congress. He gave a general authorization of railways, and promised legal and municipal reforms (November), but at the same time he anathematized secret societies and doctrines subversive of the Temporal Power, attacking "modern progress" with all the artillery of pontifical abuse. With a nonagenarian Secretary, a vacillating Pope, a demoralized administration, the inevitable result was anarchy. The Centurions were still on their old footing, and as autumn drew on, the Romagnuol Liberals felt the assassin's knife in the unlit streets. For self-protection they demanded a citizen guard, and at Bologna and Ferrara they patrolled the streets without waiting for the government's reply. Gizzi obstinately refused his sanction, and made his tenure of office conditional on non-surrender.

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[1] Gualterio, *op. cit.*, IV. 74, 102–107; Saffi, *Scritti*, II. 36 *n.*; Gioberti, *Gesuita moderno*, V. 102; Farini, *Roman State*, I, 184; II. 74; Gori, *op. cit.*, 142, 152.

The government was growing daily weaker, Gizzi more irritated, the Pope more puzzled. "This winter," said Rossi, "the Roman government died of inertia." It had lost the authority of a settled government without gaining the vigour of a new one. It had brought none of the problems nearer solution. Had it frankly allied itself with the Moderate Liberals, it might have been irresistible.[1] But this meant the purging of the civil service and the granting of a citizen guard; and the reactionaries, working on the Pope's scruples, were able to stave both off. The Moderates for their part seemed struck with ineffectiveness. Over-confidence from the seeming triumph of their programme, trust in the Pope and unwillingness to force his hands prevented them from driving their policy home. They had been frightened by the Radicals. They shrank from the rough vigour of the new democracy; Gavazzi the friar's attacks on capital and Ventura's denunciations of the wealthy alarmed them. Fearful of Jacobinism, they shrank from touching one stone of the social edifice. Their programme was ludicrously insufficient for the present need: a reorganization of the police, the formation of a bank at Bologna, University reform, a Council of State. They gave banquets to Cobden and D'Azeglio; founded clubs and newspapers. But papers and clubs alike passed into the hands of the Radicals; and a projected movement on the lines of the Irish Repeal agitation died still-born.

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[1] Guizot, *Mémoires*, VIII. 350; Farini, *op. cit.*, I. 217.

While the governments gave no sign, and the Moderates played at programme-making, the more strenuous Liberals, seeing their hopes as far as ever from accomplishment, grew restless. Mazzini, angry as he was at the enthusiasm for the Pope and Charles Albert, recognized that his best policy was to join in the new movement and turn it to his ends. He was still prepared to sacrifice his republicanism if necessary, and accept any leader, be he Pope or King, who would declare for Unity. He instructed his friends to give the demonstrations a more definite nationalist colour;[1] and though his own personal following was small, there were many Liberals who joined in the Pius cult from a hope that the Pope and princes would come freely or perforce into a democratic movement, with constitutional government and a war with Austria as its eventual goal. They were half sincere or less in their adulation, their judgment was almost overborne by the enthusiasm; but they were determined to force the pace, and use each concession to extort new ones. Perhaps they had never faced the possibility that they must soon choose between throwing over the princes or surrendering their own ideals.

Tuscany was now the focus of discontent. But, in Giusti's phrase, though she had her feet out of bed, she still had her nightcap on. Had the government been true to its old and milder traditions, it would have needed much to rouse the country. But Corsini was dead (November 1845), and Cempini, the premier, alone preserved the policy of

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[1] Mazzini, *Duecento lettere*, 168–169, 175–177, 235, 240; Mario, *Mazzini*, 309, 311. The instructions published in Spada, *Rivoluzione*, I. 120–124, seem genuine, though their socialist colouring proves that they did not emanate from Mazzini himself.

Fossombroni's school. Renzi, the leader of the Rimini rising, was extradited (January 1846), and unwarned by the signs of rising storm, the reactionary cabinet decided to admit the Jesuits. Nothing could have touched Tuscan susceptibilities nearer the quick, and the traditional abhorrence of the Society had been intensified by their aggressive attitude in Switzerland. Defeated in an attempt to introduce them into Florence, the court tried to prepare the way for them at Pisa by inviting their inevitable forerunners, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. But Montanelli, a professor at the University, roused the students, and the sisterhood retreated before their threats (February 21, 1846). Montanelli organised the secret press into a powerful political force. Though often juvenile and exaggerated, its popular verve, its skilful appeals to all sections of Liberals, its bold and defiant circulation made it a vast and insidious influence. The police tried in vain to track it down; and its "bulletins" went through the post, were thrown into the Grand Duke's carriage, and showered in the theatres. Then came the news of Pius' accession and the Papal amnesty. Tuscany was traditionally suspicious of Rome, but the cult, sedulously preached, seized on it, leaving Niccolini to complain that his friends had been dipped in holy water. The demonstrations, that followed, found their food in the discontent, as much economic as political, which was spreading through the country. Bread riots gave the reactionaries a pretext to intrigue for an Austrian occupation; but Leopold, tender of his independence, set his face against intervention. The government tried to frighten the well-to-do classes by raising the cry of communism; but the cooler heads scoffed, and the Liberal nobles of Florence, though not endorsing all the demands of the secret press, were as insistent as the Radicals for reform of local government and the civil service. But they failed to agree on a policy. On the one hand stood the more cautious section, led by Capponi and Ridolfi, the leaders of the Georgofils; on the other, a small knot of men, who, though very far from being democrats, looked beyond administrative reform to completed social liberty and constitutional government. Their chief was Bettino Ricasoli, an austere country noble, who knew his end and went straight for it. They were a manly patriotic group, but too exclusive for a time, when compromise and discipline were all-necessary to fuse the Liberals into a solid and practical party. Both sections joined hands in demanding a relaxation of the censorship; both wished to see the secret press superseded by public journalism. But while Capponi asked for the license of a single privileged paper, which should be almost non-political, Ricasoli knew that this would satisfy nobody, and urged the necessity of allowing full freedom of the press. Cempini slowly brought the ministry to the more Liberal policy; the secret press suspended its issues to give the government free play, and both Liberal parties seized the occasion of Cobden's visit to Florence (May 1847), as the pretext of a great demonstration. The Georgofils naturally gathered to do honour to the great Free-trader, and even the ministry was forced to take a part. Four days later (May 6), the government published the new press-law, and in a few weeks it promised a Council of State and reforms in law and local government. But the hampering provisions of the press-law only proved how unequal the ministry was to its task. Concessions, grudgingly and tardily made, though welcomed with noisy insincerity, failed to win real gratitude, and encouraged further agitation. The middle classes were calling for power to organize a national guard that would protect property against bread riots and possible anarchist outbreaks. Baldasseroni, the Minister of Justice, a sincere, hard-working official, was masking himself behind the projects of reform, and probably intended to stultify them in the execution.[1] The people grew more and more suspicious, and when a law appeared early in June to regulate public demonstrations, their contemptuous disregard made it a dead letter.

Meanwhile the Pope's subjects in their turn were growing impatient. Dimly conscious of what was going on, they alternated between depression and fresh bursts of enthusiasm and hope. Their reverence for the Pope was indeed unshaken. His reactionary Encyclicals passed hardly noticed; the old loyalty and new radicalism of the Romans, and the calculated praise of their leaders had raised him to a pedestal, from which it was impossible for him at once to displace himself. His cosmopolitan fame threw a reflected lustre on the city. The Sultan's envoy, the English Queen's letter, the thanks of the famine-stricken Irish stirred its pride. But expectations were high, and reforms, which would have satisfied a year ago, were scorned as unequal to the times. There was keen disappointment at the rejection of the prayer for a citizen guard, at the delays in legal reform and railway construction. In Romagna the old threats of secession were heard again. The Romans fixed the responsibility of the delay with accuracy enough on the Cardinals and Jesuits, and in the spring ominous cheers were heard for "Pius, but not the others." The Jesuits, they believed, were plotting the Pope's death; and when he visited their college, the crowd shouted, "Holy Father, don't take their chocolate." The demonstrations were changing their character. Though still with more or less sincerity made in honour of the Pope, they were becoming clamorous for reform and war. The leaders intended them to intimidate the government. The prime mover was a self-confident, genial blacksmith, Angelo Brunetti, nicknamed Ciceruacchio, who posed as the Pope's personal friend, and whose brawny, genuine personality marked him out for a popular leader. He preached unity and virtue in honest melodrama; and though the nobles flattered him, and Lord Minto compared him to Horatius, the pride of the Roman artisan saved him from being spoilt. There was need of such a man, for every day it was more difficult to prevent impatience from degenerating into disorder. Pius was alarmed, and dearly as he loved his popularity, was disposed to draw back. He was irritated at the opposition of the court, but lacked courage to cow it down.[1] The work of reform dragged slowly along; and new promises, procrastinated in their turn, only quickened hopes that were not intended to be realized. Still some progress was made. In March (1847), a press law abolished the preventive censorship, which had for some months past been practically in abeyance, but it limited criticism of contemporary politics, and, like its Tuscan counterpart, satisfied nobody and became a dead letter. In April the Pope promised a Council of State, to be nominated by the Provincial Councils and have a considerable voice in legislation and finance. In June a ministerial cabinet was appointed in place of the old irregular system, and though it was composed exclusively of ecclesiastics, it seemed an advance towards popular institutions. But the government wrecked any chance of recovering ground by coupling its reforms with irritating freaks of coercion. Gizzi protested officially against anti-Austrian theories, which forgot that the Pope was "father of all Christians, to whatever part of the world they belonged." Ventura was assailed for his funeral oration on O'Connell (who had died at Genoa on his way to Rome), in which he condemned passive obedience, and held up for model the "amorous and legal agitation" of the great Irishman. Gavazzi, a Barnabite friar, who had been preaching somewhat incendiary sermons, was forbidden to mention the name of Italy.

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[1] Montanelli, *Memorie*, I. 282; Zobi, *Storia*, V. 106.

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[1] Guizot, *Mémoires*, VIII. 357–358; Cibrario, *Notizie*, 61.

But the Moderates under D'Azeglio's leadership were at last agitating with some vigour; and the ministry, following too late Rossi's advice, hoped to win them by a decree to form a citizen guard (June 30),[1] though the resolution entailed Gizzi's resignation. They probably thought that an armed middle class was their best bulwark against popular pressure on the one hand, and Austrian or Sanfedist plots on the other. For the moment the latter seemed more imminent. Sanfedist intrigues had long been busy both at Rome and in the Legations. There had been apparently concerted attacks on the Liberals at Parma and Lucca and Siena; and some of the bolder partisans talked of a *coup d'état*. Whether there was any substance in it may be doubted; but real or pretended disclosures made even level-headed men believe in a "great conspiracy,"[2] and Rome was frenzied with terror and suspicion. Austria, it was thought not without ground, was behind the Sanfedists, and visions of massacre scared the citizens. Ciceruacchio and his men were masters of the city and issued hysterical versions of the plot. The Pope, though sceptical, hurried on the organization of the citizen guard, ordered the disbanding of the Centurions, and arrested such of the Sanfedist suspects as did not fly. Cardinals and priests, infected with the enthusiasm or bowing to the storm, collected subscriptions for the patriotic cause. The ranks of the citizen guard filled rapidly, and Rome was too serious or frightened to laugh at their odd semi-civil equipment. Cardinal Ferretti, who had succeeded Gizzi, sealed their enthusiasm by appealing to them to "show Europe that we can manage by ourselves." Ferretti, who was the Pope's cousin, had been an Austrian spy, and his sincerity may be doubted.[1] But his brother Pietro had played an honourable part in the Revolution of 1831, and now moulded his policy to Liberalism. For the moment the Cardinal's popularity was unbounded, and the government's decree to form a camp of observation at Forlì seemed to show that for the moment it and the people were reconciled.

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[1] D'Azeglio, *L'Italie*, 11–16; Coppi, *Annali*, IX. 104–107.

[2] Farini, *op. cit.*, I. 229, 235–241; Spada, *op. cit.*, I. 256; Guizot, *op. cit.* VIII. 359; Saffi, *op. cit.*, II. 84–88; D'Ideville, *Rossi*, 168; Gabussi, *Memorie*,

A week before there had been a possibility that in the constitutional struggle the national question might be forgotten. Now Austrian impatience once more brought government and people into line in defence of Italian Independence. Metternich had watched the course of events with disquietude. In his system "a Liberal Pope was an impossibility"; now fronted by one, he declared it "the greatest misfortune of the age." Austrian influences had failed to stem the Italian movement, and Metternich, at last realizing the strength of the ideal that faced him,

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I. 75; La Farina, *Storia*, III. 43–44; De Boni, *Congiura di Roma*, 49 *et alibi;* Gori, *Rivoluzione*, 242; Correspondence—Italy, I. 60–61; Niccolini, *Pontificate*, 16; Gaiani, *Roman Exile*, 355; Campanella, *My Life*, 217; D'Azeglio, *L'Italie*, 19. Saffi in his *History of the Roman Republic* (*op. cit.*, II. 58–59), asserts relations between Gizzi and the Sanfedist conspirator Alpi, but I know of no evidence to support it.

[1] *Archivio Triennale*, I. 8; Saffi, *op. cit.*, II. 81–82.

confessed that it was "a sorry task to fight with unsubstantial things."[1] In vain he had tried to frighten the Pope with the phantasm of Protestantism, and the Grand Duke by predictions that the national movement must end in a republic. After endeavouring equally in vain to attach Charles Albert by a promise of support against his own subjects, he set his agents at work to libel the King.[2] When the promise of a citizen guard at Rome was followed by a renewed agitation in Tuscany, he wrote an angry note, threatening occupation if the guard were conceded, and sent a copy to the Turin court. At the time of the Conclave he had only been prevented by French threats from occupying Romagna, and now again he hinted at intervention if the Liberal movement went further, provoking Palmerston into a threat to send the English fleet to Trieste, and even drawing from Guizot a warning that he would land French troops in the Papal States.[3] But Metternich threw prudence to the winds. Had he had his own way, he would have made a strong military demonstration on the Po, as a threat to Rome;[4] defeated in this by his colleagues, he was driven back on a smaller move. On the very day for which the Sanfedist conspiracy was supposed to have been planned, the Austrians, with much offensive parade, poured a large reinforcement into the citadel of Ferrara, which they garrisoned by treaty rights. After a curt refusal from Rome to allow them to enter Romagna, the Ferrara garrison, acting on a forced interpretation of a treaty clause, patrolled the streets of the city itself (August 6), and a week later definitely occupied it. A thrill of indignation ran through Italy at the insult offered to the Pope, and the plain proof of Austria's intention to veto the hopes of the nation. The Liberals closed up their ranks. Moderates like D'Azeglio and Balbo called for resolute measures. Far away in Montevideo, Garibaldi, whose legion's heroism had rung through the world, wrote to the Pope, offering its services in his defence. Wrath, panic, the fear of invasion loosed the tide, and swept the princes more or less reluctantly with it. The Pope, whose fixed idea (save, perhaps, in rare moments of Liberal expansion[1]), was to preserve the integrity of his dominions, was indignant at the infringement on his independence and hinted at excommunication. At the same time he sent a messenger to Charles Albert, to ask whether he could count on his protection.

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[1] He was still in August 1847 talking about Italy being a geographical expression.

[2] Correspondence—Italy, I. 34; Gualterio, *op. cit.*, IV. 283; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 58.

[3] Correspondence—Italy, I. 89, 157–158, 178, 240; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, V. 61, 81; Metternich, *Mémoires*, VII. 415–422.

[4] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, V. 399; Hübner, *Une année*, 18.

All through the spring and summer Charles Albert had been gravitating to the Liberal camp. He had steadily developed his economic policy, preparing the ground for the Lukmanier railway, and negotiating for the Anglo-Indian mail. Though inconsistent as ever, he was still subsidising the Sonderbund, the railway convention with republican Switzerland was hailed as an earnest of his growing Liberalism. Irritated by Austrian intrigues with the Cantons, angry and indignant at her note on the citizen guard, he drew nearer to the nationalists. Their books and papers were allowed to circulate; the Torinese were permitted to subscribe to the sword of honour, which was to be presented to Garibaldi on his expected return; the King himself had interviews with the conspirators of Milan.[2] When the news came of the occupation of Ferrara, even Della Margherita bowed to the storm of indignation that swept in from the other states. The King could not be deaf to the national voice, which hailed him "sword of Italy"; he more than responded to the outburst, and when the Pope's message came, wrote back, that, come what might, he would never part his cause from that of Pius. When the Agricultural Society met at Casale on the anniversary of the Pope's amnesty, he sent an open letter, proclaiming himself the champion of the Guelf cause, and declaring that "if God permitted a war for the freedom of Italy, he would place himself at the head of his army."[3] It was his first public allusion to war; and the associates, Piedmontese, Genoese, Lombards, Parmesans, Romans, replied with enthusiastic promises of help and pleadings for a citizen guard. The whole country was stirred to a fervour strange to Piedmont, and all classes vied in offering life and substance for the national cause.

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[1] Rusconi, *Memorie*, 28; Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 84.

[2] See below, p. 194.

[3] Bianchi, *Carlo Alberto*, 46; Ricasoli, *Lettere*, I. 277.

In Tuscany and Lucca the excitement took form in an ever angrier demand for a citizen guard. Probably every revolution since the Irish movement of 1779 has recognized, that when it has put arms in the people's hands, it has triumphed more certainly than by winning representative institutions. The Italians knew well that the arming of a citizen guard made despotism henceforth impossible. To the propertied classes, too, it was a guarantee against possible anarchy and all the turbulence that was working below the surface. But at this moment it was neither as a weapon against despotism nor against socialism that the people called for it. They wanted arms to defend their country; visions of an armed people driving the Austrians before them came into men's minds. Tuscany was as exposed as Romagna to an Austrian invasion, and the occupation of Ferrara gave point to Metternich's threats. While Florence answered by a small but angry demonstration, Lucca took a stronger line. The Lucchese had been closely watching the course of events in Tuscany, but the whimsical, dissolute Duke had learnt nothing from the omens. Deaf to the warnings of Ward, who had learnt the ways of courts and proved himself a sagacious and cautious adviser, he met the outcry, that came from every class, with the boast that "Bourbon princes sacrifice their thrones rather than their principles." But the exasperation, which followed the arrest of some popular Liberals, frightened him into permitting the enrolment of a citizen guard (September 1), and a few days later he fled from the Duchy. Early in October, rejecting the Duke of Modena's advice to call in the Austrians, he sold his life-interest to Tuscany, and abdicated.

The Tuscan government realized that when the guard was once permitted at Lucca, it was no longer safe to refuse it in Tuscany, and the Grand Duke, touched by the wave of national enthusiasm and half-impatient of Austrian tutelage, granted it on September 4, though a few days later the feeble, puzzled man wrote to assure the Emperor of his unalterable attachment.[1] But nothing was known of the letter, and a flood of fervid patriotism swept over the country, bursting down the old local rivalries. Florence sent back to Pisa the harbour chains, which for over 200 years had hung before the Baptistery as the sign of victory over her ancient enemy. The tricolor[2] had floated at Lucca, and the people took it for a sign that they had reached some promised land of reconciliation and freedom. The enthusiasm seized on all—old and young, priests and soldiers, nobles and people. Each city had its "federal festival"; the country towns followed, and from the villages men and women and children trooped in with songs and flying banners, their priests at their head, fervid against the sacrilegious invader of Ferrara. At Florence a monster procession defiled before the Pitti Palace, and cried for death to the Austrian and alliance with Rome.[3] But behind the enthusiasm for the Pope and the national cause lay a deep distrust of the government, which made the festivities easily lapse into disorder. Leghorn was, not for the first time, in riot (September 22), and so impressed had its governor, the younger Corsini, been by the temper of the city, that he urged in the cabinet, that nothing less than a constitution could lay the discontent. Corsini's boldness cost him his seat in the ministry, but the Grand Duke saw that he must win the Moderate Liberals; and dismissing the most unpopular of the old ministers, he gave portfolios to Ridolfi and Serristori.

Thus the occupation of Ferrara had gone far to relieve the strain in the three progressive states. By the strange alchemy of circumstances the Liberal movement had come for the moment to appear as the champion of the Temporal Power; the reform and nationalist causes were even more indissolubly blended, and both wore the halo of the Church's blessing. To a cool observer indeed the situation must have appeared full of peril. Confidence and distrust still struggled for mastery. The friends of the old system filled the civil service, and threw a thousand obstacles in the working of the new laws. The popular demands were growing in ever increasing ratio, and the press, which had leapt into active life in Tuscany and the Papal States, was likely to force the pace still more; while the riots at Leghorn and Ciceruacchio's demonstrations at Rome pointed to forces, already dimly seen and feared, which might hurry reform into revolution. Already civil blood had been spilt in Calabria.[1]

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[1] La Varenne, *L'Italie Centrale*, 49, quoting from Guerrazzi. I am a little suspicious of the authority.

[2] The Italian tricolor is said to have been derived from Masonic colours, and to have been adopted as early as 1796.

"Il verde, la speme tant' anni pasciuta;
Il roseo, la gioia d'averla compiuta;
Il bianco, la fede fraterna d'amor."—*Berchet.*

[3] See Mrs. Browning, *Casa Guidi Windows.*

But on the surface Italy seemed as one against Austria. Everything pointed to an early war. The agitation had begun at Milan and Venice, and the only question was whether the governments or the revolution would lead the nation to the field. The shadow of the coming struggle impelled the Liberals to draw the three progressive states together in some form of alliance. A steady growth of belief in Free Trade[2] suggested a Commercial League after the precedent of the German Zollverein, and such a league, if not yet ostensibly political, would be a warning to Metternich, and pledge the three governments yet further to a nationalist policy. Pius, still smarting at the occupation of Ferrara, eagerly took up a scheme which would relieve him of much of his responsibility, and assure him the protection of the Piedmontese army, should the Austrians again threaten to occupy Romagna. To propose its formation, he sent Corboli-Bussi to Turin, where he was enthusiastically welcomed, while the Grand Duke sent word that he would not be slow to ally himself with Rome and Piedmont in the defence of Italian nationality.

Corboli-Bussi was ably seconded by Lord Minto, whom

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[1] See below, p. 203.

[2] Mittermeier, *Condizioni*, 60; see Salis-Schwabe, *Richard Cobden*.

Palmerston, strongly in sympathy with the Liberal movement, had sent on a roving commission to observe how matters were developing. Minto, while insisting that England would sanction no territorial changes, encouraged the governments to persevere in a policy of reform and independence. He found Charles Albert once more paralyzed by indecision. As was habitual with him after any decided step, he was exhausted and ill after the Casale letter. The government was not ready for war. The King was still entangled in the Jesuit net.[1] Alarmed lest the excitement and disorder of Tuscany should spread to Piedmont, he had allowed his police to charge a crowd which had met to hear Rossini's Hymn to Pius sung in public. A formal complaint against their conduct, though few dared to sign, marked the beginning of public agitation. Villamarina added his protest, and lost his office for it. But the King still gave him his confidence, and Della Margherita, after much disingenuous treatment from the King, was forced to follow him into retirement (October 9). The same uncertainty marked the King's attitude to the Commercial League. To accede to it seemed the pendant of his message to the Pope in August, but, though he was still forward to champion Pius, he appeared indifferent to the League, except so far as it would promote the political lead of Piedmont, and he asked for terms to which neither Tuscany nor Rome could agree.[2] In vain Minto urged the completion of a simple defensive alliance; it was not till November that even the principles of a commercial treaty were agreed upon, and meanwhile Charles Albert's obstinacy had implanted in the Pope a prejudice which never left him.

But the King was already veering again. A popular song on the *Rè Tentenna* (the Wobbling King) fell into his hands; he was roused and shamed, and returned to his old attitude. He saw that the temper of the people was too high to be trifled with; he was anxious to forestall any forcing of his hands. And however fearful he may still have been of the ultimate outcome of the movement, he had

[1] Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 757.
[2] Correspondence—Italy, I. 193; *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 265.

no rooted prejudice against administrative reforms, which might be regarded merely as the complement of his earlier work. At the end of October a decree was published with a long list of reforms in law and local government and police, in public health and the censorship, followed soon after by the organisation of an Education Department, and the civil emancipation of the Protestants. The reforms, extensive as they were, fell short of what the times needed, but they were welcomed with a delirium of joy. Festivities on the Tuscan model were held in every town and village. Old hatreds, local rivalries, the cares of business went forgotten; even stalwart radicals, who remembered 1833, could not resist the intoxication, and staid Piedmont abandoned itself to a millennium of effusive fraternity. A great demonstration was organised at Turin (November 3), and the King, after hesitation, rode through the cheering crowds, silent, pale, apparently untouched. His annual journey to Genoa was one series of ovations, and there a yet more imposing reception awaited him. But the temper of the Genoese was clear. They prayed for amnesty for the Mazzinians and the expulsion of the Jesuits; cries were heard of "Cross the Ticino, and we will all be with you." The King took fright again; below the cheers for himself he fancied he could hear murmured applause of Mazzini, and he cooled the ardour of the city by an order discountenancing public meetings. Another great reception was prepared for his return to Turin, but the King, wretchedly ill, and dreading petitions for further reforms, drove rapidly through the streets in a closed carriage, and made the disappointed crowds a grudging and hurried acknowledgment from his palace balcony.

But he was still resolved to fight, if Austria made a forward move,[1] and in the general unrest, with the occupation of Ferrara galling all Central Italy, an accident nearly precipitated the struggle. The Duchess of Parma, Napoleon's widow, had died (October 17), and by the terms of the Treaty of Florence, the Duke of Lucca succeeded to her throne, while Lucca passed to Tuscany, and the outlying Tuscan districts of the Lunigiana, west of the Modenese and

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[1] Ricasoli, *Lettere*, I. 276.

Parmesan Apennines, were to be divided between the two contiguous Duchies. The reluctance of their inhabitants to exchange the mild rule of Tuscany for despotism won the strong sympathy of Tuscans and Lucchese. The Florentine government delayed cession, till the young Duke Francis V. of Modena, who had succeeded his father a year before, grew impatient, and occupied Fivizzano early in November (November 5). There was fatal fighting in the streets, and the excitement at Florence nearly drove Tuscany into war. But cooler counsels prevailed, and an arrangement was patched up, which saved Tuscan dignity. Austria was apparently anxious to avoid the conflict,[1] the Duke of Modena talked of joining the Commercial League, and after countless protocols and notes, Metternich yielded to the threatening signs and Palmerston's strong pressure, and withdrew his troops from the city of Ferrara (December 16).

[1] Metternich, *op. cit.*, VII. 473-474; Ricasoli, *op. cit.*, I. 274.

CHAPTER X

THE CONSTITUTIONS

1847—MARCH 1848

Europe at the beginning of 1848. Schemes of war in Italy. The Lombard revival; the railway question; Lombardy in 1847; the Romilli demonstration; Nazari's petition; Manin at Venice; Radetzky; THE TOBACCO RIOTS. The constitutional question; the economic question; the bread riots; revolt of Leghorn. The Constitutionalists; in Tuscany; in Piedmont; Cavour. Naples and Sicily; the rising in Calabria; Moderates and Radicals at Naples; SICILIAN REVOLUTION. THE CONSTITUTION in Naples; in Piedmont; in Tuscany; at Rome; the "Statutes"; theocracy and constitution at Rome.

THE year 1848 opened through all Europe with the presentiment of coming change. The Home Rule agitations in Hungary and Bohemia and the feud between Magyars and Croatians threatened the Austrian Empire with disruption. The summoning of the Prussian Diet, its hot quarrel with the government and speedy dissolution had roused all Germany to a constitutional struggle. In France the fiasco of the Spanish marriages and the daily evidence of Orleanist corruption had discredited Louis Philippe and Guizot, and encouraged Liberals and Socialists to an attack, which was to prove victorious sooner than they dreamt. England had just seen the victory of the Anti-Corn-Law League, looked up to as a model by the Liberals of all Europe, and was still agitated to its depths by the Chartists. In Italy, Austria was making treaties with the Duchies of the Po, which would reduce them to practical dependence. On the other hand Piedmont, Tuscany, and Rome were pledged to a policy that meant defiance to the Empire. No reform was safe till the Austrians were driven from Lombardy and Venetia; and even Naples, occupied with its own special problems, and feeling the Austrian influence comparatively slightly, had put its Liberals in line with those of the rest of Italy. Much had happened lately to drive home the conviction that Austria must be fought; Metternich's notes to Tuscany and Piedmont, the events of Ferrara, the Duke of Modena's boast that he had an army at call across the Po were so many precursors of battle. That war would come, and that the Austrians would be expelled, was a belief almost universal, whether it came by the help of a foreign power, or by the armies of the Italian princes, or by a great uprising of the people.

Of foreign help indeed there was small expectation at the moment. Louis Philippe had taken Metternich for his pedagogue, and warned Charles Albert not to count on French assistance; and though he would tolerate no Austrian intervention in the Papal States, he was indignant at Palmerston's patronage of the nationalists.[1] English sympathy was warm for Italy, but Palmerston, though he genuinely shared in it, would give no more than the vaguest hints of alliance, and was doing all he could to hold back Piedmont from war.[2] There was indeed little inclination to look abroad for help. Young Italy and the Piedmontese statesmen were at one at least in this, and Charles Albert had voiced the feeling of the nation, when he endorsed the phrase that "Italy would do her own work."[3] In spite of English influence and Austrian intrigues, his better instincts for national redemption and his poor cares for the safety of his crown made him face closer and closer the contingency of war. The Italians believed that the other princes, except in Modena and Parma, would join their armies to his. The belief was born of the unthinking optimism of the time. The Pope was declaring even now that he would have no war on any terms. Ferdinand of Naples was too remote, too jealous of Piedmont, too sympathetic with Austrian despotism, to be a willing partner in the struggle. Only the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was at the mercy of the popular tide and had his small grievances against Austria, was likely to fight by the side of the King of Piedmont. But the enthusiasm took little count of the enemy's strength or its own apparent weakness. Memories of the past, faith in the future of Italy, confidence that the Pope's blessing would descend on the Italian hosts gave the fervour of a crusade to the coming struggle.

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[1] Guizot, *Mémoires*, VIII. 402–403; Id., *Histoire parlementaire*, IV. 555; V. 542, 552; D'Haussonville, *Politique extérieure*, II. 233–244; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 33, 404. I think that Poggi (*Storia*, II. 538–539) has shown reason to doubt the accuracy of the secret treaty between France and Austria (March 1847), referred to in Hillebrand *Geschichte Frankreichs*, II. 682–683. It is probable that there were *pourparlers*, but that nothing was concluded; its principal provision was that France consented to the sole intervention of Austria, if complications took place in Italy. See above, p. 183.

[2] Ashley, *Palmerston*, I. 64; Martin, *Prince Consort*, I. 429; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, V. 81, 92.

[3] *Italia farà da sè;* see Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 230.

All eyes were fixed on Lombardy as the seat of the coming war; and the Lombards themselves, impatient for the fight, were already in a state of semi-revolt. For some years past the educated classes had been slowly weaning themselves from the unreal epicurean life, which had stifled their political interests. Some of the younger nobles, imitating the Georgofils, threw themselves into mild philanthropic schemes, and their literary organ, the *Rivista Europea*, dared to speak of the brotherhood of Italians and the impotence of coercion to crush the spirit of freedom. More or less distinct from them, a more thoroughgoing and popular school gathered round Correnti and Cattaneo, the editor of the *Politecnico*. Correnti, in a clandestine pamphlet,[1] challenged the government on the treatment of its Italian provinces, and proved to the satisfaction of his countrymen that they had unjust measure meted them in their share of Imperial taxation.[2] Cattaneo was less advanced on the nationalist question than the Liberal nobles; but in social and industrial matters his review was bold and outspoken, fearlessly analyzing the industrial conditions of the country, and giving voice to theories of reform and freedom, that were incompatible with Austrian despotism. But Cattaneo's timidity on the point of independence could not satisfy the mass of young lawyers and doctors, who, though they had discarded the ritual of Young Italy, accepted Mazzini's

[1] *L'Austria e la Lombardia.*

[2] See above, p. 53.

nationalist programme. Men like these did their best in a dark hour to keep alive the flame by clandestine publications of liberal books, by organizing a polemic of wall writings, by quiet work among the artizans and peasants.

But it was the Piedmontese school that gave Lombard patriotism its bottom. Some of the Milanese nobles owned properties in Piedmont, and divided their lives between Turin and Milan. The tradition of a North Italian kingdom under the House of Savoy had survived the discomfitures of 1814 and 1821, and it only needed Charles Albert's signal to give it life again. The tariff war of 1846 brought the occasion, and the nobles made cautious overtures to the King, which at all events were not entirely rejected.[1] Torelli wrote of the Kingdom of North Italy, and tried to rouse Charles Albert with the tempting bait. Home questions helped to stir the public. In 1837 the government had sanctioned the laying of a railway between Milan and Venice; and an angry controversy arose whether the Milan-Brescia section should pass by Bergamo or Treviglio. The majority of the Italian shareholders favoured the more direct route by Treviglio; and the eloquence of a young Venetian barrister, Daniel Manin, brought the dispute into national prominence, and made it a battleground between government and people. Manin, who, like Disraeli, came of a Venetian Jew stock, took as his motto that it is "perhaps never right for a nation to resign itself to misfortune," and found his political model in the legal agitations of O'Connell and the Anti-Corn-Law League. It was impossible, he believed, to fight Austria, except in the event of an European upheaval; and meanwhile organized opposition would train the people and secure respect for Italy. His opportunity had come, and he fearlessly bearded the Imperial Commissioner. Encouraged by his novel boldness, the Milanese and Venetian shareholders came into line, and after years of controversy their united vote carried the day. It was the beginning of revolution; the government had its first check, and Venice and Milan at last joined hands.[2]

[1] Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, I. 445–447; Bonfadini, *Mezzosecolo*, 227; Senior, *Journals*, I. 297; Pinelli, *Storia*, III. 179.

[2] Before 1848 the line was finished from Milan to Treviglio and from Mestre to Vicenza. It was not open throughout till 1857.

It was now the summer of 1847. Lombardy and Venetia had been stirred to their depths. The fervour which Pius had called out, the outcry at the occupation of Ferrara, the call for Independence had their echoes in the down-trodden Austrian provinces. In the country the peasants were at last beginning to stir; in the towns the nobles and Radicals were drawing together. The priests dragged forward their differences with the government, the communal councils stood up to the officials, the mountain peasantry defied the forest laws. The Austrians were boycotted in high society, and not even an Archduke could find an Italian partner at a ball. At the Scientific Congress, which met this year at Venice (September 1847), nationalist sentiment cropped up from each discussion on railways or industry or literature. But something bigger and more obvious was needed to take the public eye. Archbishop Gaysruck had died, and the government hoped to win popularity by appointing an Italian to the vacant see. Their nominee, Romilli, had little to recommend him either as patriot or prelate, but it sufficed that he was an Italian, and Milan gave him a reception worthy of the Ambrosian see (September 5). Its enthusiasm and unanimity maddened the authorities, and when, three days later, the festivities were repeated, the police drew their swords on the peaceful holiday crowd, and for days the troops patrolled the streets, hustling and provoking the citizens. The bloodshed, the insult to church and city finally won the masses of Milan to the cause; and even the magistrates, scandalized by the brutal effrontery, acquitted the men who had been arrested at the demonstrations. The government realized that it was face to face with a serious movement, but it entirely miscalculated its strength; and Metternich, though he was intending to make considerable reforms, thought that the main grievance against the government was that it "had bored" the Milanese.

He found himself fronted by another and more embarrassing phase of opposition. However comatose the Congregations might seem, they were still the one existing fragment of representative institutions, the one hope of those who, while deprecating separation from the Empire, wanted administrative reform and some measure of Home Rule.[1] Nazari, the delegate of Bergamo, presented to the Central Congregation of Lombardy a petition which, taking the general discontent for its text, asked for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into its causes and draft a memorial to the Emperor. The petitions which came in its wake from the Provincial Congregations were careful to disclaim disloyalty; nothing was said of constitutional changes; they asked for only the most obvious and necessary reforms. Tommaseo at Venice claimed freedom of the press, in virtue of the unrepealed law of 1815; and though Manin, outstripping the Lombards, petitioned the Venetian Congregation to claim Home Rule and "a genuine national representation," the whole movement kept within the bounds of strict legality.

The government was puzzled how to act, and had the matter rested with the Congregations and the civil authorities, compromise might have been possible. But the control of events was fast slipping from both. The police and military, stung by the new spirit of defiance, were eager to bring the crisis to a head. Radetzky, the commander-in-chief, a hale veteran of eighty years, was a true type of the brutal pretorian spirit of the Austrian army. "Three days of blood," he is reported to have said, "will give us thirty years of peace." Rainerio, the Viceroy, and Spaur, the Governor of Milan, pleaded for gentler methods; but the former was an amiable cypher, and neither was a match for the military party, which had won the Viennese cabinet to its views. If only the Milanese could be goaded into violence, Radetzky would have a case for demanding reinforcements, and hold the country down under an overpowering force. The Milanese gave him the excuse he wanted. The bloodshed in September had only roused them, and all through the autumn they had carried on a half-jocular game of bluff with the police.

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[1] Bonfadini, *op. cit.*, 242; *Indirizzo degli Italiani*, 8 (according to Gori, written by Correnti); Gori, *Rivoluzione*, 116. Compare the sudden importance given to the French *parlements* before the Revolution, and to the Provincial Estates of Lower Austria in March 1848.

Actresses wore ribbons or bouquets of the colours of the tricolor; the street-boys chaffed the soldiers; the Hymn to Pius was sung or whistled at every corner. By Christmas the leaders thought the time was ripe to pit the city openly against the government. They remembered the Boston tea-riots, and two similar incidents in the history of their own city. If they could stop the use of tobacco, they would deal a serious blow to Austrian finance, and prove to what sacrifices the cigar-loving Italian was prepared to go. They appealed to the Milanese to cease smoking with the New Year, for "tobacco ill-mated the sweet odours of Italian flowers."[1] On the first two days of January the streets of Milan were almost innocent of smoke, and the few who appeared with cigars were hooted or hustled. The military saw their chance. Huge distributions of cigars were made, it is said, to the garrison, and officers and soldiers puffed their abundant smoke in the faces of passers-by. When the grim joke was resented, Radetzky showed his teeth. Cavalry charged at the unarmed crowd; workmen returning to their homes were bayoneted; several citizens were killed, over fifty wounded. Milan replied with one voice to the outrage; even the nobles and civil servants could keep silence no longer; high officials protested or resigned, and the Archbishop prayed in the Cathedral that their rulers might learn humanity. The Viceroy tried to throw oil on the troubled waters; but the Emperor published a threatening edict, and Radetzky expanded it into an inflammatory appeal to his troops. The day for compromise had passed; there was no more play in the movement; army and people stood at bay.

The Tobacco Riots sent an angry thrill through Italy; but it was felt that the time for war was still not come, and the indignation failed to distract attention from the constitutional question. All through this period the nationalist and reform movements are inextricably bound together, incessantly reacting on one another, each sympathizing with the other's every advance or rebuff. Till lately, though Gioberti had spoken guardedly of representative institutions in his *Prolegomeni*, the reformers had asked only for administrative change. Nothing marks more the conservative character of the movement, or differentiates it more widely from the Carbonaro Revolutions, than the silence which had hitherto been kept as to parliamentary government. The Moderates had made it their first axiom to work with the princes; down to the occupation of Ferrara there seemed no hope of winning a constitution from Pius or Leopold or Charles Albert, and little had been thought and less said about one. The Liberals had concentrated themselves on the three points of liberty of the press, a citizen guard, and a Council of State. They had now won these in Tuscany and the Papal States; and though Piedmont still had no citizen guard, everybody knew that it could only be for a short time. Apparently the country was satisfied with these concessions. The Mazzinians were more intent for the moment on war with Austria than on popular government. The masses were inclined to demonstrate in honour of reforms gained rather than agitate for new ones. Despite the scarcity, ever fresh rejoicings made honour to the Pope. To men bred under despotism it seemed that for a government will and accomplishment were one, and the easy Italian nature turned to play.

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[1] Correspondence—Italy, II. 10.

But everything was tending to bring the constitutional question to the front; and the half-heartedness of the government in their reforms might at any moment force it into prominence. The executives were paralyzed, or feebly trying to neutralize the new liberties in practice. And while the breach between government and Liberals was slowly widening, there had been ugly incidents that made the mass of law-abiding men doubt the ability of their rulers to cope with revolutionary outbreaks, and drove them to look for safety in a middle-class parliament. They had been scared by an angry and swelling note from men who cared little for politics, but felt the cruel pressure of the social system. There was little theoretic socialism; there was a good deal of practical economic discontent. The winter had been very severe, and had even killed many of the olives. The freeing of the English and Irish markets had diverted corn to them, and raised its price. At Genoa there was sharp distress and acute feeling of the workmen against their masters; at Florence the artizans in the tenement-houses struck against the prepayment of rent. Bread-riots increased in frequency and intensity. At Como and Laveno there were scenes that recalled the *Promessi Sposi.* In the rural districts of Tuscany the depression fell heavily on the small farmers and their labourers, and agitators of whatever camp were not slow to turn it to their uses. At Cortona, Pistoia, Prato, and across the Apennines into Romagna, bakers' shops were plundered, while the police looked on. The riots were universally believed to be the work of Austrian or Sanfedist agents,[1] and the well-to-do feared, or professed to fear, a repetition of the Galician massacres.[2]

There was more serious business at Leghorn. The city had always kept its distinctness from Tuscany; and its vigorous, tenacious people, restless with fluctuations of trade, had learnt a passionate democracy from Guerrazzi and his ally, the pork-butcher, Bartelloni. The latter was the cunning and audacious "cat" of the popular admiration, the enthusiastic hatcher of a scheme for tumbling the Italian thrones.[3] Guerrazzi had scented the coming fray, and thrown himself again into the political life, which he had left, with all his uncompromising vigour. The idol of the people, to the middle classes he was the sinister herald of revolution and communism, and he reciprocated their hatred with more dignity, but equal intensity. All through the autumn the excitement had grown at Leghorn, as the Lunigiana question raised the spectre of invasion, and the government delayed to arm the citizen guard. Two days after the Tobacco Riots the crowd seized the city. Guerrazzi was called in to still the storm he had helped to raise, and became dictator of what was to all intents an insurrectionary movement. But there was little sympathy for it in the rest of Tuscany. At Leghorn itself the separatists were in a minority; and Ridolfi, knowing he had public opinion behind him, refused to compromise, and advanced with a force which frightened down opposition.

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[1] Gualterio, *op. cit.*, III. 302; Coppi, *Annali*, IX. 122; Saffi, *Scritti*, II. 40; Gori, *op. cit.*, 176.

[2] In 1846 the peasants of Galicia massacred their landlords and the well-to-do. The landlords had threatened revolt, and it was generally believed that the government had instigated the peasants.

[3] Montanelli, *Memorie*, I. 47, 251; Coppi, *op. cit.*, IX. 24. Was he or "B. G." of Dandolo's *Italian Volunteers* the original of Meredith's Barto Rizzo?

The Leghorn revolt emphasized the instability of a rule, which courted disturbances and had little strength to resist them. The cry for parliamentary government rapidly gained force. In the Papal States, indeed, even men, who were afterwards democrats, saw all the difficulty of reconciling representative institutions and the theocracy.[1] In Tuscany there was no such problem, and already at the time of the Florence demonstration there had been a certain feeling, though apparently not a strong one, in favour of a constitution. The demand came chiefly from thoughtful politicians like the younger Corsini and Guerrazzi, who realized much sooner than the masses did the impossibility that reform should stop at any half-way house of administrative change. The question had been overshadowed by the Lunigiana troubles, and during the winter the anxiety had been to arm the citizen guard and put the country in a state of defence. None the less there was a steadily growing belief that only a constitution would loose the bonds that tied the executive to incapacity.

The same development of thought was going on in Piedmont, where lines of cleavage between the conservative and advanced reformers had long been apparent. The Agricultural Society had for the past two years been rent by disputes between the Liberal nobles, led by Camillo Cavour, and the democratic section, which followed Valerio, the Society's secretary. The quarrel shifted its ground to the press. Balbo, pedantic and timid, deprecated any active agitation, while there was no O'Connell or Cobden to lead it. D'Azeglio, more opportunist, was willing to meet the democrats halfway; and he and Farini, the author of the Rimini manifesto, set themselves to reconcile the two parties by exchange of flattery. It was becoming increasingly clear that nothing short of a constitution would satisfy the country, and even Balbo memorialized the King to consider it. But the real impulse came from the man who, of all the moderates, was most hated and suspected by the democrats.

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[1] Saffi, *op. cit.*, I. 223.

Camillo Cavour, the son of one of Charles Albert's most reactionary ministers, was now thirty-seven years old. In early youth he had been a Radical, but before 1833 he had sobered down to a worshipper of the *juste milieu*, a believer in the English land system and the mutual dependance of classes, an avowed opportunist in the wake of Peel and Casimir-Périer, with a conscience more robust than scrupulous; none the less a thoroughgoing patriot, angrily sensitive to Austrian and Papal dictation, fretting under the misrule at home, which frowned on commerce and "snuffed out every generous instinct as sacrilege or high-treason." He had travelled much in England and France, and brought back a hatred of clericalism, a vehement belief in free trade, in social liberty, in healthy political activity. An aristocrat by birth and surroundings, and, despite himself, in many of his prejudices, the plebeian face and dress of "the little man" marked his scorn for the trappings of rank, his conviction that aristocracy was destined to wither in modern society.[1] Almost barren of literary or artistic tastes, he was a keen political and social student; thorough and methodical, with a devouring love of work, he threw himself into business, speculating in wheat and rice, promoting steam-mills, sugar factories, chemical works, railway companies. His passion for agriculture[2] had made him one of the founders of the Agricultural Society. At home he was "the most amusing of men," with a satisfied smile ever on his big face, somewhat careless of the smaller moralities, still more so of his own reputation, with a boyish expansiveness and confident good-humour that carried him with a jest over the roughest roads of life. And though his geniality was the crust that hid a deep, even passionate nature, and there were moments when enthusiasm or indignation swept away his self-control, in ordinary times he was a brave, level-headed, though impressionable country gentleman, whom Cobden had already marked as the ablest man he knew, with a strong common-sense that had no pettiness or egotism in it, as indifferent to tradition as he was to abstract speculation or the distant future, but resolute to secure what was possible in the present of justice and tolerance and sober liberty.

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[1] Cavour, *Lettere*, I. 12; La Rive, *Cavour*, 124.

[2] "Agriculture," however, he confessed, "is the art of disillusions and disappointments."

Naturally he at once made his mark in the moderate nationalist movement; he had no faith in a reforming Pope; but Balbo's doctrine of Piedmontese leadership found in him a ready believer, and his article in the *Nouvelle Révue* had done much to fix the thoughts of the nationalists on Charles Albert. He had fought the democrats in the Agricultural Society, but he was too big-minded for the narrow school of Moderates, and he had worked hard to form a wider party, which should open its borders to all who, while accepting the existing social system, would fight for national independence under the House of Savoy. But with his clear common-sense he saw that a constitution was necessary to guarantee good government, and open the field to healthy ambitions like his own. His opportunity soon came. After the King's visit to Genoa the impatience there led to another and more threatening agitation against the Jesuits, and the Municipal Council prayed the government to sanction the formation of a citizen guard that would guarantee order. A monster petition (men now dared to sign) backed their demands, and the editors of the leading Turin papers, Cavour, Valerio, Giacomo Durando, Brofferio, met to consider how best to support them (about January 16, 1848). Cavour, always suspicious of Charles Albert, and fearing that the new concessions would be whittled away in practice, boldly recommended the meeting to pronounce for a constitution; and though Valerio, thinking that no good thing could come from Cavour the aristocrat, urged that a citizen guard should be the first demand, the other editors ranged themselves on the side of the bigger policy.[1] The decision of the meeting brought the question to the front, and it only needed some occasion to create an irresistible cry for a constitution.

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[1] Saraceno, *Santa Rosa*, 159–162; Predari, *Primi vagiti*, 249; Tavallini, *Lanza*, I. 52; Cavour, *Nouvelles lettres*, 167, 174.

But the first strong and effective demand was to come from the South. In Rome and Tuscany and Piedmont there was more or less of belief in the government; in Naples and Sicily nobody trusted it. Naples had in theory much of what the other states were striving for; but there was no hope that the theory would become a fact till a parliament controlled the executive. When the other princes began to meet the Liberals half-way, it threw into yet blacker contrast Ferdinand's blind unyielding obscurantism. The King announced in the Gazette that he would "follow no fashionable political puppet," and told his sons to pray for the Pope, "who did not know what he was doing." Years had only sharpened his instinct for personal government, his cruelty and suspiciousness; and Moderates and Democrats, nobles and middle classes, Neapolitans and Sicilians made common cause against him. In the previous July a young lawyer, Settembrini, published his *Protest of the People of the Two Sicilies*, and the hideous picture of misrule it drew laid bare the boast that Naples enjoyed good institutions. "The only remedy," so it concluded, "is arms." It was in vain that the government published its apologies and made remissions of taxation; Settembrini had voiced the universal feeling, and his appeal to rebellion soon found its echo. The revolutionary committee of Calabria, after trying in vain to concert a rising with the Liberals of Naples and Palermo, decided to act for itself, and on September 1 Reggio and Messina rose. The insurgents intended to march rapidly on Naples, but they found little support, and were driven back on Aspromonte, where the government easily crushed the immature movement, and shot forty-seven of the insurgents in cold blood.

The cruel repression only quickened the demand for a constitution. But while the Radicals believed that they must fight for it, the Moderates still hoped that the King's fears or ambitions might push him to concession. They wanted a constitution with a Second Chamber and a limited franchise, which would curb the democracy even more effectually than the despotism had done. Their leader, Bozzelli, was a thin pedant of the doctrinaire school, a man of oblique ways and vulgar ambitions, ignorant or contemptuous of the new and finer spirit which had come to Italian politics. It seemed as if the conspiracy would expend itself in empty appeals to the King. For a moment Ferdinand was moved by an interview with Liberal spokesmen, who dangled hopes of the Italian crown,[1] but though even Delcarotto was weary of "living among conspiracies and repressions," the King made no sign. While the Neapolitans waited with the same nervelessness and want of resolve as in 1820, the Sicilians determined to act. Crispi, a young Sicilian lawyer, drew together the threads of conspiracy with the mainland; and the Liberal committee at Naples was obliged, whether it liked it or not, to consent to a joint revolution early in the new year. Palermo was to rise first and demand the constitution of 1812 and Home Rule; Naples would follow and extort the statute of 1820 with modifications in a conservative direction. The revolution, so runs one version, was arranged to break out at Palermo on January 12 "with the punctuality of a bill of exchange;" but it is more probable that no definite date had been fixed, and that the famous proclamation, which publicly announced it three days beforehand, was the work of a solitary enthusiast.[2] It was almost by accident that the crowd, waiting hushed and expectant for the curtain to rise on the revolution, armed itself and attacked the soldiers on the morning of the 12th. But nothing could resist the desperate onset of the Palermitans and their peasant allies, and nine days of hard street fighting brought the garrison to a critical position. The government tried to compromise on the basis of the old administrative independence, with free press and amnesty thrown in (January 21). But the revolutionary leaders of all classes would have nothing short of the constitution of 1812; nobody trusted a Bourbon's promises without guarantees, and however unsuited the old charter might be to present needs, it wore the halo of prestige, and made a war-cry round which all would rally. But the court would have no constitution; Ferdinand replied to Louis Philippe's warnings that he "would be a King, always a King," and it was obvious that only force could decide the issue. The government probably did not know how weak its position at Palermo was, but De Sauzet, the commander, was short of food or frightened, and when his attempt to negotiate an armistice failed, he suddenly retreated (January 27), and retiring along the coast embarked for Naples. The other cities had risen, and by the end of January the Neapolitans had no footing left in all the island except the citadel of Messina and three other forts.

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[1] Nisco, *Ferdinando* II., 88.

[2] Bertolini, *Memorie*, 225, quoting from Torrearsa; Montanelli, *op. cit.*, II. 186; *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, II. 393; *contra*, Nisco, *op. cit.*, 87; Santoro, *Rivolgimenti*, 35. See also La Farina, *Storia*, III. 126; *Id. Epistolario*, I. 422; Correspondence—Naples, 49.

The Sicilian rising was the overture to the revolutions, that ran through Europe in the spring of 1848. The temerity of the handful of men who attacked a powerful garrison, their dramatic triumph, the sudden fall of the Bourbon rule made a deep sensation in Italy and Europe. And while even the Moderates were obliged to hail Ferdinand's defeat, it was recognized on all hands that the bloodshed had quickened the pace, that there must be radical changes if the princes were to keep their thrones, that the struggle in the streets of Palermo was a prelude to barricades at Milan and Venice. Naples was the first to feel the effects. The Neapolitans had failed to keep their promise to Palermo, for Carlo Poerio, the leader of the more active conspirators, was in prison, and in his absence the Liberals seemed more paralyzed than ever. The sober, poverty-stricken peasants of Cilento rose, true to their revolutionary traditions; but it was not till the rising spread through the province of Salerno, and a report that the insurgents were advancing spread panic through the city, that its feeble Liberals showed signs of moving (January 25). The court was frightened by the exaggerated news; and though Delcarotto failed in a plot to extort a constitution[1] and was banished, there were others who like him hastened to make their peace with the revolution. Poerio was released, and his followers, at last bestirring themselves, organized a demonstration to alarm the King (January 27). Ferdinand found that his troops were wavering, and before nightfall took his generals' advice and granted a constitution. It is said he showed a malign delight at outbidding the reforming princes; "they have driven me to this, I will push them down." It is more probable that pure fear dictated his surrender. The old ministers and the Jesuit confessor left the palace; Bozzelli was entrusted with a draft of a constitution; and though it bore all the marks of his timid and pedant mind, the people recked little of the defects and dangers, with which his proposals bristled. When the King rode through the city, and swore fidelity to the statute, he seemed once more the darling of his people.

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[1] D'Ayala, *Memorie*, 98–101; Nisco, *op. cit.*, 111; Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 69, 76, 86.

The news of the Neapolitan constitution unlocked all the unsatisfied aspirations of advanced Liberals throughout the peninsula. Everywhere it was hailed with the joy of men who had been holding themselves back and now felt free to march. A constitution suddenly became the universal prayer. Piedmont was the first to feel the wave. The Radicals took up the cry, and D'Azeglio, on opportunist grounds, urged the Moderates to accept it. So strong did the pressure suddenly become, that on the morrow of the news from Naples (February 2) the ministers recommended the King to give way. Charles Albert's prepossessions were all against a constitution; he thought himself bound by his old oath,[1] of which Metternich had not failed to remind him; he distrusted parliamentary government, hated its publicity, its roughness, its party struggles, its possible corruption. Quite recently he had protested that he would never have it.[2] But he saw that it was dangerous to resist, that at all events it would win English sympathy and spell defiance to Austria. He allowed his ministers to privately draft a constitution, and thought of solving his personal dilemma by abdicating, as his predecessor had done in 1821. But while he delayed, the impatience grew. At the King's own prompting, resolutions asking for a statute were voted in the Municipal Councils of Turin and Genoa (February 7). Even many of the reactionaries, frightened by the storm and hoping to get the majority in an Upper House, swelled the cry. The Council advised the King that there was no alternative but a violent civil struggle, which might end in revolution. His conscience was set at ease by a patriot bishop, and he contented himself by stipulating that the first article of the charter should confirm Catholicism as the religion of the state. On February 8 he promised that a constitution should be granted.

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[1] See above, p. 133.

[2] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 63, 70; *Id. Carlo Alberto*, 20; Predari, *Primi vagiti*, 260; Costa de Beauregard, *Dernières années*, 82; Cibrario, *Notizie*, 75; Manno, *Spicelegio*, 225; Cavour, *Lettere*, I. cxx. 70; *contra* Saraceno, *op. cit.*, 167.

The torch was passed on to Tuscany, where the government had lost all power to stand against popular pressure. The *sbirri* had been hunted into hiding (October 25, 1847), and the ministers had no force behind them except the citizen guard, themselves the foremost to demand reform. The cabinet itself was fussy and irresolute, and the victory of the constitutionalists in Piedmont broke down its guard. On February 11 the Grand Duke proclaimed a constitution. Capponi and Ridolfi still hoped to stop short at a consultative assembly; the Radicals at the other extreme called for a single chamber. The majority of the cabinet decided for a middle course, and pronounced for the proposals of Ricasoli and the Florence municipality, who advocated a modification of the French statute of 1830.

After the Liberal triumph in Piedmont and Tuscany it was no longer possible to refuse a constitution at Rome. The Pope had long since ceased to guide events. By fits he looked not unkindly on the Liberal movement. Bruited conspiracies of "Gregorians" still alarmed him; he could not forget the insult of Ferrara, and was irritated anew, when in January the Austrian government, eager to stamp out Liberalism at Naples, asked leave to send troops through Papal territory. With all the milder side of the new movement Pius was in full sympathy. He assisted education, patronized schemes for the reclamation of the Agro Romano, gave concessions, that proved almost still-born, to railway companies. He disclaimed sympathy with obscurantism, hopeful that his reforming fame would bring Protestants to the fold; but he was painfully sensitive to the charge that he was siding with revolution, and was beginning to realize what combustible materials he was handling.[1] He resented keenly the agitation against the Jesuits, the jubilations at the defeat of the Sonderbund, the newspaper attacks on the Belgian Catholics. He was growing very uneasy lest he should be forced to do things contrary to his conscience; he was apt to get violently excited about the fancied growth of scepticism, and suffered terribly from alternations of hope and disappointment. Mazzini had written him an open letter (September 1847), urging him in too transparent flattery "to be a believer and unite Italy." The letter was far from expressing Mazzini's permanent feelings, and its only effect on Pius was to thoroughly alarm him.[2] He regarded the Temporal Power in all its plenitude as a sacred trust, which it was sin to surrender; and at the opening of the new Council of State, he had hinted that they would at their cost interfere with his prerogative. He began to see how irreconcilable were the claims of Italian prince and Catholic pontiff, and as "the father of foreign princes" he would not hear of war.

So after his wont he refused to face the situation. His fussy expectations of gratitude blinded him to the real temper of the people. So far as appearances went indeed, he was at times their idol. The Liberal leaders set to his credit each unwilling concession; his reactionary pronouncements were not reported in the papers, and the inconsistencies and procrastinations of the government were charged to the Cardinals. But he had lost his spell. The Pius cult had grown artificial, and his popularity hung on his readiness to satisfy the people's ever widening demands. In the autumn the Council of State had been opened, and Rome was given a municipal charter.[3] Municipality and Council were hailed with the usual rejoicings, but they were regarded as steps to fresh victories. Rossi had urged the Pope to secure the support of the Moderates and isolate the Radicals by conceding a lay ministry and some form of representative institutions. So far from this, however, the Moderates, who formed the majority of the Council, found themselves thwarted by the government at every turn. Their thoughtful and laborious endeavours in educational and civil service and army reform were sterilized, and after a bitter struggle with the Pope, they gave up the attempt in disgust, and left the field to the Radicals. In parts of Romagna things were little removed from anarchy. The old bitter feuds, the fear of invasion, perhaps the work of Sanfedist agents, led to inevitable excesses; and at Imola and Forlì, and to a slight extent elsewhere, political assassination was rife under plea of exterminating the Centurions. Rome was free from political crime, but seething with agitation. The Democrats had organised themselves into a "People's Club"; there was a revolutionary committee, and Mazzini, despite his disingenuous letter, was urging his friends to discredit the Pope.[1] But the Democrats were not alone in their dissatisfaction, and when the Council found itself paralyzed, all sections of Liberals were agreed that both reform at home and preparation for war hinged on the appointment of a lay ministry. The Conservative nationalists were ready to join the Radicals in forcing the Pope's hands, and for the sake of the national defence they determined once for all to be rid of the incompetence of an executive of ecclesiastics. The pressure became too strong for the Pope, and after an attempted compromise, he appointed a new cabinet with a majority of laymen under Cardinal Antonelli (March 11). But it was already too late to content the country with lay ministers; from Romagna, from Umbria, from Rome, from Democrats and Moderates, petitions were coming in for representative institutions. Pius and the government parried the demand, till the news of the French Revolution made the excitement too intense to allow of more delay. Pius, perhaps for the moment, had visions of democracy reconciled to Catholicism, and new converts won for the Church.[1] The Cardinals rejected a constitution drafted by Rossi, but they adopted another of their own, and took the tricolor for the national flag (March 15).

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[1] Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 84; Guizot, *Mémoires*, VIII. 392.

[2] Mazzini, *Opere*, VI. 156–163; Ventura, *Pei morti*, xxxiv. For the intention of the letter, see Mazzini, *Opere*, VII. 159, IX. 244; *Id.*, *Duecento lettere*, 250–252.

[3] One of the first acts of the new municipality was to vote a considerable sum for the erection of labourers' houses.

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[1] The letters in Bianchi, *Mazzinianismo*, 137, and Correspondence—Italy, I. 223, seem genuine.

Apart from that of Piedmont, the "Statutes" of 1848 were too short-lived to test effectually their value and capacity of development. They were all more or less modelled on the French constitution of 1830, which, with evil omen for their success, was at this very moment tumbling into ruin. It was impossible in a country, where there had been no free political life, that they should grow out of the practical experience of generations. They were necessarily mere bundles of constitutional maxims, based more or less on untested theories. And drafted as they were by men whose knowledge of constitutional working came from books, put out in the hurry of the moment to satisfy an imperious popular cry, it was perhaps unavoidable that they should retain many of the defects of their French original, and of the American precedents from which it in turn was drawn; that they bore the impress of official and middle class timidity, that they attempted a divorce of executive and legislature, a balance of power, which threatened to clog the wheels of administration and make strong government difficult. They[2] contained the elementary guarantees of liberty:—security of person and property, equality before the law, ministerial responsibility, a free press, a citizen guard, the right of petition, parliamentary control of taxation. To these Tuscany added freedom of commerce and industry, and Piedmont a modified right of public meeting. But the power of the Church was shown in the provisions, which in every Statute subjected religious publications to a preventive censorship, which declared Catholicism to be the religion of the State, which, at Rome implicitly and at Naples explicitly, excluded toleration of other creeds. Each parliament had an Upper Chamber, nominated by the sovereign, it being recognized on all hands that a hereditary house was out of the question.[1] There was no payment of members, except in special cases in Tuscany; and in Naples and Rome there was a rather high property qualification for deputies. The franchise everywhere excluded the bulk of wage-earners; "we want," said Cavour, "to bring the suffrage down to the shopkeeper, who has a little competency of his own and a good *pot-au-feu* every day." But it included the great mass of occupiers of land; and this, in the wide diffusion of farms prevalent in Italy, meant the majority of rural householders. Illiterates were excluded in Piedmont but not elsewhere. In every case there were fancy franchises for officials or men of educational status. Voting in more than one constituency was illegal everywhere.

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[1] Minghetti, *Ricordi*, I. 329; Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 84; Gori, *op. cit.*, 471, quoting from Gavazzi, *Il papa e la costituzione*, 45.

[2] Texts with translations in Correspondence—Italy, II. 85, 125, 191; and Correspondence—Naples, 131. The electoral laws of Naples and Piedmont in Correspondence—Italy, II. 165, 237; those for Tuscany and the Papal States in La Farina, *Storia*, V. 244; VI. 136, 268.

Constitutions drawn on these lines were intended, as Cavour speaking for the Moderates avowed, to checkmate the Democrats. A large number of the working men in the towns, who had helped to fight the constitutional battle, found themselves, like their French and English brothers in 1830–31, left outside. Still in Piedmont and Tuscany and Naples the constitutions, assuming loyalty both in crown and people, might have quietly developed on to broader lines. The Papal Statute, on the other hand, had from the first fatal seeds of decay. Some of the Liberal churchmen, conscious of its inherent difficulties, had wished to have very wide local liberties as the substitute for a parliament.[2] But their policy was impossible in the cry for parliamentary institutions, and an alternative was chosen, which, as Rossi was reported to have said, "legitimized war between sovereign and subject." It was, as events proved, impossible to graft representative government on a theocracy; it was not practicable to put a Foreign Office, whose business related

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[1] *E.g.* Cavour, *Lettere*, V. 169; Rosmini, *Costituzione*, 28. Cavour was at the time opposed to any Second Chamber.

[2] Saffi, *op. cit.*, II. 161–162.

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chiefly to the spiritual relations of the Holy See with foreign powers, into the hands of a layman, or to make it responsible to a lay and possibly hostile Chamber. The Papal Statute tried to provide for the dilemma by laying vague disabilities on parliament; and above the two Chambers sat the College of Cardinals as a kind of third House. But a deadlock was sooner or later inevitable, and it took only a few weeks to prove that, while the Pope's Temporal Power lasted, a constitution could never march at Rome.

CHAPTER XI

THE NATIONAL RISING

FEBRUARY—MARCH 1848

The French Revolution of 1848. The Jesuits. Military rule in Lombardy. Preparations for war in Piedmont. THE FIVE DAYS OF MILAN. The NATIONAL RISING at Venice; in the Lombard cities; in the Duchies, Tuscany, Papal States, Naples; character of the rising. Piedmont and the rising; CHARLES ALBERT DECLARES WAR.

THE constitutional question was settled for a time, and the country could give all its thoughts to war. The French Revolution (February 24) had changed the face of European politics, and the prestige of success had passed to the side of progress. To Austria the Revolution was a direct blow, for the Republic was certain to give its sympathies to a war for freedom in Italy, and might not improbably lend its arms. Palmerston hinted that Austria might find herself at war both with France and England, if she invaded the free Italian states.[1] The Milan massacres had sent a thrill of rage through Italy, and there was an earnest looking for the coming fight. Outside Sicily, absorbed in its own problems, every week added to the impatience for war. But it was recognized that the signal must come from Lombardy or Piedmont. All that the eager patriots could do meanwhile was to secure their rear, and for this they turned on the Austrians' best friends, the Jesuits. It was an irony that the Society had been brought to range itself with the Power that had been so untender to Ultramontanism. But the struggle now was between despotism and democracy, and the Jesuits naturally found themselves in the Austrian camp. Gioberti, in his *Prolegomeni* and *Modern Jesuit*, had signalled out the

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[1] Ashley, *Palmerston*, I. 64.

Austro-Jesuit league as the great obstacle to reform, and had lashed the Society with his ponderous dialectics as "the great enemy of Italy." And however unfair it may have been to set the whole clerical opposition to their charge, they had frankly acknowledged their alliance with Austria,[1] and were the strength of the reaction at Rome, if not elsewhere. Slowly and steadily they had been winning back the ground they had lost in the eighteenth century; and in proportion as they won it, the jealousy and suspicion of the people had turned to hate. Tuscany had successfully resisted their introduction; Gregory, not long before his death, had consented to their suppression in France; the defeat of the Sonderbund at the end of 1847 had been hailed with public rejoicings even at Rome. Now the popular rage could no longer be restrained, and the governments threw the Society as a prey to the public hue and cry. The hostility had been perhaps strongest in Genoa, and before the end of the past year, the agitation had grown so dangerous that the Fathers left the city for a time. The news of the constitution gave the signal for the final attack. The Sardinians drove them from their island; they fled again from Genoa; Turin, and Alessandria, and Spezia expelled them a few days later. In the capital feeling was so intense, and the threats against the Jesuitesses of the Sacred Heart so loud, that the government at last gave way over the citizen guard, and sanctioned its formation to save the trembling Sisters from outrage. Early next month the Fathers fled from Naples, to return in a few days in disguise. Three weeks later (March 21), when the news of the Viennese revolution reached Rome, the first impulse of the crowd was to demand their expulsion. It was in vain that they hoisted the tricolor, that Pius threw his shield over them; the government had to bow to the storm, and consent to close their College. Even in Sicily, where the Society had shown enlightenment and patriotism, a mild law of semi-suppression was carried a few months later.

Lombardy meanwhile was preparing for the greater struggle. There was no pause in the demonstrations; the January massacres had only stirred the people's blood, though Lombard mildness showed itself still in a hundred good-humoured fancies to outwit the police. As the word was passed round, crowds appeared and vanished at fixed points; thousands packed the Cathedral to give silent thanks for the Neapolitan Constitution; at Venice the Carnival was abandoned, and the money saved for the wounded of the Tobacco Riots. Elsewhere the people were less in hand, and at Padua and Pavia the friction between University and garrison led to fatal fighting in the streets. In the government the party of no concession kept the upper hand. Rainerio tried by double play to keep the favour of both army and people, but the "old women" of the civilian party had thrown up the game. At Venice Tommaseo and Manin were arrested and charged with high treason, acquitted after a brilliant defence, but kept in prison. At Milan the police paraded all the fussiness of a government that felt itself ridiculous or impotent. But though they proclaimed the *giudizio statario*[1] (February 11), no mere police measures would satisfy Radetzky. He saw insurrection and war with Piedmont looming in the near future, and though he had over 70,000 troops, more than half of them were Italians of doubtful loyalty. He sent pressing messages for reinforcements to Vienna; troops were already beginning to collect at Goritz, and Rainerio and Spaur left Milan. The army had more than ever got the government into its hands. On their side the Milanese leaders suspended the demonstrations, knowing that they had done their work. Business was almost at a standstill; foreigners began to leave the city. The French Revolution, though it scared a faint-hearted section, only made the mass of the people more impatient; "cross the Ticino," they sent word to Charles Albert, "or we proclaim the Republic." It was clear that the revolution might be precipitated at any moment, and the leaders decided to wait no longer for the King. Before March 16 it had been decided to rise in a few days.[2]

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[1] Gioberti, *Gesuita moderno*, IV. 515.

Piedmont for its part was watching with ever-increasing intensity of interest. The Tobacco Riots, the massacre of students at Pavia on its very frontier, the iniquities of the *giudizio statario* piled fuel for their indignation. D'Azeglio published a pamphlet on "The Sorrows of Lombardy," in which the Moderate rivalled the angriest of Radicals in his denunciation of Austria. A new ministry had come into power under Balbo and Pareto, the leader of the Genoese Liberals, but though the Austrians thought that their taking office meant "almost a declaration of war," the government showed the irresolution of a time of transition, when old timidity and the newer nationalism were still contending for mastery. Balbo meant to fight, if it proved absolutely necessary; but more than he feared Austria, he dreaded French designs on Savoy and an inrush of revolutionary propagandists across the Alps; and instead of concentrating troops on the Lombard frontier, he had left them scattered through the kingdom.[1] Attacks on Austria in the press were rigorously put down, but at the same time the papers were permitted to talk of the coming war, and three classes of army contingents were called out. It was probably to keep their hands free for an offensive movement, that the ministry blew cold on fresh proposals from Tuscany and Rome for a defensive political alliance. Charles Albert, despite the alarm he felt at the French Revolution and the attacks on the Jesuits, was interviewing agents from Milan, and assuring them, that if the city "rose in earnest, he and his people would rush arms in hand to its help."[2]

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[1] See above, p. 58.

[2] *Archivio Triennale*, I. 510.

On March 17 startling news reached Milan. The Hungarian agitation had come to a head, and found its echo in the German provinces of the Empire. Vienna had risen in insurrection—Vienna, which to Italians had been the very seat and strength of Austrian tyranny. Metternich had been compelled to resign, and the Emperor had promised to all his subjects liberty of the press, a national guard, an early convocation of the Estates of the Empire. On the following morning the Milanese found the Emperor's edict (omitting, however, mention of the national guard) posted on all the walls. But the news had leaked out on the previous evening, and the leaders had been busy through the night, giving orders for a demonstration and preparing proclamations. The people needed little urging; they recognized that their chance had come, and over the copies of the edict pasted the words "Too late." A great crowd, with Casati, the reluctant and timorous Podestà,[1] at their head, marched to the office of the Vice-governor, O'Donnell. The sentinels were killed, the house invaded, and, in a wild scene of disorder O'Donnell, threatened of his life and unnerved, signed the decrees which Casati presented to him, disbanding the police and authorizing the municipality to enrol a citizen guard. So far the movement had worn an ostensibly legal colour, and O'Donnell's decrees were only the corollary of the Imperial Edict. But the soul of the movement was in the Radicals; and while Casati wished to come to terms with Radetzky, or at least wait till Charles Albert moved, the popular leaders refused any compromise short of instant and absolute independence. It seemed a desperate resolve to pit an unarmed populace against a disciplined army of 13,000 men. But there was no hesitation. All over the city the soldiers, as they marched through the streets, were attacked with tiles or stones, with crockery and boiling water or oil; a battalion was driven back by showers of empty wine bottles; the few guns that had been collected were brought out, the armourers' shops were ransacked; here and there barricades were thrown up. It took the troops six hours of desperate struggle to cut their way to the Municipal Palace of the Broletto and capture its scantily-armed defenders. All through the night the young Radicals, who had directed the crowd in the day, were throwing up hundreds of barricades, and next morning (March 19) in the bright spring sunshine the fighting was renewed with double vigour. The intoxication of the struggle had fastened on the city. There was a stratum of brag and cowardice, but the mass fought with reckless and triumphant bravery. All that came to hand was given to make the barricades; furniture, carriages, pulpits, school benches, pianofortes, scenery from the theatres were heaped pell-mell. Behind them the few hundred who had guns kept at bay the best troops of Austria; at one barricade two youths held back a company for all a day; women and young boys fought and were killed. Above the roar and rattle of cannon and musketry the bells clanged out from every steeple, heartening the citizens, maddening the Austrians.[1] And all through the fight the Lombard good-temper and mildness showed bright. The rich opened their palaces to the poor whose homes had been wrecked. There was no crime in the confusion beyond a few trifling thefts, and the poor brought in the gold found in the government's coffers. The unspeakable brutalities of the Austrians met no retaliation; their prisoners were carefully tended; the hated police were put in safety; and when once the crowd surged dangerously round an unpopular official, a few tactful words from Cattaneo saved him.

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[1] Ricotti, *Balbo*, 263; Costa de Beauregard, *Dernières années*, 114–115.

[2] *Archivio Triennale*, I. 483, 508, 510; Torelli, *Ricordi*, 108; Casati, *Milano*, 153; Cavour, *Lettere*, I. cxxxix.; Bonfadini, *Mezzosecolo*, 265; Costa de Beauregard, *loc. cit.*; *contra*, *Archivio Triennale*, I. 480.

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[1] *Archivio Triennale*, I. 483, 485; II. 16, 183; Mario, *Bertani*, I. 74, 77; Casati, *Rivelazioni*, II. 100; *contra*, *Ib.* II. 124; Vimercati, *Histoire*, 117.

Meanwhile the Austrians were losing heart. Reinforcements had raised Radetzky's force to nearly 20,000 men. They occupied the Castle, the whole circuit of the walls, and some fifty outposts in the city; from the roof of the Cathedral his Tyrolese sharpshooters picked off all who showed themselves. But the weather had changed, and the half-starved soldiers shivered in the drenching rain. They could make no head against the barricades or the showers of missiles that rained from the house-tops. The din of the bells crushed their spirits; an eclipse frightened the superstitious Croats. Demoralization set in; some of the Italian troops wavered; others, especially the Moravians and Bohemians, savage with despair, took revenge in atrocities that recalled a medieval sack, and Radetzky was not ashamed to tell his men to massacre their prisoners.[2] On the 20th he was obliged to evacuate the Cathedral, and post after post was stormed by the victorious citizens, till the whole centre of the city was free. He realized that his position was growing desperate. If the Piedmontese were to advance rapidly, his retreat would be cut off; even if they did not move, his troops would be starved. After an empty threat to bombard the city (he was not in a position to do it much damage), he proposed an armistice.

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[1] L. Torelli, 5 *giornate*, 181; Meredith, *Vittoria*, 309 (ed. of 1889).

[2] Casati, *op. cit.*, II., 106; Baracchi, *Lutti*, 92; *Archivio Triennale*, II. 444, 456; Cantù, *Ultimi* 5 *giorni*, 68; Correspondence—Italy, II. 214.

His letter came before a mixed body sitting at the Casa Taverna, which included among others the two uncaptured members of the Municipal Council, and the popular leaders, who, as a "Council of War," had organised the fighting. Several would have accepted his proposals, but the majority, led by Cattaneo, urged that whatever decision they came to, the people's blood was up, and no authority could make them desist. They decided to reject Radetzky's terms, and dared him to do his worst.[1] But uglier questions remained behind to disturb the unity of the movement. Should the Milanese appeal to Charles Albert for help? Though the issue of the fight was hour by hour less doubtful, the shrewder heads saw that it was only the beginning of a long struggle in the field. Others with less patriotic motives looked to the Piedmontese monarchy to shelter them from the democratic legislation of a republic. But the majority of the men, who had made the movement, were republicans, who looked beyond Independence to a rule of equality and large social reform; and they were loath to prejudice their cause by placing themselves under obligation to a prince of Charles Albert's antecedents. Cattaneo narrowed the conflict down to a struggle between the Milanese democracy and the Austrian army, and hated the Piedmontese with all the intensity of his factious and intractable spirit. But already in the first moments of the struggle a message had been sent to the King, and he had replied promising his assistance, on condition that a formal request came from men of position at Milan, and that some pretext of violated territory could be found. It was impossible now to refuse the offer, for outside the Casa Taverna political questions were hushed in the single passion to crush the Austrians.

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[1] The evidence as to what took place at the Casa Taverna is very conflicting; I am inclined here, as elsewhere, to distrust Cattaneo. See his *Insurrezione*, 52, 62; Torelli, *op. cit.*, 115; Casati, *Milano*, 409; Casati, *Rivelazioni*, II. 158–160; Bonfadini, *op. cit.*, 322; Hübner, *Une année*, 99; *Archivio Triennale*, II. 342; Tivaroni, *Dominio austriaco*, I. 434.

It was now the eve of victory. Volunteers, who had hurried up from Monza and Como and Bergamo, were attacking the gates outside, and by the morning of the 22nd the Austrians had nothing left but the Castle and the walls. The Milanese turned their attacks on the gates, and towards evening, led by the heroic young Manara,[1] they captured the Porta Tosa, and allowed the volunteers to pour in. During the night the cannon from the Castle furiously bombarded the city; but it was the last effort of despairing revenge. For two days past Radetzky had decided to evacuate; famine and demoralization had made his position untenable, and even had the Piedmontese not stirred, they would have driven him to retreat.[2] The despised and insulted populace of Milan had accomplished a seemingly impossible thing. An undisciplined crowd, at first almost destitute of arms and always short of powder, had routed a veteran army; and though many things had helped them, the "Five Days of Milan" were won by hard fighting hand-to-hand. No such glory had come to Italian arms since the Moscow campaign.

Meanwhile the whole country was ringing with victory. Venice had freed herself almost without blood, and proclaimed the Republic of St. Mark. On March 17 the news from Vienna reached the city. The crowd forced the prison, where Manin and Tommaseo were lying, and set them free. Manin's policy changed quick with changing circumstances; the time for legal methods had gone by, and Italy must fight. The one thing necessary at the moment was to get the Austrians out of the city without a bombardment, and preserve order till a government could be formed. The task seemed well-nigh hopeless. The Austrians had 7000 troops at call, and ships off the Molo, that could reduce half Venice to ruins. But the appearances of their strength were deceptive; half the troops and most of the sailors were Italians or Dalmatians, and the civil authorities were bewildered by Metternich's fall and the unknown at Vienna. Manin had no need to rouse the people, for their blood was up, when on the 17th and again next morning the troops on the Piazza fired into the crowd. The tocsin rang from St. Mark's; the tricolor was run up one of the flagstaffs, and, its cords cut, hung mocking the Austrians. Manin knew that he could count on the Venetian populace, that the cynics, who distrusted them, were bad measurers of human forces. "You do not understand them," he answered; "my one merit is that I do." The cry for reprisals was adroitly turned to a demand for a citizen guard (March 18), and when the Governor's tardy authorization arrived in the afternoon, 4000 had been already enrolled. But the leaders still paused before they broke with the government. The Municipal Council professed the strictest loyalty; there was a party for accepting the new Austrian constitution. But Manin and his friends, encouraged by the news from Milan, were preparing to proclaim the Republic of St. Mark. All the tendencies of the age, he thought, made for a republic; when Italian Unity came, Venice would bow to the will of the nation, but in the meantime she was free to take her own line, and Manin knew that the title, that recalled her days of greatness, would rally the populace. The immediate need, however, was to seize the Arsenal, and he was already making his plans to capture it, when the revolution was precipitated (March 22) by the murder of its hated Governor, Marinovich.[1] Prompt action was needed to save Venice from Austrian revenge, perhaps from anarchy; and Manin, elated by excitement and illness above common prudence, told the astonished Council that he intended to drive the

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[1] Easily recognizable as the Luciano Romara of Meredith's *Vittoria*.

[2] Austrian evidence in *Archivio Triennale*, II. 451, 456, 469; Correspondence—Italy, II. 333–334; *contra*, Schönhals, *Campagnes*, 85–87.

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[1] Planat de la Faye, *Documents*, I. 127, 132–133, 149; La Forge, *Manin*, I. 251, 277–283; Errera e Finzi, *Manin*, cxxix. 342; Tommaseo, *Secondo esilio*, I. 71.

Austrians out. With a few score of citizen guards he hurried to the Arsenal; he knew that he had the sympathy of the workmen there, and of the bulk of the marines on guard. Their attitude and Manin's self-confidence frightened the officer in command into surrendering the keys, and the greatest naval store in Italy was in his hands. With timid men all round him the one strong man easily had his will. He forced the hesitating councillors to follow his policy; he made the meek Austrians promise to evacuate the city. And when they slunk away, he proclaimed the Republic, and became in all but name Dictator.

All through Venetia and Lombardy, as the news from Vienna passed from city to city, it was the signal of revolt. Here and there some of the official and middle classes were disposed to merge their lot in the freer destinies that seemed dawning for the Empire. But, with the one exception of Lodi, the masses hesitated nowhere. At Udine, Palmanuova, Treviso, Vicenza, the Italian troops went over, and except Verona and Legnago, all Venetia was free from the Isonzo to the Adige. In Lombardy, Como and Monza and Bergamo by hard street fighting forced the garrisons to capitulate or retire; at Cremona and Brescia the native regiments fraternized, and helped to drive out the aliens; Pavia was evacuated; the garrison of Pizzighittone went over with its guns. The scattered outposts in the valleys were helpless, and the mountaineers seized every pass from Carniola and Cadore to the Valtelline. Even the Southern Tyrol was on the point of revolt, and Trent was only saved to the Austrians by stern repression.[1] The fortresses of the Quadrilateral themselves were all but lost. At Mantua, at Verona, most Austrian of Italian cities, the troops wavered, and only the timidity or treachery of the municipal authorities and the Mantuan bishop saved their garrisons from a doubtful or hopeless struggle.[2] Across the Po Comacchio surrendered to volunteers from Ravenna; the Papal government refused to allow an attack on Ferrara; but outside its citadel and the four fortresses of the Quadrilateral no single palm of Italian land remained in Austrian hands.

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[1] Schönhals, *op. cit.*, 127; Cattaneo, *op. cit.*, 154; *contra*, Massarani, *Correnti*, 540.

[2] Schönhals, *op. cit.*, 100–103; *Archivio Triennale*, II. 131, 213–217, 307–309, 541–552; Polari, *Tazzoli*, 19.

The echoes of the Five Days went reverberating through Italy. Parma, as soon as the Austrian garrison withdrew, forced its Duke to grant a constitution, and join the Italian League with effusion of patriotic sentiment; but concession came too late, and a few weeks later, under pressure from the provisional government, he left the country. Piacenza drove the Jesuits into hiding, and installed a government of its own. At Modena the Duke, frightened by the advance of volunteers from Bologna, fled with the Austrian garrison, while Fivizzano seized the opportunity to secede. At Florence the crowd burnt the arms of the Austrian embassy, and 800 volunteers started for the field. The government, unable or unwilling to resist, declared war, the Grand Duke magniloquently proclaiming that "the hour of Italy's resurrection had struck," and excusing himself to the Austrians that he had done it to save his throne.[1] The volunteers from Bologna, careless whether the government permitted or no, crossed the Po into Venetia, where Zucchi had escaped from imprisonment, and was collecting a force of volunteers and Austrian deserters. Three days after the news reached Rome, 2000 volunteers were starting, and the whole army was ready to march. From the cities of Romagna, from the priest-ridden villages of Umbria, from the secluded valleys of the Apennines the volunteers poured in; 12,000, it was said, went now or later from the Papal States.[2] Naples sent its volunteers, and the government, unable to resist the pressure, prepared to send 16,000 regulars under the veteran Pepe. A month later even Sicily sent a small contingent.

The national uprising carried all before it. Sicily indeed was almost engrossed with its own struggle, and most of the peasants were little touched. But Pope and princes, statesmen and clergy and nobles, students and artisans, all classes in the towns, all the middle classes alike in town and country were swept into the mighty flood of patriotism;

[1] Correspondence—Italy, II. 209, 314, 346.

[2] Farini, *Roman State*, II. 25; Saffi, *Scritti*, II. 214.

some because they could not resist the contagion, some with little intention to sacrifice their interests, some with purpose to betray, but the mass with the crusaders' enthusiasm to free Lombardy and Venetia from alien rule. There have been greater risings to defend hearth and home from an invader, or where a government has marshalled the national forces; but few have been popular and spontaneous as this. And in face of its noble purpose, in face of the readiness of thousands to sacrifice life and home, the critic will pass lightly over the tearful fraternising, the careless optimism, the want of discipline, the easy discouragement and factiousness, that followed. Students and artisans went, leaving family and study, to suffer and fight in distant fields; boys ran away from school to the war, novices drilled in the seminaries; law, business, love yielded to the passion for arms, till Radetzky exclaimed that the Italian nature had changed as if by magic. Voluntary gifts for the war-funds poured in at the appeal of patriot priests; the rich brought cash and jewels, the poor their ornaments, a young girl at Bologna, touched by Bassi's preaching, cut off her wealth of hair. A hallowing breath swept over the nation, brief as such impulses must be, but leaving its residuum of lasting gain. Moralists appealed to the people to give up the lottery, to work instead of begging, to live lives worthy of their uprisen country. The priests blessed the flags, and with the crusader's cross upon their breasts the volunteers went out to fight in a holy cause.

But the Italians had the common-sense to remember that enthusiasm alone was a poor match for bayonets. Radetzky was leading to the Quadrilateral a shaken but still redoubtable army, and only Piedmont could send a disciplined force to cope with it. Turin responded quickly to the call from Milan. On the second of the Five Days the roads to the Ticino were already crowded with people hurrying to the fight; in some towns the whole able-bodied population, it is said, pressed to be enrolled. Civilians and soldiers demonstrated excitedly at Turin; Cavour publicly and privately urged, "the war, the war, and no delay." It was a moment for prompt action. A few hours would have brought a considerable force in front of Milan; and though the strength of the citizen revolt was yet hardly known, honour demanded that Piedmont should at once range itself by the side of Lombardy. Now was the time, if ever, for Charles Albert to fulfil his old ambitions, to wreak his revenge on Austria, to wipe off the stains of his earlier years and show himself in truth the "sword of Italy," the "great captain" of his courtiers' praises. The French Revolution had given its warning, and the King feared, not without cause, that if he waited, he would find the Republic in Lombardy, and even his own throne shaken beyond recovery.[1] He lent his ear to a Savoyard nun, who wrote of celestial visions and the glory that awaited if he chose the patriot's part. He saw the unanimity and enthusiasm of his people, and with big faith in the popular voice held that "a whole people could not desire an evil thing." And yet he paused; he shrank from the unknown of the democratic tempest that called him; he feared the rebuke of European diplomacy, the reproach that he had allied himself with revolution. The inconsistencies of his feeble past, his pledge to Austria, threats of Palmerston's supreme displeasure, stood up to hold him back. War, he realized, perhaps he hoped, must come; but it must be war on the old precedents, conforming to diplomatic rules, no revolutionary struggle, that found its sanction in the people's rights, and recked not of custom and etiquette. By the 22nd the conditions of his promise to the Milanese were satisfied, and he had assured himself that their movement was not republican. But his ministers, weak, drifting men, were still irresolute. The two Genoese, Pareto and Ricci, alone voted with the King for immediate war, and it was with great difficulty that their colleagues were won over. On the morrow messengers from Milan brought the news of victory; and the King, wearing the tricolor scarf that the city had sent, gave token to the crowd that he had given himself to the nation's cause. Two days later he issued his proclamation to the "Peoples of Lombardy and Venetia," offering in the name of God and the Pope the help that "brother expects from brother and friend from friend." And yet with unmeaning and useless duplicity Pareto protested to Austria and England that the King had only intervened to avoid a republican movement in Lombardy and Piedmont.[1] If Charles Albert knew the diplomatic trick, it augured ill for the future that he went to the war with a lie upon his lips.

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[1] Costa de Beauregard, *op. cit.*, 131, 133; Bonfadini, *op. cit.*, 290; Cavour, *Lettere*, I. cxlii.; Senior, *Journals*, I. 295; Correspondence—Italy, II. 184; *Archivio Triennale*, III. 103.

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[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 172; Correspondence—Italy, II. 185, 292, 408; Bastide, *République française*, 38.

CHAPTER XII

THE WAR

MARCH—MAY 1848

Radetzky's retreat; the Milanese after the Five Days; Piedmontese advance; the two armies; the Volunteers; Santa Lucia. Beginnings of division; ALBERTISM; Piedmont and the League. The Pope and the war; the ALLOCUTION OF APRIL 29. Naples: Ferdinand and Bozzelli; Troya ministry; the COUNTER-REVOLUTION. Charles Albert and the national movement. Lombardy: question of FUSION; Lombards and Piedmontese; the Provisional Government; the plebiscite.

WHILE Charles Albert was making up his mind, Radetzky was dragging his slow retreat along the Lombard roads. He was following the recognized rules of strategy, which bade him retreat to the Quadrilateral. But with an alerter enemy the march would have been full of danger. His retreating column was fifteen miles long, his soldiers exhausted and demoralized; between the Po and lower Adige stretched "the net" of irrigated country, with its intricacies of canals and rice-marshes and plantations. Had a few well-generalled guerilla-bands cut the roads and harassed the enemy's long trail with sharpshooters, Radetzky's march would have been sufficiently delayed for the Piedmontese to get between him and Verona and gain an easy victory over his weary and dispirited troops. But the Milanese were struck with a strange paralysis. Exhausted after the five days' strain, they and their leaders thought that the war was at an end, or that at least the responsibility might be safely shifted to the Piedmontese. The Provisional Government, which had been formed at the end of the Five Days, thought more of securing property, which was in no danger, and dreaded the Volunteers as a possibly republican force.

Only a few hundreds started for the field, and the men, who had been heroes in the Five Days, now preferred to caricature Radetzky rather than pursue him. The Austrian rule was bearing its fruit; incapacity in the leaders, want of sacrifice in the masses were the inevitable results of a tyranny that sucked out the virility of the people.

The Piedmontese in their turn lost their chance. Charles Albert, with all his superb courage in the field, carried his indecision into the Councils of War, and was obsessed by the dread of a republican movement in his rear.[1] Had the Piedmontese possessed a commander of genius, he would have hurried a small force down the Po and seized Mantua before reinforcements reached it (March 31).[2] The possession of Mantua would have carried with it the fall of Legnago and Ferrara, and Radetzky, driven back on Verona and Peschiera, with the Tyrol held by the Volunteers and perhaps in full revolt, would have been surrounded and starved into surrender. But the splendid opportunity was missed. The main army, 23,000 strong, crossed the Ticino at Pavia on the 25th, but it was nine days before it reached Cremona, five more before it was on the Mincio. Goito[3] was easily taken (April 8), and most of the force had crossed the river by the 11th. Radetzky, well-nigh despairing of success, and expecting to be recalled to defend the Emperor's person, withdrew within Verona, after inflicting severe checks on the Volunteers both to east and west. As the scattered garrisons came in, he had nearly 60,000 men in the great Quadrilateral fortresses of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Legnago.

His position, though far from impregnable, was a strong one. Verona and Mantua were fortresses of the first order, and the road to the Tyrol was still open. With a perversion of national enthusiasm all Austrian parties were agreed in keeping their heel on the Italian provinces, and the very Viennese students, who had overthrown the government, volunteered to fight against the cause of liberty in Italy.

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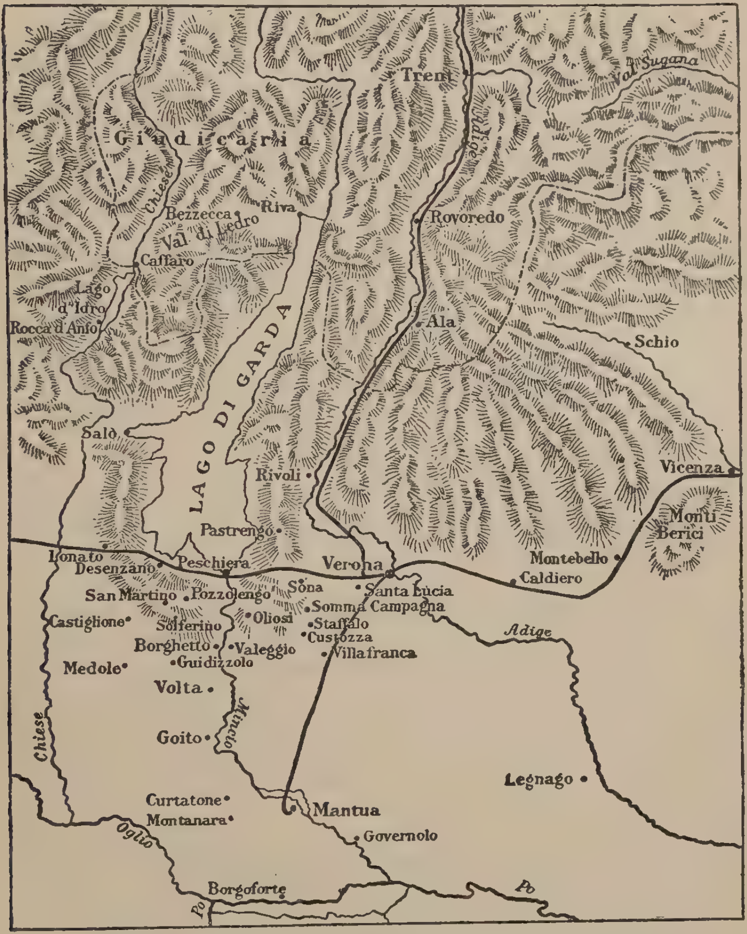
[1] Ufficiale Piemontese, *Memorie*, 451.
[2] Ib. 454; Bava, *Relazione*, 10; Pepe, *Events*, I. 301.
[3] Sordello's birthplace.

The Austrian army, strange compound as it was of half-a-dozen nationalities, had its strong cementing *esprit-de-corps.* Even most of the Italian troops that still remained with their colours proved their loyalty of the staunchest; and while the ill-pieced Empire seemed falling into ruin, the clash of nationalities was unknown here, where Czech and German, Magyar and Slav and Italian, stood shoulder to shoulder, a mighty testimony to the power of discipline to weld discordant elements into one.

The Piedmontese army had now 45,000 men encamped on both banks of the Mincio. On their extreme right, in front of Mantua, were 12,000 more, Tuscans and Neapolitans and Modenese. Four thousand volunteers were in the Tyrol, and in Venetia, or about to enter it, were some 30,000, Romans, Venetians, and deserters from the Austrian army. The Piedmontese troops were of fine calibre, their artillery and cavalry superior to the Austrian, the men throughout more than a match for the enemy in courage, its inferior in training and equipment; the officers as brave as their men, though often moved only by their loyalty to the King to fight for a cause they suspected or disliked. The generals, except perhaps Bava and the King's second son, the Duke of Genoa, had small experience or talent; least capable of all was the unhappy King, who, tortured by scruples, ill at ease even in fulfilling his ambitions, planned his campaign in the inspiration of prayer or the counsels of a visionary nun, and made his troops march late to battle rather than let them miss Mass. He had the weak man's fault of neither asserting nor suppressing himself, and confusion reigned in the Councils of War. The commissariat and ambulance services were unorganized, and food accumulated in magazines while the troops were sometimes starving.

While Charles Albert kept his army for a fortnight in gloomy inaction in front of Verona, the Volunteers were pushing vigorously forward. They were a strangely mixed collection of every age and rank and province; young men of education and sometimes of high birth, students and artizans, veterans who had fought at the Borodino or at Waterloo, middle-aged gold-spectacled professors, peasants, Austrian deserters, smugglers, the flower and the dregs of society; some moved by patriotism, some by love of excitement and action, a few by hope of license and plunder. They were brave, though liable to panics, the best with plenty of dash; on the whole a rough, impatient crew, who would swim a river under the enemy's guns to pick wild flowers for their captain, but would as readily mutiny, if crossed. Men of rough life were among them, and sometimes lawless deeds disgraced them. Often the first enthusiasm vanished in the face of hunger and exposure. But there were many who, at Curtatone and on the Stelvio, at Vicenza and Venice, showed, in despite of discouragement and disillusion, that enthusiasm could be a match for the discipline of veterans. The bulk of them were in Venetia. The 4000 who composed the "Army of the Alps," the volunteers from Milan and Genoa and Parma, had they had a few regulars to support them, might have kept the insurrection alive in the Tyrol, and harassed or cut off Radetzky's communications. They had marched straight to the Lago di Garda, where Manara captured the Austrian steamers at Salò (April 3); and severely punished at Castelnuovo, they converged on the Tyrol, pushing on as far as the Val di Non. But Welden, hastily collecting a small force in the German Tyrol, crushed an incipient revolt at Trent, and drove back their whole line to the Tonale Pass and the lower Chiese (April 20). A wise policy would have linked a few regulars to give them steadiness; but Charles Albert, ostensibly afraid to weaken his main force, more really because he feared the diplomatic complications which might follow an invasion of the Tyrol, and not unwilling to see the Volunteers discredited, ordered them to retire to Brescia and Bergamo to be incorporated in the newly-formed Lombard regiments. A few only were left under Giacomo Durando to hold the Tonale.

Meanwhile the army had been wasting its chances in useless manœuvres and empty demonstrations against Peschiera and Mantua. At the end of April its lines extended from the south-east bank of Garda to Villafranca, south of Verona, with the heights of Sommacampagna for their key, thus isolating Peschiera, siege-guns to attack which were coming up. To the south the Tuscans and Neapolitans were watching Mantua at Curtatone and Montanara. Radetzky's only outlet was through the Tyrol, and after a victory at Pas-



PLAN TO ILLUSTRATE CAMPAIGNS OF 1848, 1859, 1866.

——— *Railways in working in June* 1859.

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Scale in English Miles.

trengo (April 30), the Piedmontese might have occupied the historic position of Rivoli, and ringed him in till want of supplies drove him to offer battle. But the political situation made it almost imperative to gain a speedy and decisive victory. The Veronese sent word to the King that an assault on the suburbs would be followed by a rising in the city itself; and he attacked the low chain of hills, which lay between his lines and the city, covered by the gardens and mulberry plantations of Santa Lucia and other villages (May 6). In spite of the difficult ground, the plan might have succeeded but for the accustomed faults of tactics. The Piedmontese artillery was as usual well served; and though their left was badly checked, the splendid rush of the centre carried Santa Lucia, and cut the enemy's line in two. The object of the battle had been gained, when the King, with his fatal timidity of judgment, decided to evacuate the village and retire to his lines. It was an almost irreparable blunder. It lost the Italians their last chance of capturing Verona before Radetzky's reinforcements arrived; worse than that, it destroyed the prestige of victory, which had hitherto been theirs. Splendid as had been the courage of the great majority of the troops, the patent incapacity of the generals, the cowardice of a few regiments, the sense of virtual defeat robbed the army of its confidence; and though the Piedmontese soldier was made of stuff too tenacious to be soon demoralized, the difficulties of the situation, alike military and political, rapidly thickened.

What Mazzini had always foreseen was coming to pass. It was impossible for one prince to become the leader of the national movement without exciting the jealousy of the others. Every Italian throne had its petty territorial ambitions; Rome had claims on Parma and Rovigo, Naples on Ancona;[1] Tuscany and Piedmont had rival designs to annex the Lunigiana and Massa-Carrara. Perhaps already both Charles Albert and Leopold were dreaming of bringing the Sicilian crown into their families.[1] Nor were these provincial jealousies confined to the courts. Alike in Tuscany and Rome and Naples there were important sections who dreaded above all things annexation to Piedmont. Their fears were not ungrounded; there were Unitarians, who would have liked to see Charles Albert King of all Italy, just as there were a few who would have egged on Leopold or Ferdinand to bid for the Italian crown; in some of the cities there were Mazzinians, who still aspired to a republic of united Italy.[2] And though the avowed friends of Unity of whatever shade were weak at present, a powerful constitutional kingdom in North Italy would form a magnet to which at all events Bologna and Florence would gravitate. The Albertists had been aggressively imprudent, and there was a wide-spread suspicion that Piedmontese agents were at work throughout the peninsula. No doubt since D'Azeglio's mission to Romagna there had been a group of men, who had preached salvation through Charles Albert. Agents, authorized or unauthorized, had been fixing the ideas that Balbo and D'Azeglio had suggested,[3] and since the war broke out they had been especially busy in the Lunigiana and at Modena and Parma. Salvagnoli and Berchet at Florence, Spaventa at Naples, to a certain extent Mamiani at Rome, favoured a strong Italian kingdom under the House of Savoy.[4] How far the Albertists were aiming at annexation it is hard to say.[5] No doubt some, at all events in the Legations and at Leghorn, would have liked to force Charles Albert's hand by a plebiscite for union to Piedmont;[6] but though the Statute spoke of the King's "Italian crown," there is little evidence to show how far he knew or approved their plans.[1] There can be no doubt however that visions of expansion had floated before the eyes of his statesmen, and prompted their mysterious attitude towards the League. After the French Revolution they had again thrown every difficulty in its way, on the pretence that a league without Naples in it was valueless; and when Naples announced its adhesion (March 15), Tuscany had in its turn grown suspicious of Piedmont. As soon as war was declared, the Pope, anxious for anything to which he could shift his responsibility, again picked up the threads of the negotiations, and found Tuscany and Naples willing to fall in; but Pareto brusquely replied that the war was all-important, and put in a counter-scheme of an offensive alliance. To this Naples at all events was willing to adhere; but the Pope's reluctance gave Pareto his opportunity to break out of any arrangement which might tie his hands. He sent his final refusal to join the league on April 18, and the Pope's disappointment at missing a peaceful solution, his anger at the loss of Parma, his suspicions that Piedmont was aiming at Romagna and Naples at the Marches, fell in only too well with other tendencies to turn him from the cause.[2]

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[1] Minghetti, *Ricordi*, II. 212; Gualterio, *Rivolgimenti*, II. 226 *n.*

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[1] Zobi, *Memorie*, I. 265, II. 543–546; D'Ancona, *Amari*, I. 255; see below, pp. 256, 314.

[2] Tivaroni, *Dominio austriaco*, II. 32, 40; Nisco, *Ferdinando II.*, 88; Farini, *Lettere*, 75; Orsini etc., *Lettere*, 77, 82, 186, 191; Gori, *Rivoluzione*, 92, 95.

[3] *Archivio Triennale*, I. 56–60, 109; Ricasoli, *Lettere*, I. 231–232, 235; Saffi, *Scritti*, I. 125; *Indirizzo degli Italiani*.

[4] Ricasoli, *op. cit.*, I. 344; Spaventa, *Dal* 1848, 25–28, 37; Gioberti, *Operette*, I. 77.

[5] Compare (i) Gioberti, *Ai Romani;* Id., *Operette*, I. 85–89; Ricasoli, *op. cit.*, I. 359, 365; Gemelli, *Sicilia*, 8; Bosio, *Villamarina*, 80–81; with (ii) Gioberti, *Sull' unione;* Id., *Prolegomeni*, 89; Ventura, *Essai*, 608 (which I am inclined to disbelieve). See below, p. 255.

[6] See below, p. 240.

The war was supremely distasteful to him. In the moment of enthusiasm indeed he had attributed the events of March to Providence. He was patriot enough to wish to see Italy victorious, provided he escaped responsibility in the eyes of Germany. But he was less patriot than Pope; he cared perhaps less for national independence than for the recovery of those Italian territories, to which the Papacy treasured shadowy titles. He feared that the war might prove a crucible, from which Italy would emerge in transmuted form, perhaps with little room for even a reformed Papal government. And so he blessed the flags when the troops started for the war, but he ordered Giovanni Durando, their general, not to cross the frontier, except to occupy Rovigo, at which his claims of possession aimed. He was troubled too by the temper of Rome. When the Jesuits were attacked, he paraded his sympathy for his "unwearied fellow-workers in the vineyard of the Lord," and threatened to leave the city if the disturbances continued. Fretful, ill at ease, clinging to his popularity, but ever less in sympathy with the new democratic and nationalist developments, he had already lent his ears to sinister counsels. Always oblique in his methods, he had learnt to fight his ministers by ruse or inaction; or sometimes he would fortify himself in the obstinacy of his narrow conscience, and startle them with some sudden and perverse resolution. The condition of Rome grew worse. The needs of the war had driven the government to issue a forced currency. The pauper classes rioted for bread, and Ciceruacchio threatened to levy toll on the rich unless they contributed to the war fund. The limitations of the franchise dissatisfied even some of the Moderates, and a vigorous section was agitating for a wider suffrage and the convocation of an Italian Diet at Rome. The provinces, more intent on the war, cared less for political reforms, but were resolute that the state should take its part in the struggle on the Mincio. The ministry tried in vain to extract an explicit pronouncement from the Pope. He angrily repudiated an order of the day in which Durando had told his soldiers that the Pope blessed their swords; but a few days later he spoke of "obeying circumstances," and gave his implied consent that the troops should cross the Po. Acting on this, the ministry ordered Durando to advance (April 18).[1] But the Pope would not see his name linked with Charles Albert's in the battle-cry of the new crusade. Threats of schism came from the German bishops, and he was prepared to sacrifice anything rather than be the cause of such scandal to the Church. When his ministers defended Durando, he took refuge in seclusion. Suddenly, with the spasmodic energy of a weak man who feels his hands being forced, he broke silence with an Allocution,[1] which marked his final secession from the nationalist camp (April 29).

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[1] See Pasolini, *Memoirs*, 73.

[2] Corboli-Bussi in *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 281–282; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 143, 177–180, 472–477; D'Azeglio e Gualterio, *Carteggio*, 25; Farini, *Roman State*, II. 96–98; Costa de Beauregard, *Dernières années*, 181; Gioberti, *Rinnovamento*, I. 228; Massari, *Casi di Napoli*, 119, 133; Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 167, 170. See above, pp. 188, 216.

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[1] Minghetti, *op. cit.*, I. 366, 421; Pasolini, *op. cit.*, 60; Farini, *op. cit.*, II. 62–63, 101–104; *Raccolta dei decreti*, I. 163; D'Azeglio, *Relazione*, 6; Correspondence—Italy, II. 404.

The Allocution was an apology to the German Catholics. War with Austria, it declared, was "wholly abhorrent from the counsels" of a Pope, who "regarded and loved with equal affection all peoples, races, and nations." It was the logical statement of his position as Catholic pontiff; it marked none the less his impotence, as an Italian prince, to take a side in the bigger problems which distracted Europe. At Rome it exploded his dwindling popularity; for two or three days the state was practically without a government, and a considerable party called for his deposition and the appointment of a Provisional Government. Pius was frightened; he had not realized how completely the Encyclical would sunder him from the Liberals; he had even thought that its implicit sanction of the Volunteers would please them. He was grieved that it should be interpreted as an anti-nationalist manifesto; he was willing even to promise to take part in the war in the capacity of an Italian prince. But Antonelli, despite the irritation he professed against the Pope, suppressed his intended eirenicon, and substituted a memorial confirming the worst interpretations of the Encyclical.[2] The Pope tried in his good feeble way to repair the mischief. He wrote to the Emperor, asking him to surrender his Italian provinces, and promised Charles Albert to allow the Papal troops to march, if Austria refused the olive-branch.[3] But this was not known to the public, and he was forced to see that the appointment of a popular ministry was the only means of laying the storm. He dismissed Antonelli, and commissioned Mamiani to form a cabinet.

The Encyclical was followed by the defection of Naples. Between a disloyal king and a nerveless people the country had sat ill in its constitutional dress. Bozzelli paralyzed the cabinet—already the second since the granting of the Constitution—and Saliceti, the one strong man in it, resigned. The King had taken Bozzelli's measure, and knew that he could fascinate and mould to his liking the pedant, whose theoretic belief in firm government was only the cover of an unstable courtier spirit. Even a stronger ministry would have found its path strewn with difficulties. The press gave no light, and lent itself to violent and undignified abuse. The country tossed with chronic unrest, and the masses were finding that liberty did not necessarily mean bread. The old police had vanished without any force to take their place, and some of the provinces were in a state of mild anarchy. The peasants, who cared little or nothing for a constitution, divided up the commons, or appropriated land to which they had old claims. The Radicals were discontented with the Statute, its narrow franchise and its "House of Peers"; and Saliceti voiced their demands by calling for an extension of the suffrage, an elective Second Chamber, and immediate hostilities with Austria. The agitation forced the ministry to resign, and for the moment the King was inclined to bow to the storm and commission Pepe to form a ministry. But Pepe asked for as much as Saliceti (April 1), and the King, quickly recovering, determined to fight his ground inch by inch. Carlo Troya, the historian, was made premier (April 4), a gentle, honourable man, but more at home in literature than politics, a poor pilot in such stormy times. His ministry, whether willingly or not, was obliged to compromise with the Radicals, and extend the franchise slightly, leaving the question of the Upper House with other modifications of the constitution for Parliament to settle. And, however halting on matters of domestic reform, Troya declared frankly for war and adhesion to the Italian League. A regiment was despatched at once to Lombardy to fight for "the common country," and Pepe was to follow with the main army. But the cabinet had no courage to bear down the difficulties that thickened on it, from King and officials on one hand, from republicans and socialists on the other. The reactionaries were probably fomenting agrarian troubles, and a priest near Salerno preached communism from the pulpit. Official circulars encouraged the peasants to hope for partitions of demesne land, and spoke of "the intolerable obligation on agriculturists to work for a master."

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[1] According to Finali, *Contemporanei*, 265, the Pope professed that a celestial visitor dictated it. It is generally called an Encyclical.

[2] Pasolini, *op. cit.*, 69–71; Minghetti, *op. cit.*, I. 372, 380.

[3] Costa de Beauregard, *op. cit.*, 206.

The King saw his opportunity. After the French Revolution he had lost heart and drifted, schemed perhaps to use the Liberals to win back Sicily and partition Italy between Charles Albert and himself.[1] But he had no scruples about playing the traitor, and he now saw with glee that the dread of socialism and the weakness of the government were giving the reactionaries their chance of recovery. The Encyclical had rallied the clergy to their cause; threatened with attack from the civil power, the priests spread the cry that religion was in danger, and the sacristies of Naples were so many nests of treason. San Gennaro's blood refused to liquefy, till the national guard frightened the archbishop and made the miracle work. An active camarilla of courtiers and officers was preparing for a blow. Believing, with reason, that the Liberals wanted to send the army to the north to have a free hand at home, they agitated against the war and raised the spectre of Albertism. The King himself probably took no active part in the plot, but was careful that it had free play.

Meanwhile the elections had taken place, but so indifferent was the mass of the people, that only one-fifth of the electors went to the poll. Moderate Liberals were returned almost everywhere, and save for a handful of reactionaries and a score of Radicals, the deputies were of the same featureless, compromising cast as the ministers. Parliament was to meet on May 15; two days previously most of the deputies were in Naples, holding a semi-official conference in the ward of Monteoliveto. They came ready to suspect, and a seemingly inoffensive incident fed their humour. From the official programme for the coming ceremony it transpired that they would be asked to take an oath to maintain the existing constitution. Probably it originated in Bozzelli's pedantry, and no subterfuge was intended; but the deputies regarded it as a ruse to pledge them against the democratic reforms, which the government had promised that they should consider. The ministers and, with some hesitation, the King offered to waive the formula, and even make specific allusion to reform.[1] But there were forces at work on both sides to make compromise impossible. Extremists from Calabria and Salerno, together with some national guards, were preparing for civil war, and in the tension and uncertainty, before the King gave way, some barricades had been thrown up. It was a fatal error, so palpable in the retrospect, that after-efforts were made to charge it to the plottings of the Camarilla. But though its agents may have been at work, there can be little doubt that it was the republicans who raised the barricades, apparently with some strange encouragement from the French fleet in the bay.[2] The shrewder of the Liberals endeavoured to repair the mischief, but part of the national guard was out of hand, and the barricades were left. The King was frightened,[3] and the Camarilla saw how the mad manœuvre played into its hands. Twelve thousand troops were massed in front of the royal palace (May 15), and nothing remained to the Liberals but to fight and conquer. The national guard of Salerno was advancing on the capital, and had the deputies thrown themselves into the struggle, the great mass of the national guard and Liberal citizens would have followed, and not impossibly might have repeated the victories of Palermo and Milan. None knew who fired the first shot; from morn to nightfall a fierce hand-to-hand struggle raged down the Toledo, but the few hundred defenders had no chance against such odds. The troops, both native and Swiss, gave no mercy, massacred and pillaged and burnt, while Ferdinand egged them on from his palace balcony, and the deputies passed resolutions at Monteoliveto, till the troops drove them out. The next morning dawned on a scene of desolation. Dead bodies and wrecked houses, outrage and rapine, marked the progress of the troops. The *lazzaroni* and their priests filed before the palace, and shouted "death to the nation." Their cries meant that the South of Italy was lost to the national cause. An express was sent to recall Pepe and his troops. The message found him at Bologna, where, contrary to his instructions, he was preparing to cross the Po. Had he promptly pushed on, he might have taken his men with him; but he hesitated long enough for intrigue to work, and when the old veteran at last decided to press on, he found only 2000 willing to follow him.

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[1] Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 96, 115, 122; *Atti e documenti*, 141–144; Tivaroni, *op. cit.*, III. 198.

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[1] Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 450–457, 467; Santoro, *Rivolgimenti*, 177–188; *Atti e documenti*, 19, 91–93; Nisco, *Ferdinando II.*, 169; Marulli, *Documenti*, 28; Correspondence—Italy, II. 496.

[2] *Atti e documenti*, 16, 22, 90, 153–156; Ricciardi, *Cenni*, 142; Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 464; Santoro, *op. cit.*, 184; Correspondence—Italy, *loc. cit.*; Senior, *Journals*, II. 80; Marulli, *op. cit.*, 28; Carbonelli, *Mignona*, 35, 37; *contra*, Massari, *Casi di Napoli*, 152, 164; Petrucelli, *Rivoluzione*, 101.

[3] There is much mystery as to his conduct on the morning of the 15th. See Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 469–473.

It lay with Charles Albert to say whether the defection of the Pope and King of Naples should weaken the national cause. Though it lost him soldiers, it simplified his position. For the few who desired an united Italy, for the many who stopped short of unity but wished to see the whole strength of the nation put into the war, there were now but two possible alternatives—Albertism, or the republic. And the republicans were a minority—little knots of students and a few thoughtful artizans in the larger cities,—and many of them, led by Mazzini himself, were willing to drop their propaganda, if only Charles Albert would frankly adopt the democratic and nationalist programme. A strong man would have taken it and won by it. Sicily was offering her crown to his son.[1] In Romagna there was a powerful separatist party, which only waited his signal to throw itself into his arms.[2] Everywhere outside Italy the popular forces held the field. The Republic was strong in France; the Viennese students were driving out the Imperial court (May 17); Hungary and Bohemia had won their short-lived independence; the German National Assembly was meeting (May 18). At no time, not even in 1830, had democracy been so triumphant. There was a moment when Charles Albert might have anticipated 1860. But the King was no genius to seize the great occasion. He was fighting a military campaign with all respect to the conventionalities of regular warfare. His treatment of the volunteers had shown his distrust and dislike of the popular forces. He would countenance no designs on the Temporal Dominions of the Pope, and sent Gioberti to Rome to win back Pius' favour. He had ever the fear of European diplomatists before his eyes; anxiety to humour Palmerston and conciliate the German Confederation made him shy of aggression in the Tyrol, and restrained him from hostilities at sea, where his fleet might have made an easy prey of Trieste and paralyzed Austrian commerce. He refused the aid of the Swiss volunteers; he broke off the friendly relations with the Hungarians, which the Milanese had initiated. He belittled the great Italian movement down to a struggle for North Italy; he did enough to alienate the other princes and excite the jealousies of France, and stopped short of what would have drawn the patriots of all Italy to his side.

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[1] See below, pp. 256, 315.

[2] Torre, *Storia*, I. 118–120; Beghelli, *Repubblica*, I. 136; Farini, *op. cit.*, II. 129; Gabussi, *Memorie*, II. 15.

In North Italy itself he showed the same lack of consistency and masterfulness. The national rising had been followed in Lombardy by a period of quietude. Within a week the whole fabric of Austrian rule had fallen, and the energies of the country were absorbed in filling the void of government and in feebler efforts to raise a Lombard army. The political question had been postponed by general consent. Every one expected that the war would be short, and in the meantime the burning questions of monarchy or republic, of union or federation were best left unstirred. "When the cause has won, the nation will decide," was the oft-repeated formula of compromise. Ostensibly at least, even those who wanted to see Charles Albert king at once, subscribed to the *status quo*,[1] and he for his part had discouraged his extremer partisans. Anxious as he was to give the republicans no chance and unite Lombardy to Piedmont, he had urged that, if the question could not be left alone, it should be decided at once by a plebiscite on the broadest possible suffrage. The republicans on their side were equally willing to defer the question. Though at Milan they included at this time the active if not the numerical majority of the middle and working classes, they were weak outside. Mazzini, who had arrived there early in April, promised to support Charles Albert, so long as his ambitions made for Unity. He scorned the miserable intrigues of Cattaneo's small anti-Piedmontese faction; the one thing needful was to drive the Austrians out, and till that was done, domestic questions must wait. On these terms he promised to give loyal support to the Provisional Government.

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[1] Casati, *Rivelazioni*, II. 185; Casati, *Milano*, 415; *Archivio Triennale*, III. 778; Correspondence—Italy, II. 295; *contra*, G. Torelli, *Ricordi*, 133; Casati, *Milano*, 244.

But it was impossible to keep the political question in the background. The fraternal embracings of Lombards and Piedmontese soon broke down under the strain of ill-success and disappointment. As the army halted feeble and irresolute before Radetzky's lines, suspicion, only suspended for the moment by the victory of Pastrengo, steadily grew; and when Nugent overran Venetia,[1] the Lombards, solicitous for the sister-province, hinted angrily at treachery and a new Campoformio. And in every class there were fainthearts, whose lukewarm patriotism ill bore the difficulties and dangers of the war, and looked askance at the Piedmontese, as little better than Croats, preying on the country. The army for its part, writhing under the insults of the bitter, restless Milanese press, daily witnesses of the apathy of the rural population round the Mincio, were little disposed to fight without compensation, and angry words passed to and fro between Turin and Milan.

The Provisional Government, too, was losing public confidence. The Republicans on it had been pliable to a fault, and the Moderates, who came to control it, possessed in a supreme degree the timidity and incapacity of their party. The finances were in complete disorder. The war was costing the province heavily; the government had abolished many of the most unpopular burdens, it was difficult in the general unsettlement to collect the indirect taxes, and neither the heavy land-tax nor the patriotic offerings, considerable though they were, filled the void. The financial mismanagement however would have been forgiven, had the government made better provision for the war. It is probable indeed that the Piedmontese commissariat was responsible for the army's short supplies of food; for more than sufficient was sent to the front, and the magazines were gorged.[1] But for the slackness in forming a Lombard contingent the blame must go to the government at Milan. In spite of fair words it discouraged and mismanaged the Volunteers, cooling their enthusiasm with unsympathetic generals and orders that breathed distrust. It was impossible of course to improvise an army of trained soldiers, but there were 60,000 in the country, who had passed through the Austrian ranks, and no serious attempt was made to enlist them. It was July before some 10,000 raw conscripts were able to take the field. It weighed little against such sins of omission, that the government showed a little reforming activity; the war overshadowed all else, and its laxity in this wrecked its popularity.

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[1] See below, p. 249.

Everything tended to bring to the front the question of "fusion" with Piedmont; and small blame can attach to the fusionists that they forced the government to find an issue from a position that contented nobody. The Piedmontese had to be satisfied by some tangible mark of gratitude; above all more vigour must be thrown into Lombardy's share of the war. The formation of a powerful North Italian Kingdom, whatever its drawbacks, would at least shield Italy from Austrian aggression. Less worthy motives had their influence; the dread of a socialist republic, sycophancy to a King, ambition to see Milan once more the seat of a brilliant court. The honester patriots of the opposition, though republicans in principle, were willing to sacrifice their theories to so big a step towards Unity, provided that a democratic constitution preserved the republic in its substance; and pressing appeals came from the republicans of Genoa to form one family, in which democratic Genoa and Milan would be more than sufficient counterweight to Turin. The conservative fusionists organised an active and unscrupulous agitation. Overtures were made to Mazzini and Cattaneo; others were won by promise of office or promotion. For a time the Provisional Government stood by its first promise of neutrality; it even, it seems, in curious contrast to its general policy, intrigued at Venice against fusion. But soon, forgetting its pledges, blind to the complications that loomed in the future, it thought only of the present necessity and gave way to the growing pressure without. Early in May it announced a plebiscite on the issue whether fusion should take place at once, or the question be postponed to the end of the war. Mazzini bitterly taunted it with breaking faith, and the excitement at Milan compelled it to promise, that whatever the issue of the plebiscite, the right of public meeting, freedom of the press, and a citizen guard should be guaranteed.

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[1] Bava, *Relazione*, 72; Pinelli, *Storia*, III. 513; Restelli e Mæstri, *Fatti di Milano*, 7, 13; Corsi, *1844–1879*, 131. See Della Rocca, *Autobiografia*, I. 185.

The voting took place at the end of the month. Later experience has shown how untrustworthy a plebiscite may be, how with a people untrained in political life a vote on a single issue, taken hurriedly without free and full discussion, may be far from representing the real feelings of a people. Royalist agents had been at work, and the idea was abroad, that if the vote went against Charles Albert, he would withdraw from the war. Gioberti was brought to Milan to act as a counterpoise to Mazzini, and his theme of "Charles Albert or Austria" was sung in every key. The republicans, divided and irresolute, many of their leaders away at the war, ill-at-ease in opposing a movement that told for unity, for the most part abstained. Villagers voted under the eyes of the priest, soldiers at their officers' bidding; forgery, pressure, coercion were freely used. Still the result must have surprised all parties. Five hundred and sixty thousand, or 84 per cent. of the electorate, gave their votes, and barely seven hundred were recorded for postponing the question. Making every allowance for the unworthy arts of one party and the disorganization of the other, it showed an overwhelming preponderance in favour of fusion. At Parma and Piacenza and Modena the plebiscites showed majorities proportionately as great.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WAR (Continued)

MAY—AUGUST 1848

Fusion in Venetia, and at Venice; Piedmont and fusion; results of fusion. The war in Venetia; Nugent's advance; Cornuda; Thurn's attacks on Vicenza. Piedmontese inaction; Curtatone; second battle of Goito; loss of Vicenza, and Venetia. Palmerston's negotiations. Piedmont and the war. Sommacampagna; CUSTOZZA; Volta; the retreat; the defence of Milan; the SURRENDER OF MILAN.

IN Venetia the question of fusion was complicated by Manin's proclamation of the republic. His political faith was republican, he had no liking for "a half-revolution, that needed another to complete it." He feared that an over-preponderancy of Piedmont would wreck any scheme of federation. But he had no wish to prejudice the future settlement of the nation; he repudiated any municipal sentiment, looking forward, as he did, to the federation, perhaps to the complete unity of Italy, and wishing to leave her final destiny to be decided by a Diet at Rome.[1] It is probable that, despite his natural leanings, he would not have proclaimed the republic, had he not thought that Venice could be best won to the national cause by reviving the name of her great past, whose sins had been forgotten, and whose memories were so dear. Whether he was wise may be doubted. It is impossible not to think that his own prestige would have been enough to win the populace; it is certain that his action created difficulties. It offended the Lombards and Genoese by seeming to run counter to the general understanding not to consider the form of government till after the war; it gave France an excuse to set up the sister republic against the monarchical patriotism of Piedmont. On the Venetian mainland, where Manin's government had but a nominal authority, the old jealousy of Venice blazed up afresh; Padua and Vicenza and Treviso had no grateful memories of the republic that had only been a tyrant to them. Towards the middle of April the news of Nugent's advance[1] and the absence of any adequate defence increased their impatience; and with the reluctant consent of Venice, they determined to annex themselves to Lombardy and Piedmont. Their sympathies were for the former. Fusion with Lombardy sooner or later was the prayer of every Venetian patriot; for Charles Albert there was little or no enthusiasm. But when the Milanese government decreed the plebiscite, fusion with Lombardy implied fusion with Piedmont; and the urgent danger, that threatened from Nugent's rapid march, made the provinces fly for help to the King, who, it was bruited, had little desire to succour republicans. When the plebiscite was taken (June 4), three provinces were occupied by the Austrians; the remaining four, Treviso, Padua, Vicenza, Rovigo, gave an overwhelming majority for immediate annexation, with the proviso, as in Lombardy, that a Constituent Assembly elected by manhood suffrage should draw up the constitution.

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[1] Planat de la Faye, *Documents*, I. 145, 189, 264, 316, 391–392, 422; Restelli's reports in Casati, *Milano*.

The fusionists, successful on the mainland, transferred their energies to Venice. Albertist agents had been intriguing, perhaps bribing; insinuating that the republic stood in the way of Unity, and that Venice ran the risk of isolation. But they found no more personal regard for Charles Albert than on the mainland. Venice, safe in her lagunes, was not exposed to any imminent attack from the enemy. Manin's objections to fusion were strong as ever; he disliked what looked like the perversion of a national to a dynastic war, the alienation of France, the folly of raising political debate in the face of an advancing foe. But it seemed a step towards Unity; friends were scarce, for Palmerston's sympathies were cold, the French Government was ready to see Venice sacrificed to Austria,[2] and the opinion grew apace that only Charles Albert could save her from another Campoformio. The government still refused to hold a plebiscite, but it was forced to order the election of an Assembly to decide on the political future of the city (June 3). The small polls showed the indifference of the masses, and the fusionists carried all before them. When the Assembly opened (July 3), the adroit manœuvring of the Piedmontese agent secured an easy victory, and Manin, seeing that the cause was lost, was anxious only to avoid division; "let us forget parties to-day," he said, "and be neither republicans nor royalists but Italians." By an almost unanimous vote the Assembly decided for immediate annexation to Piedmont. Manin and Tommaseo resigned, and a month later the Piedmontese flag floated in the Piazza.

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[1] See below, p. 249.

[2] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 270.

The question passed to Piedmont. Parma and Modena had dedicated themselves without reserves, but elsewhere the question was complicated by the conditions, which had been stipulated for in the plebiscites, and both Lombardy and Venetia had already taken steps for the election of a National Assembly. Thus the fusion bristled sufficiently with difficulties, and above them there was hot debate whether Milan or Turin should be the future capital. The Piedmontese ministry was divided on the acceptance of the conditions. The conservative section swerved at their democratic colour, especially as they implied universal suffrage in Piedmont too. A national assembly might even wreck the throne, and the transfer of the capital to Milan meant the downfall of Piedmontese hegemony. Pareto and Ricci, Liberals and Genoese, welcomed the opportunity of destroying the supremacy of Turin and merging Piedmont in a wider Italian power. Balbo, a man of generous loyal nature, but angular and hot-tempered, made a bad premier of a discordant ministry. The quarrel was transferred from the Cabinet to the Chamber. The majority of the Deputies were Moderate Liberals of the middle and noble classes—lawyers, landowners, civil servants—men of high character, but necessarily lacking in experience. Reflecting the generous patriotism of the country, they were ready to meet the Lombards more than half-way, and though the vested interests at Turin fought hard to pledge the government not to move the capital, many even of the stricter Piedmontese school felt that it was too dangerous play to alienate the Lombards, and perhaps throw them into the arms of the French Republic. Pareto, backed by Rattazzi, defeated the conservative section, and saving a condition that the monarchy should not be left an open question, Parliament agreed to the Lombard terms and carried the Law of Union by a very large majority.

It is not easy to balance the wisdom and unwisdom of the fusion. Had Charles Albert been a great general, and the forces of North Italy, as seemed probable at the time, sufficient to defeat Radetzky; or had the King thrown himself on the nation, and drawn round him the patriots of all Italy, the fusion would have been a big step to Unity, and the work of 1860 might have been anticipated in part by twelve years. As it was, the fusion proved a great political blunder. The Piedmontese army was not sufficient of itself; the one hope of victory lay in keeping old allies or winning new ones. But fusion angered France and Switzerland, both jealous of a strong monarchy in North Italy; it completed the alienation of the Pope and King of Naples, and increased the suspicions of the Tuscan government. And the haste and indecorum of the plebiscite, which appeared to place the dynastic interests of Savoy above the hopes of Italy, damped what enthusiasm was left to the Democrats, and robbed the national struggle of half its moral force.

"While Charles Albert was collecting votes, Radetzky was collecting men," and Nugent was hurrying to his help with a force 14,000 strong. In the early days of the revolution the whole of the Venetian mainland had risen; corps of students and volunteers had hurried from its towns towards the Quadrilateral, till a severe defeat at Montebello[1] sent them discouraged back. At first the Venetians had looked more to Rome than Piedmont for help, and the Papal troops were hurrying up. But the necessary organizing power and nucleus of reliable troops could only come from Piedmont, and with strange carelessness Charles Albert and his generals had done nothing for Venetia beyond sending a few artillerymen to Zucchi at Palmanuova, indifferent that the provinces lay directly exposed to attack from Austria, fancying perhaps that she was too exhausted to make another effort. The brief period of security soon passed. The loyalty of the Croatian Ban, Jellalich, allowed Nugent to muster a respectable force of Croat regiments, and with these he crossed the Isonzo on April 16. Palmanuova was masked, and Udine captured after a brave resistance. A few thousand men might have easily defended the Tagliamento; the country people, unassisted, destroyed the bridges, and the mountaineers drove back Welden, who tried to cross the Alpine passes from Carniola. But there were no regulars to help them; Nugent crossed the Tagliamento on pontoons (April 27), and finding the bridges again broken on the Piave turned northwards to Belluno. Meanwhile the Venetians, realising their danger, had sent pressing messages to Charles Albert to allow the Roman forces, now placed under his command, to advance. Bitter charges were brought against him that he was deliberately sacrificing Venetia. But there was no treachery; the King was probably overruled by his generals, and their inaction, wise or unwise, was due to military considerations.[1] At last (April 24) unable longer to resist the appeals, he allowed the Roman generals to march forward. While Giovanni Durando with the regulars, strangely dilatory, refused to advance beyond Bassano, Ferrari's volunteers, impatient and tumultuous, followed by peasants with forks and scythes, their priests with pistols at their head, pushed up the right bank of the Piave to the northern border of the plain at Cornuda. Here Ferrari was attacked in a disadvantageous position (May 8); his volunteers fought bravely for two days against superior numbers, while Durando, who might easily have relieved them and crushed the outnumbered Austrians, sent only a few troops. His strange manœuvre became afterwards the subject of a fierce polemic; and it is so difficult to excuse it by any plea of error, that it seems probable that suspicious of the republicanism of Ferrari and his troops, prompted by Piedmontese intrigues or anxious to please the Pope by keeping his Swiss troops intact, he sacrificed the Roman volunteers to the miserable partisanship of his chiefs.[1]

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[1] Not to be confused with Montebello, where the battle of 1859 took place.

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[1] Revel, *Dal* 1847, 22; Planat de la Faye, *op. cit.*, I. 205; Ufficiale Piemontese, *Memorie*, 136; *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 271.

Ferrari's men retreated towards Treviso, and the retreat became a rout. The news of the Encyclical reached the camp, and the volunteers feared that, as their government had not formally declared war, they were liable, if captured, to be shot as filibusters. But Thurn, who had succeeded to the invalided Nugent, received orders to leave Treviso, and hurry on towards Verona. After an ineffectual attempt on Vicenza he marched on, but, before he reached Verona, Radetzky, angry at the repulse and realising all the importance of Vicenza, ordered the footsore troops to return and attack it again. But Durando had brought up the bulk of his force; and Thurn's troops, driven back from the Berici Hills and caught among the flooded ditches round the city, were forced to retreat once more with heavy loss.

It was May 25 when he reached Verona. During the fortnight, which had passed since Santa Lucia, the Piedmontese army had relapsed once more into inaction. Reactionary and timid men surrounded the King, and confidence in eventual victory combined with the torrential rains to discourage any decisive step. Had a little more energy been shown, Nugent's advance might have been stopped, the passes of Rivoli and Schio seized, and Radetzky hemmed in to Verona and its barren neighbourhood. He on his side was only waiting for Nugent's troops to take the field. He determined to make a final effort to save Peschiera, but apparently despairing of breaking through the Piedmontese lines, conceived a daring stroke. His plan was to transfer the bulk of his force to Mantua, overpower the isolated wing in front of the fortress, and advancing up the right of the Mincio attack the Piedmontese rear, destroy their magazines, and spread panic in Lombardy. He executed his dangerous flank march, unperceived by the sluggish enemy (May 27–28), and at Mantua found himself in face of the small detachment of Tuscans and the few remaining Neapolitans, who held a line of ten miles between Goito and Montanara. Next day 5000 Tuscans under De Laugier were attacked by 35,000 Austrians (May 29). It was a forlorn hope; but the students fought with careless and desperate bravery, and it was not till after six hours' fighting, and when the Austrians had brought more than half their men into action, that their position at Curtatone was stormed. Bava might easily have sent reinforcements forward in time, and bitterly he and the King were attacked for the desertion of their allies. But he had learnt the enemy's strength, and while he sent messages, which arrived too late, ordering De Laugier to retire, he was concentrating every available man for a second line of defence at Goito. It was a critical moment, for were he defeated, he would have been driven back on Brescia, and the road would have been open to Milan. The heroic resistance of the Tuscans saved him, and gave him time to take up a strong position on the right of the Mincio. Here on the afternoon after Curtatone the Austrian van made a confused attack; and after a short, sharp fight between equal forces, the Austrians fell back, well pursued till nightfall. While the King was on the field, the news reached him that Peschiera had fallen. The double victory seemed the end of the weary struggle, and the troops acclaimed Charles Albert King of Italy. And had the Piedmontese possessed a general of any genius, Radetzky's position would have been very critical. He had retired precipitately to Mantua, losing large numbers of deserters from his Italian troops, and leaving his left wing under D'Aspre isolated. The Piedmontese were flushed with victory, and had recovered the confidence they had lost at Santa Lucia. A bold advance would have driven back D'Aspre on the Oglio, and forced him to surrender; or a rapid march across the high ground to the east would have cut off Radetzky's retreat and perhaps have captured Verona. But Charles Albert went to sing a *Te Deum* at Peschiera, and the precious moment was lost. It was perhaps his contempt for the enemy's generalship that decided Radetzky to another perilous manœuvre. On June 3, while the heavy rains still kept him at Mantua, he received the news of the new revolt at Vienna; he might at any time be recalled to defend the throne, perhaps even an order to retire was actually sent.[1] It was all important to secure a retreat to the Tyrol by the Schio pass, and for this to seize Vicenza, though his absence left Verona at the enemy's mercy.

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[1] Pinelli, *Storia*, III. 396, 1092; Montecchi, *Fatti;* D'Azeglio, *Relazione;* Marescotti, *Guerre.* The Ufficiale Piemontese shows a strong animus against Ferrari.

He reached Verona on June 9 with a force double the strength of Durando's garrison. The attack on the city failed, but the Berici Hills were carried, and from them at nightfall Radetzky bombarded the city. The citizens would still have held out, but Durando, shrinking from useless slaughter, surrendered to the easy terms that the Austrians offered. Radetzky gladly gave them that he might return in time to save Verona. But for the extraordinary supineness of the Piedmontese, he would have been too late. They had had two brilliant alternatives, either to take up a strong position to the east of Verona, and fall on the Austrian flank on its return; or to make a direct attack on the city itself, where the inhabitants would have risen and made its fall almost certain. But timid counsels or the hidden works of diplomacy prevailed. Nothing was done for five days; then Rivoli was occupied, but its value was gone now that the Austrians could open up the Schio road to the Tyrol. When at length the attack on Verona was prepared for the 14th, Radetzky had reached the city by forced marches on the preceding evening, and another great opportunity had passed.

The loss of Vicenza was a greater blow than Santa Lucia. It carried with it the loss of the whole Venetian mainland except one little mountain fortress; worse still, it widened the gulf between Piedmontese and Lombards by suggesting grave doubts as to the King's sincerity. The fate of the Venetian cities touched the Lombards very nearly, and they bitterly reflected that, while the King was alienating Tuscany by sending troops to the Lunigiana, he had lost Venetia by inaction so perverse as to suggest deliberate design. The cry of treachery drew fresh colouring from the uncertainty of the negotiations, which were known to be proceeding through the medium of the English government. Palmerston had done his best to hold back Charles Albert from war; but he had no love for Austria, and when hostilities broke out, he shared the general belief that her cause was doomed.[1] His policy was to keep the French out of Italy, and secure peace as soon as Italy was free. Meanwhile the Austrian statesmen, despairing of saving more than a fragment of their Italian dominions, had sent Count Härtig to the seat of war in the forlorn hope of rescuing something from the wreck. Härtig was probably prepared to concede the practical independence of Lombardy, but he was timid and indefinite, and the excitement of the time made the Italians unwilling to accept any solution short of complete evacuation. When May brought fresh troubles to the Austrians at Vienna and in Bohemia, the need for a settlement in Italy became still more urgent, and Hummelauer was sent to London to enlist Palmerston's mediation (May 23). He, like Härtig, would no doubt have consented to the evacuation of Lombardy, but his actual proposals were a scheme of very thorough Home Rule for both Lombardy and Venetia, and Palmerston, thinking that the Austrians only wanted to gain time,[2] and still confident of the eventual triumph of the Italians, was unwilling to lend his name to any proposals short of evacuation. Even when, after the second Viennese rising, the Austrians lowered their terms and offered independence to Lombardy and a very Liberal constitution to Venetia, he still refused to mediate, unless Austria surrendered her territory at least to the Piave. The Viennese government itself had no more trust in its own fortunes than Palmerston had,[3] but it made a new effort to save Venetia by directly approaching the Milanese government (early in June) with the same offer of independence for Lombardy, as the bribe for leaving Venetia in Austrian hands. The Milanese, ever loyal to the Venetians, replied that the fortunes of Lombardy and Venetia were inseparable, and that they would never desert the sister province.[1] The Piedmontese ministry, apparently with the exception of Balbo, were equally determined to accept no compromise.[2] But while the two governments stood loyal to their engagements, the King, though he had promised the Milanese that he would never lay down his arms till Italy was free, was secretly preparing to sacrifice Venetia. Already early in June, in the midst of his protestations to the Milanese, he was ready to accept the line of the Adige, though willing to fight on, if his ministers decided otherwise. A month later he had thrown scruples to the winds, and weary of the war, privately invited Austria to a treaty of partition.[3] His action may have had some justification in the lower expediencies, but the same moral obliquity, which betrayed him in youth, stained his chivalry again, and made him for the moment traitor to the cause for which he had dared so much.

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[1] Schönhals, *Campagnes*, 206; *Military Events*, 140; Pinelli, *op. cit.*, III. 456.

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[1] Ashley, *Palmerston*, I. 56; Walpole, *Russell*, II. 41. The Queen and Prince Albert were then, as generally, hostile to Italy: Ib. II. 46; Vitzthum, *St. Petersburg*, I. 109.

[2] C. D'Azeglio, *Souvenirs*, 333; Ashley, *op. cit.*, I. 98.

[3] Stockmar, *Memoirs*, II. 356; Minghetti, *Ricordi*, II. 98.

Certainly the King saw nearer the truth than Palmerston. Only too much its early glamour was fading from the war. Again and again victory had been in the grasp of the Italians, but Charles Albert and his generals had thrown away the splendid chances. The Neapolitans had gone, the Tuscans were too demoralized to be kept at the front; Durando's troops were under parole not to fight for three months. The volunteers could barely hold their own; the Lombard troops were slow in coming up. All Lombardy was honeycombed with suspicion and intrigue; Mazzini's paper was bitterly attacking the King; Austrian agents were actively mining underground. The burden of the war fell more than ever on Piedmont, and here too enthusiasm was cooling. The campaign had proved far other than a triumphal progress; Piedmont was irritated at its slow course, and startled when she realized that the little kingdom stood alone fronting the great Empire. The average citizen angrily resented the attacks of the foolish Milanese press on King and army, and contrasted the lukewarmness of the Lombards in the war with their overreaching claims in the negotiations for fusion. Within Piedmont itself the harmony of the spring was fast passing. Many of the nobles had learnt again to fear democracy more than they loved their country; the clergy fell away after the Encyclical, the middle classes were scared by French socialism and unsubstantial phantoms of the red republic. The peasants' struggle for life was too severe to leave much place for patriotism, and agents of reaction waved the Pope's defection and the stagnation of trade before their eyes. The Democrats themselves were often more absorbed in social questions than in the war. The Chamber frittered away its time in barren resolutions and hot interminable debates on the suppression of the Jesuits and the dismantling of the Genoese forts. The ministry had been beaten in the debates on fusion, and was only temporarily holding office. A cabinet was being slowly made under Casati and Gioberti, but the Piedmontese had little enthusiasm for a ministry, which represented every province of the North Italian Kingdom, and placed Lombards and Genoese in a majority. The same provincial spirit had prompted Pareto to again reject overtures from Rome for what was practically an offensive alliance, though the King welcomed them, and their acceptance might even now have reconciled Pius to the war (June). Gioberti had been sent on an unofficial mission to Florence and Rome, to rouse sympathy for Charles Albert and the cause; and though he preached respect for the Grand Duke and tender loyalty to the Pope, he only gave fresh colour to the old suspicions of Piedmontese ambition.[1] Though the King was innocent of any designs on Romagna, it is not equally certain that his ministers were clear;[2] and Charles Albert himself was half disposed to accept the Sicilian crown for his son, the Duke of Genoa.[1]

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[1] *Raccolta dei decreti*, II. 355; Massarani, *Correnti*, 586.

[2] Correspondence—Italy, II. 515; Balbo, *Sommario*, 479.

[3] Correspondence—Italy, II. 516; III. 63; *Raccolta dei decreti*, II. 251; Dall' Ongaro, *L' 11 Agosto*, 52; Revel, *op. cit.*, 29; Ufficiale Piemontese, *op. cit.*, 183; see Bianchi, *Carlo Alberto*, 61-62.

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[1] Contrast Gioberti's utterances at Leghorn and Florence in Zobi, *Storia*, V. (Documents), 381–383, 401. See above, p. 233, *n.* 5.

[2] Minghetti, *op. cit.*, II. 90; Pasolini, *Memoirs*, 73. See above, p. 234.

However maladroit her statesmen, the army of Piedmont was staunchly maintaining the struggle, and even now but for the farce of generalship the probabilities of success still leaned to her. The loss of Vicenza had been followed by another period of inaction. Radetzky was waiting for more reinforcements, and Charles Albert had no plans of offensive. The Volunteers had been sent to the Tyrol frontier and forgotten, and Garibaldi's services, which might have been of priceless value, had been curtly rejected. Ten thousand regulars were in hospital, and though the Lombards had arrived, they were sent to sicken in the swamps round Mantua. The army was weary of the inglorious monotony and privations of the war, and felt less and less disposed to fight for a people whose press insulted and libelled them. At last the arrival of reinforcements gave the Austrians superiority in numbers as well as in prestige, and it became impossible for the Piedmontese to take the offensive. For want of better tactics, the King decided to blockade Mantua on both sides, and captured Governolo to the south-east (July 13). This necessitated a great lengthening of the Piedmontese lines; Rivoli was retained on account of its historic associations or from fear of the criticism that might follow its abandonment; and from Rivoli to Governolo ran forty miles without a railway. To cover this the King had barely 60,000 men in the field, and it was obvious strategy for the Austrians to attack the feeble centre and cut the Piedmontese lines in two. Radetzky captured Rivoli with some difficulty, and was ready for the decisive attack. Between Verona and the Mincio the hills of Sona, Sommacampagna, and Custozza describe a segment from north to south-west. The Piedmontese, though they had occupied them for three months, had done little to fortify what might have been made into an almost impregnable position; and only 8000 men held the key of the whole line. On the night of July 22, in a terrible storm, 40,000 Austrians left Verona. Next morning the Piedmontese, surprised and quite outnumbered, were driven back in spite of their splendid defence, and by midday the whole Austrian army was on the plateau. But the Italian losses had been small, and while De Sonnaz collected the troops of the left brigade under Peschiera and advanced down the right of the Mincio towards Valleggio, the King and Bava hurried up the centre to Villafranca, though with strange blindness to the position, they neglected to bring up the troops round Mantua. Still, had Bava and De Sonnaz on the morning of the 24th attacked both Austrian flanks, Radetzky's position would have been critical. But De Sonnaz was ignorant of Bava's movements, and a breakdown of the commissariat prevented Bava from attacking till afternoon. Then under a tropical sun, under which men dropped by the score, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa stormed the heights at Staffalo and cut Radetzky's line. And though he retrieved his defeat in part by taking Valleggio (the key connecting the plateau with the line of the Mincio), it was necessary for him to recapture the heights at any cost. Again the failure of the commissariat prevented the Dukes from catching the enemy while on the march and divided. When they came under fire at noon (July 25), their brigades fought with the same heroism as at Staffalo, holding their own against heavy odds, and even storming the heights between Custozza and Valleggio. Five times 4000 men drove back with the bayonet twice their number of Austrians. But heat and exhaustion gradually told; and De Sonnaz sent word from Borghetto that his troops, who had been starving for three days, could not attack till evening. The Dukes had no choice but to retreat, though the Austrians had suffered too heavily to follow up their victory.

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[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 218-220; *Curiosità di stor. sub.*, VI. 141; D'Ancona, *Amari*, I. 262-263.

The battle of Custozza was an epitome of the war. The magnificent courage of the Piedmontese, far more than a match for equal numbers of Austrians, and the brilliant tactics of the Dukes were wasted, when the blunders of the other generals kept half the army unengaged, and the fatal breakdown of the commissariat clogged every operation. The position now was full of danger. Forty thousand Piedmontese were concentrated before Villafranca on the evening of the 25th, in danger of being surrounded. During the night and following morning they retreated to Goito, where De Sonnaz, having through some mistake in his instructions evacuated Volta, had already arrived. If the Austrians occupied the heights near Volta, Goito would be untenable, and the King ordered him to retrace the three miles to Volta, and reoccupy it before the enemy arrived. De Sonnaz with his scant and weary troops reached Volta in the evening, just too late to forestall the Austrian van. Till midnight and again at dawn a fierce hand-to-hand fight raged through the streets, till De Sonnaz found the odds too heavy, and after one of the most bloody battles of the campaign, made an orderly retreat.

It was impossible now to hold Goito, and the generals, hopeless of further resistance, asked for an armistice; but Radetzky's terms were the surrender of the Duchies and the withdrawal of the army behind the Adda, and the King "preferring to sacrifice Piedmont rather than Italy," refused them. Plunged in sudden disaster, weary and starving, suffering fearfully from thirst, for the timid peasants of the lowlands had removed the ropes from the wells, the army sullenly drew back. It had two practicable alternatives; to defend the line of the Adda, or retreat beyond the Po and threaten Radetzky's flank. Unluckily the King chose neither. His impulsive chivalry prompted him to wait and defend Cremona, which had shown much hospitality to his wounded during the war. The troops fought bravely in front of the city, but they were outnumbered, and the delay had allowed the enemy to reach the Adda first. Now that it was impossible to defend the river, it was elementary strategy to retreat to Pavia or Piacenza, flood the irrigated country between Milan and the Adda, and summon Garibaldi with the Lombard levies to threaten the Austrian right. But the King's sensitive chivalry again betrayed him. Representations, made apparently by the nobles or the Provisional Government, had reached him from Milan, that the city was well provisioned and prepared for defence; and despite the

[illegible] ELLIS LLWYD JONES

warnings of the new Committee of Public Safety, the King determined not to abandon it. So to Milan the painful march went on under the torrential rains, while the Lombard division melted to a handful. The panic-stricken city was ill prepared to receive its defenders. The Committee of Public Safety, appointed at Mazzini's prompting on the first news of defeat, did what was possible in the brief space, collected money and provisions, threw up earthworks, decreed a levy in mass of the national guard. The inhabitants showed some of the spirit of the Five Days; and the sudden and imminent peril, that within a short week had changed their destinies, shook them roughly from their indifference. But well as the Committee had risen to the occasion, the King had lost none of his distrust of the Milanese authorities, and superseded it by supine commissioners. Next day the army arrived (August 3), and the Milanese, annoyed at the supersession of the Committee, and looking in vain for some stirring message from the King, stinted the welcome that they would have lavished before.[1] On the following afternoon the Austrians came up, and their immense superiority in numbers forced back the Piedmontese within the walls. At the sight of danger the Milanese threw off their momentary lethargy; barricades rose in the streets, and food and comforts were supplied in abundance to the troops. There was still perhaps a chance of success in a desperate defence; Garibaldi and D'Apice had 25,000 men in the Bergamese and Brescian uplands, and could have seriously harassed the enemy's rear. But food and ammunition were probably rather scarce;[2] the bulk of the artillery had by some inexplicable blunder been sent to Piacenza; and the generals, ignoring the temper of the people and perhaps exaggerating the scarcity, decided that it was impossible to resist. And though the King told the national guard next morning

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[1] Belgiojoso, *L'Italia*, 71–72. Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 940, and Castelli, *Ricordi*, 285, probably refer to another day.

[2] The evidence is too conflicting to allow of any certain conclusion. See Restelli e Mæstri, *Fatti di Milano*, 12, 16–17; Cattaneo, *Insurrezione*, 218; Pinelli, *op. cit.*, III. 647; Bava, *op. cit.*, 92; Correspondence—Italy, III. 194; Belgiojoso, *op. cit.*, 74; Cantù, *op. cit.*, II. 923; La Farina, *Storia*, III. 130; Revel, *op. cit.*, 40; Mazzini, *Opere*, VI. 449.

(August 5) that he intended to defend the city, he had already exchanged messages with Radetzky for a capitulation.[1] The news leaked out, and the people, frenzied with suspicion, rushed to the Greppi Palace, where Charles Albert was lodging. The unhappy King, drained of mental and moral strength, yielded to each successive influence that was brought to bear on him, promised to shed his last drop of blood for the city, then a few hours after gave his tacit approval to a message that confirmed the earlier negotiations with Radetzky.[2] By 6.0 P.M. the capitulation had been finally decided on. Its announcement was the signal for anarchy; the angry mob fired at the palace; and the troops in the other quarters, dimly conscious of the King's danger, were hardly restrained from attacking the people. His position was indeed critical, and the crowd was at the point of firing the palace gates, when just before midnight some regiments arrived and rescued him. The army evacuated the city during the night. A few desperate men fired on the soldiers, as they sadly defiled through the streets. But disaster had broken down the misunderstanding; more than half the population, it was estimated, fled with the army, indignant of Austrian rule; and tenderly assisted by the soldiers, the terror-stricken citizens thronged the roads to Piedmont.

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[1] Ufficiale Piemontese, *op. cit.*, 126; Restelli e Mæstri, *op. cit.*, 30–31; Correspondence—Italy, III. 128; Cantù, *op. cit.*, II. 946.

[2] Restelli e Mæstri, *op. cit.*, 31; Cantù, *op. cit.*, II. 948–954; Dino, *Souvenirs*, 252; L. Torelli, 5 *giornate*, 325; Correspondence—Italy, III. 133; Carandini, *Fanti*, 84–86, which does not entirely agree with the other authorities. I have only seen extracts from Anelli, *Storia d'Italia*, II. 224.

CHAPTER XIV

MODERATES AND DEMOCRATS

MAY—DECEMBER 1848

The Salasco armistice. France and Italy. "The People's War;" the Austrians at Bologna. MODERATES AND DEMOCRATS. PIEDMONT: Pinelli ministry; negotiations for peace; the war party; fall of the ministry. TUSCANY: Ridolfi ministry; the Democrats; Capponi ministry; Leghorn revolt; Montanelli-Guerrazzi ministry. PAPAL STATES: Mamiani ministry; Fabbri ministry; Rossi ministry.

PIEDMONT could hardly realize the swift and terrible series of disasters, which had sent her army back crushed and demoralized. She had no power, hardly any wish, to repair the blow. The new ministry had no authority; the country was weary and exhausted; and the only hope of continuing the war lay in a French alliance. The ministry opened negotiations at Paris, but in the meantime Radetzky was threatening the frontier; the Conservatives dreaded above all things the advent of a republican army from France; and Charles Albert, taking the responsibility upon himself, authorized General Salasco to sign a six weeks' armistice (August 9). By its terms not only Peschiera but the Duchies and Venice were to be evacuated, and Piedmont with one voice declared against conditions, that involved for a time at least the surrender of the national cause. For a moment party feuds were silent, and all classes vied in welcoming the Lombard refugees and preparing for a fresh struggle. But the power or the will to make a great effort failed, and a renewal of the war, it was more than ever evident, depended on France.

It was impossible for France to be an indifferent spectator. Traditions, too strong for any government to break, interested her in the relations of Italy and Austria. Guizot's Italian policy had been to maintain the *status quo;* but the Republic was more likely to attack despotism in its Austrian stronghold, and free the Italians, whether they wished its help or not. When war broke out, Lamartine made large offers to private individuals like Mazzini and Pepe,[1] and asked leave of the Turin government to send a corps of observation across the Alps. But feeling in Italy was almost unanimous against accepting French help. Manin indeed, more far-seeing and less confident, would have liked at least to have it secured in case of need; but even he dared go no farther than request the presence of French vessels in the Adriatic. The royalists dreaded a republican ally, the republicans wished to see Italy win her own laurels. None believed that France was singlehearted in her offer, all were confident that the national resources were sufficient for victory. Hence it became very difficult for France to interfere, though had she crossed the Alps, the Austrians would have evacuated Venetia without a further effort.[2] Lamartine indeed sometimes urged action in despite of Italian wishes. He was suspicious of a North Italian Kingdom, and thought that French intervention might encourage the republicans of Lombardy and Venetia, and claim its reward in the cession of Savoy and Nice.[3] But the majority of the Executive Committee at Paris were opposed to interference, unless the Italians asked for it; and Lamartine, either because his hands were tied, or that his grandiloquent programmes melted away, returned nothing but empty promises to Manin's appeals, and perhaps secretly agreed to let Austria have Venetia.[4] After the Parisian revolt in June, the Executive Committee retired, and Bastide, who was now Foreign Minister, was as reluctant as Lamartine to help a power, which he distrusted both as republican and Frenchman, for he realized how easily a Kingdom of North Italy might become the ally of Austria against France.[5] But though France was pledged to give her help if formally

[1] Mazzini, *Opere*, X. 66; Pepe, *Events*, I. 39.

[2] Correspondence—Italy, II. 470–471.

[3] Lamartine, *Trois mois*, 232, 316; Garnier-Pagès, *Révolution*, I. 439, 445; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 278–281, 292; Zini, *Storia*, *Documents* I. 658–662.

[4] Planat de la Faye, *Documents*, I. 197, 211–214.

[5] Bastide, *République française*, 12; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, V. 298–300; Correspondence—Italy, III. 61.

demanded, there was nothing up to Custozza to test her loyalty. Now when all other hope seemed gone, the appeal came both from Milan and Turin. But Piedmont coupled its request with conditions that precluded any republican propagandism or cession of Savoy. This gave the French government the excuse it wanted to break from its engagements, and Cavaignac cloaked its dishonour with the taunt that "Italy must pay the penalty of her own follies."[1]

The refusal of the French government made further resistance quixotic. But there were still a few patriots, more brave than level-headed, who would not accept defeat. After the Salasco armistice Correnti and the more active spirits of the Provisional Government still hoped to carry on the war with the Lombard troops and the volunteers round Brescia. "Now we are our own masters," said Cattaneo, and his words echoed the feelings of many republicans who traced their misfortunes to the Piedmontese alliance. But the reasoning was as absurd as it was factious. The bulk of the volunteers had retreated into Switzerland or Piedmont; alone among their leaders Garibaldi still hoped on. When he had arrived from Buenos Ayres in June, he had tried in vain to obtain a commission in the Piedmontese army. The King and his ministers, who might have roused all the Italian Tyrol with his name, repulsed with frigid courtesy the republican hero; and Garibaldi, transferring his offer of service to the Lombard government, was given the command of the volunteers round Bergamo. He was at Monza, hurrying up to attack the Austrians, when the news of the capitulation reached him. He retreated, Mazzini with him, to Arona, where the Piedmontese government ordered him to disband his followers and leave the country. It was perhaps this gratuitous insult that roused him. Though he had promised to religiously observe the armistice,[2] he raised the Mazzinian standard at Luino, and proclaimed the "People's War." But he was no longer in South America with its improvized armies and guerilla fighting. Radetzky scented the danger, and hastily pushed on a large force; Garibaldi's ranks had been thinned by desertions, and after spirited manœuvring in face of overwhelming numbers, he was compelled to retreat into Switzerland. In one quarter only the Austrians were repulsed. In the first days of August, Welden with 6000 men had pushed on into Romagna, careless of the Pope's indignation, and occupied Bologna. Next day the citizens, their enthusiasm roused by the Pope's angry protest, and maddened by the insults of the soldiers, attacked the troops in the streets, and though they had few arms but knives, decimated them in two hours of hand-to-hand fighting and drove them back in rout.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, V. 287–293, 303–311; Bastide, *op. cit.*, 7–8, 46–47; Planat de la Faye, *op. cit.*, I. 335; Correspondence—Italy, III. 117; Montanelli, *Memorie*, II. 480–483; Berti, *Alfieri*, 103; Ottolenghi, *Collegno*, 99; Zini, *op. cit.*, *Documents* I. 663–664; Gioberti, *Rinnovamento*, I. 323, 353; Ashley, *Palmerston*, I. 106; Cavour, *Lettere*, II. 305–306, 312; Pallavicino, *Memorie*, II. 15.

[2] Società Archeologica di Novara, *Documenti*, 23.

Except for this one small reverse, Austria stood triumphant. Windischgrätz had crushed the Bohemian revolt in June; the breach between Serbs and Magyars was playing into the hands of their common tyrant; and the newly-met Austrian Assembly had shown its loyalty by begging the Emperor to return to Vienna. Austria's position in Italy, which a month ago seemed desperate, had been recovered by a series of splendid and unbroken victories. The Italians were for the moment hopelessly worsted; royalists and republicans had alike tried and failed. But it was recognized that the final struggle was only postponed, that a nation could not accept defeat in a fortnight. Piedmont had her army still intact, the nationalist current might again range the forces of Tuscany and Rome and Naples with her, or a French alliance place her in a position of unquestioned superiority. Or, as the republicans dreamed, a great popular rising of twenty-two millions of men might sweep the Austrians from the land.

But the struggle had lost its freshness. Disappointment had succeeded to the extravagant hopes of the early days of the war; the enthusiasm, the effusiveness, the unity of classes had gone; failure had brought in its wake suspicion and recrimination; the glamour of the national crusade, which had veiled dark places in the social structure, had gone and left them bare. To the ruined tradesman, the ill-paid artizan, the rack-rented peasant social and financial reform might well seem as pressing as the expulsion of the Austrians. In Piedmont, indeed, the war question still absorbed all interest. Though now and again political and social questions were keenly debated in Parliament, it was the preparation for another struggle which divided parties. But outside Piedmont and Venice, the question of war had even before this sunk on the whole into the background. The fight for Independence had been only a part of the Italian revival; and its twin movement for social emancipation had now to run its course. Aspirations, which had found imperfect voice, while the eyes of the nation were fixed on the Mincio, now clamoured for satisfaction. The Moderate Liberals might be satisfied with reforms already won or the slow evolution of constitutional government. But the masses, who felt the still half-living tyranny of the police, who wanted popular finance, new land laws, better education, who hoped that all the long arrears of legislation might be cleared off in a few months, looked to the parliaments to sweep away the old autocracy root and branch, and bring Italy at least up to the level of France or England. In all the large cities the Clubs had gained an influence even beyond their real strength, which was considerable. There were more dangerous elements of disorder in the out-of-work labourers and the baser sort of volunteers, which easily lent themselves to reactionary intrigue. And yet the Democrats were truer to the national cause than their opponents. Too many of the Moderates smothered their love of country with their fears. The crudity and impatience and intolerance of a young democracy, the pretence of patriotism that often sheltered roguery, the invertebrate mismanagement of untried men drove hosts of tepid patriots into the ranks of reaction. It was men like these, as well as the propertied classes, the priests, the peasants, who looked askance on any resumption of the war and another opening of the floodgates. But in the democratic camp, behind its crude and often factious home policy, loomed the national question, never quite forgotten.

The princes, they argued, had betrayed or misdirected the nation; before war broke out again, power must be put in the hands of those who would be loyal to it. There were not very many republicans in theory, not many advocates of political unity. But there was a stern resolve that the errors and treacheries of the summer should not be repeated, that if the princes continued to reign, at all events the patriots should govern.

In Piedmont the Salasco armistice sealed the fate of the Casati ministry. For a week the country had been practically under two governments; the ministry refusing to recognize the armistice, while Revel, only a minister-designate, was, with frank disregard for the constitution, negotiating for the mediation of the Western Powers, and the King was issuing orders to the frontier to oppose any advance of French troops. The new ministry (August 20) was dominated by Pinelli, the leader of the "municipal" party in the Chamber; but it dared no more than its predecessor accept the political portion of the Salasco armistice, and it was determined to fight again, with or without French help, if a fairly honourable peace could not be obtained; it opened up relations with the Hungarians and disaffected Slavs, it welcomed the Lombard refugee organizations, and asked Garibaldi to hold himself in readiness.[1] But it hoped to secure a peace, which would content the patriots, through the offices of an Anglo-French mediation. So long as Austria did not cross the Ticino, the French government was resolute not to go to war, and cared little at what price Piedmont purchased peace. Palmerston, still believing that Austria would surrender Lombardy, proposed the Hummelauer memorandum[2] as a basis of negotiation, and the Turin government, with some scruples at abandoning Venetia, accepted it. But the Austrians, elate with victory, were determined to give up no inch of territory; they were willing indeed to grant some form of Home Rule and a Liberal constitution to both provinces, perhaps to allow Piedmont to take Parma; but beyond this nothing less than French or English arms would make them yield. The French government, after many blustering threats, accepted the Austrian terms, and played with the petitions for alliance that came again from Turin. Palmerston was half-disposed to threaten war, and rained homilies on Vienna. But not one step would the Austrians move from their position.[1]

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[1] Saraceno, *Santa Rosa*, 203–206, 214–215; Bianchi, *Cavour*, 15.

[2] See above, p. 253.

The failure of the negotiations gave fresh strength to the war party in Piedmont. Austria seemed eager to goad her into another struggle. Radetzky was harrying the Lombards with his ruthless tyranny.[2] In defiance of the armistice (which had been prolonged), the Viennese government detained the guns at Peschiera, and with more excuse prepared to attack Venice; and Piedmont in retaliation ordered her fleet to the Adriatic. As soon as parliament met at Turin (October 16), the war party grew clamorous. It was in vain that the government had legally suppressed the Jesuits, that it promised to recognize no peace which did not recognize Italian nationality and renew the war if the negotiations broke down. It was not trusted. Revel, it was bruited, had said that the kingdom of North Italy was a fine dream, and that Piedmont must take care of itself. His colleagues, it was correctly surmised, had thwarted Rosmini's efforts to cement a league with Tuscany and Rome.[3] Gioberti, though a Conservative by temperament, led the attack, moved by a personal bitterness against Pinelli and an itch to play the demagogue. The reactionaries, he said, had resolved on peace at any price, and this "ministry of two programmes" was secretly supporting them. Exaggerated as his attack was, he carried all before him. The armistice humiliated the country; the armed peace, as costly as war, was exhausting it; the second revolt of Vienna (October) gave it new hopes, for the Emperor, deserted by well nigh all but his Croat subjects, might be compelled to transform his rule into a Slav Empire, which would care little for Italian provinces. The army had been increased by 50,000 men, though pitiful accounts came in of their want of discipline. And though the ministers complained that "Piedmont was not stuff that you could make enthusiastic," on the whole war was popular. Even D'Azeglio, wildly fearful as he was of democracy, wanted to fight, not from any hope of success, but to secure Piedmontese liberty and hegemony.[1] Articulate public opinion in the clubs and press warmly supported Gioberti and Rattazzi in their noisy and persistent attacks. The Lombard refugees, 25,000 in number, naturally lent the weight of their active propaganda. Genoa was in a state of semi-revolt, which at bottom was a protest for the national cause against the narrower interests of Turin. The King too wanted war; adversity had purged the dross from his nature, and his prayers, if they made him a bad general, made him a good King. Though reluctantly drawn along the democratic path, he was loyal in all sincerity to his people, and thirsted to give happiness and life for his country's cause. Tortured by physical suffering, schooling his imperious nature to suffer the calumny that poured on him and the petty affronts of his ministers, his one ambition was to see Italy free, and then lay down his crown. For this, for the mystic sense of a mission that possessed him, he was ready to sacrifice all his prepossessions; he resigned the command of the army in obedience to the popular clamour; he gave secret audience to radicals; he intrigued with them to upset his ministry, and substitute a democratic war cabinet under Manin and Brofferio.[2]

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[1] Correspondence—Italy, III. 225, 248, 261, 360, 362; Walpole, *Russell*, II. 49; La Gorce, *Seconde République*, II. 61; Planat de la Faye, *op. cit.*, II. 45; Bastide, *op. cit.*, 102, 109, 118; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 336, 342–345; Bonghi, *Pasini*, 554.

[2] See below, p. 301.

[3] See below, p. 286.

Pinelli realised that, unless the mediating Powers could effect a speedy settlement, war must inevitably come soon. A resolution for immediate hostilities was defeated only by a rather small majority. The vote resulted in tumults at

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[1] Spaventa, *Dal* 1848, 48.

[2] Planat de la Faye, *op. cit.*, I. 435; Costa de Beauregard, *Dernières années*, 382, 389, 395, 572; Pallavicino, *op. cit.*, II. 36; Misley, *Mémoire*, II. 174; Bianchi, *Matteucci*, 161; Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 318. The King had already in the spring and summer talked of abdicating. For an unfavourable view of the King, see Cavour, *Nouvelles lettres*, 214, 217, 266.

Genoa and a small rising in the Val d'Intelvi near the Lake of Como. In Piedmont the war-fever was steadily mounting. It was in vain that Pinelli tried to appease it by calling out a fresh levy of 12,000 men. His majority, in spite of Cavour's vigorous championship, gradually melted away. The deputies were frightened by demonstrations in the galleries of the Chamber; the Right regarded the ministers as poor trucklers to the democrats and Genoese; the Left turned on them with fresh venom, when they tried to check the importunate and seditious section of the refugees. Defeated on a catch vote, Pinelli resigned (December 4); and after an unsuccessful attempt to form a cabinet under D'Azeglio, the King was reluctantly compelled to send for Gioberti.

Tuscany had witnessed the same struggle between Moderates and Democrats. Enthusiasm for the war had rapidly cooled; the clergy made industrious use of the Encyclical, and the peasants, fearing conscription and heavy taxes, lapsed into their natural conservatism. The majority, who had applauded the Revolution, while it meant processions and demonstrations, turned away when it called for sacrifice. Ridolfi, who had become Premier in June, was a genial, hardworking man, but weak and compromising, quite unaware what big steps the times required. His cabinet was a coalition of Moderates and Reactionaries, in which longer experience of office gave the latter a natural preponderance. And though Ricasoli and the Left Centre vigorously assailed it for its lukewarmness, there was little difference of principle between the two Moderate wings. They had the same exclusiveness and timidity, the same pedantic belief in their theories, without any vigour or unselfishness to put them into practice. The Assembly wasted its time in recriminations, and the real power passed to the Democrats outside. But the best of them had fallen at Curtatone or were still encamped on the Lombard plains, and those who remained at home were as selfish and unstatesmanlike as the Moderates. The whole state seemed drifting helplessly into anarchy, and some disturbances at

Florence, which followed the news of Custozza (July 30), showed how rotten was the fabric. The ministry, afraid to face the situation, tamely resigned. Public opinion, perhaps some faint patriotism of his own, forced the Grand Duke to protest the steadfastness of his alliance with Charles Albert, and entrust the premiership to Ricasoli. But Ricasoli was suspected, though wrongly, of a wish to absorb Tuscany in Piedmont, and the other Moderate sections refused to join him.[1] The country had been three weeks without a government, when Capponi succeeded in reconciling the two Moderate wings. His creed was a lofty Liberalism, and his breadth of view, if it helped to make him ineffective, saved him from the exclusiveness of the other Moderates. His age and blindness, his stainless name, his descent from the great Florentine who bearded Charles VIII., had won him the respect, almost the veneration of all Tuscany. Like Ruggiero Settimo in Sicily, he seemed a majestic figure lifted above the strife of party. But he was irresolute and unpractical; his temperament unfitted him for the rough play of a time of revolution; his blindness made it impossible for him to keep a grip on the administration. He promised thoroughness and war, if the negotiations for peace broke down; he made some effort to strengthen the army, and earnestly pushed forward the League with Rome and Piedmont. But he had troubles enough to busy him at home. The dread of an Austrian occupation nursed the excitement; the country was full of demoralized soldiers, of disbanded volunteers, of unemployed labourers; and while reactionary priests and nobles fanned sedition in the country districts, the volunteers and demagogues in the Clubs agitated for a People's War.

The government passed a Coercion Act and closed the Clubs, and outside Leghorn this produced a momentary quiet. But there things had gone too far to be calmed by empty threats of force. Nothing had healed the deep divisions between the middle classes and the unarmed and unenfranchised populace; and Guerrazzi's imprisonment after the riots of January had increased the bitterness of his partisans. After Custozza the city was ripe for revolt; and when Capponi a few days after taking office arrested Gavazzi, who had landed in defiance of an order of expulsion, the people broke up the railway and seized the magazines of arms (August 23). But again, as in January, the power lay with the citizen guard, and the separatists were in a minority; and when Capponi sent troops, they were welcomed with acclaim. Everything seemed in train for a settlement, when, apparently at the instigation of the rich merchants, the government foolishly turned to coercion. Cipriani, the masterful and unpopular commander of the garrison, tried to disarm the populace; and the mob attacked and worsted the troops, till Capponi, in despair, sent Guerrazzi with instructions to bribe the city into quiet. Guerrazzi soon made the disorderly elements feel his hand, but the exasperation was intense, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could prevent the proclamation of a separatist republic. The ministry, too weak and divided to be consistent, repudiated its promises,[1] and tried to cow the "nest of pirates" by a show of force. The citizen guards of Tuscany were summoned to a great camp near Pisa; but few responded, and those who came were readier to fraternize with the Livornese than act against them. Coercion expired in ridicule, and thanks to Guerrazzi's strong hand the city returned to its normal condition. But Capponi still refused to acknowledge him, and turning to the one possible alternative, appointed Montanelli governor of the city.

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[1] Guerrazzi, *Apologia*, 117; Capponi, *Scritti*, II. 67; Ricasoli, *Lettere*, I. 363, 365; La Cecilia, *Cenno*, 17.

It was the last humiliation of the tottering ministry. Montanelli accepted office only on condition that he might preach his favourite panacea of a democratic "Constituent" parliament. And though Leghorn welcomed him and his programme, he too, like Guerrazzi, could hardly dissuade the city from proclaiming the Republic. It was clear that only a Democratic ministry could preserve Leghorn to Tuscany, or restore authority in the rest of the country. Capponi resigned on October 15, and every Moderate combination to form a cabinet broke down. The Grand Duke summoned Montanelli, and Montanelli refused to take office without Guerrazzi. And reluctant as the Grand Duke was to accept him, the agitation at Leghorn and Florence and the advice of the English minister convinced him that it was the only alternative to anarchy and perhaps to civil war.[1]

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[1] Capponi, *Lettere*, II. 441; Id. *Scritti*, II. 133; Guerrazzi, *op. cit.*, 93-96; Correspondence—Italy, III. 393.

The two men, who had the fate of Tuscany in their hands, had little in common. Montanelli[2] was a genial, lovable man, vain but transparently sincere; somewhat nebulous in his theories, with a mischievous incapacity for statesmanship and a lack of insight that made him sometimes timid, sometimes rash; but atoning for much by his candour and the impression that his enthusiasm and real intellectual power produced. When it was rumoured that he had died among his students at Curtatone, all Tuscany wept for the fallen professor. The Moderates respected him for his courtesy and scholarship; the clergy looked kindly on the man who wished to free the Tuscan church from state control; the students of Pisa, the artisans of Leghorn loved him for his persistent advocacy of democracy. As the champion of the cry for a "Constituent," he was at the moment one of the most prominent men in Italy. Guerrazzi was cast in another mould. Though he plays a small part in Italian politics, he stands out as one of the strongest and most original among his contemporaries. Fed on Voltaire and Byron, hard pressed to earn a livelihood, thrice imprisoned before he was thirty, the man's whole being was at war with society. He was quarrelsome and opinionative, suffering from acute nervous disorder, too full of hate of wrong to have room for love of good. "Vengeance for great crimes," he said, "delights the soul of God." The object of his novels had been to awake Italy; he despised the oppressed almost as much as he hated the oppressor; "quiet," he said, "is not life," "little matter if God curse or bless us, so He make us live." The success that came to him in after life softened his nature, and made political struggle always distasteful to him at bottom. And though he never forgot his enemies, and longed to have the classes who had wronged him at his feet, he craved for the good opinion of respectability, he wished to show himself, the branded demagogue, as champion of law and order, who, if he relished popularity, slightly scorned it too. But he found few friends, few who really trusted him. Adversity had left something twisted in his nature. The lawyer's insight into the seamy side of life weakened yet more his scanty faith in humanity. Despite bursts of generosity, he was disingenuous and unchivalrous, easily sliding into casuistry. His love of power was patriotic in the main, but he was ready to cling to it at some expense of principle, and willing to shape principle too easily to the possibilities of the moment. But as the obverse of his moral roughness, he had the instinct of the statesman. Fearless, ambitious, master of himself, he had a practical grip of things, strange to the academic theorists of Florence. "The business of the world," he said, "when it cannot be done as we would like it, must get done as it can."

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[1] Capponi, *Scritti*, II. 46.

[2] His chair of philosophy at Pisa must have been a sinecure; in 1841 there was one student in that school.

Rome witnessed in more tragic catastrophe the same decline and fall of the Moderates. In the crisis, that followed the Encyclical, the democratic party forced the Pope to accept Mamiani as Premier; and the Radical leader took office on condition that the Foreign Ministry should be left in the hands of a layman. Mamiani had been a member of the Provisional Government of Bologna in 1831; in his French exile he had been known as a poet and metaphysician, and his political writings, though they attracted little attention at the time, had been the precursors of the Moderate School.[1] After his return to Rome in the autumn of 1847, he had won repute and popularity as a speaker and journalist, and the programme of social reform, which he drafted, became the authorized exposition of radical policy. Radical though he was, he wished to preserve the Temporal Power, and hoped to save it by drawing a sharp line between the Pope's spiritual and temporal authority. Like Mazzini, though in another sense, he thought that Rome would bless the modern world by giving a religious sanction to democracy. But to keep his spiritual influence pure and unassailed, the Pope must have no part or responsibility in the secular policy of the state. He was to accept the English formula "to reign but not to govern," to "live in the serene peace of doctrine, to pray and bless and pardon."[1] Mamiani was a passionate enthusiast for Italian Independence; he intended that Rome should help to her utmost in the national war; and he told the Pope that he would have no negotiations with Austria, while one of her soldiers remained in Italy. But he was a federalist, believing federalism to be the highest form of union attainable at present, and he earnestly pushed on the projects of a League. His enemies accused him of wishing to annex Romagna to Piedmont; but though he was certainly in communication with the separatists in the Legations, there is no proof that he abetted their plans, and his suspicions of Charles Albert's designs made him accept with some misgivings the need of a powerful North Italian state.[2]

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[1] See above, p. 156.

Mamiani was dearest to the democrats as a social reformer. "I will do my best," he promised, "to heal the wounds that poverty and ignorance have inflicted on the poorer classes." He gloried in the historic democracy of Italy, and the "humble people" were always in his thought. He wished to show them that their material interests as well as their sentiments were involved in the national movement. As soon as the civil service and local government had been reformed, he promised to devote himself to social measures, and he projected a "ministry of public beneficence," to protect and educate the poor.[3] In education, though he was willing for the present to compromise with the priests by permitting voluntary schools and leaving religious teaching in their hands, he planned an elaborate national system. Complete social equality, free trade, free land, a progressive income-tax, railways and telegraphs, reform of charities and public health made up the most sensible and advanced social programme yet put forward in Italy. But between a hostile court and an impatient people there was little chance for quiet thoughtful reform; and Mamiani was no Mirabeau. He was wordy, placable, big-minded; strictly honourable at bottom, but with a certain want of directness and over-noisy parade of honesty. He tried to carry the people with him, but he had none of the audacity, that will force a policy on the masses and make them accept it as their own. A stronger man might have cowed the Pope; Mamiani tried to humour and win him. It was an impossible task; the Pope hated him, suspected him, wrongly, as a sceptic and an Albertist. It was clearer than ever that it was impossible for a Pope to perform the duties of an Italian prince, that constitutional government could never work under the Temporal Power. It was intolerable to the Papal court that the correspondence with the Nuncios should be in the hands of a lay Foreign Secretary; and Pius, disregarding his promise to his premier, appointed a Cardinal to the post. Mamiani, in spite of infinite provocation, did everything short of surrendering his principles, to win Pius; bowed himself to "a policy of subterfuges and reticences," hid the Pope's faults from the public, showed the utmost long-suffering with his tortuous ways. But Pius and the coterie, to whom he had surrendered himself, had determined to wreck him. The interests of the Church, the Pope thought, overrode any constitutional rights. He encouraged civil servants to insubordination, and drafted laws without consulting his ministers.

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[1] Mamiani, *Scritti*, 317, 339, 378; *Discours de C. L. Bonaparte*, 61; Spada, *Rivoluzione*, II. 353. By the end of the year he had realized how difficult, if not impossible, it was: *Scritti*, 335.

[2] Gabussi, *Memorie*, II. 15; Farini, *Roman State*, II. 160, 312; Minghetti, *Ricordi*, II. 212–213.

[3] Mamiani, *op. cit.*, 340, 386–387. It was to have the care of hospitals, public charities, public health, *crèches* and refuges, friendly societies, savings-banks, *monts-de-piété*, and the poorer schools.

The great battlefield between the Pope and Mamiani was the question of the war. The Papal Government had never explicitly declared war, and after the Encyclical it had been necessary to put Durando's troops more or less under Charles Albert's orders to prevent their being treated as filibusters. It was not till the middle of May, that there was any official rupture. The Pope was not yet dead to all national enthusiasm; there was perhaps a moment, after a violation of his territory by the Austrians (June 27), when he was disposed to declare war frankly; and had Pareto accepted the League, he might have allowed Mamiani to recruit with a free hand for its army. But Pareto's rejection of his proposals made him more than ever suspicious of Piedmontese ambition; he felt that it ill became a Pope to be at war with a Catholic nation, and there was strong suspicion that he had been making secret overtures of friendship to Austria.[1] Mamiani tried in vain to pledge him to an acceptance of the national principle; Pius would not endorse his commonplace that "by differences of language and race and customs God has appointed each nation to lead an independent existence." More irresolute and irritable than ever, he saw in everything an attack on religion, and was afraid to loosen one stone of the edifice. Conscious of good intentions, he fretted at the widening gulf between himself and his people, but did not see that he must pay the inevitable forfeit of his own weakness and disingenuousness. It was impossible after the Encyclical to charge the shortcomings of the government to sinister cardinals. The ideal of a democratic Papacy had proved a figment, and disappointment was already passing into resentment. The Moderates were almost extinct for the time as a political force. The Encyclical had strengthened the Democrats by removing the Pope's moderating influence from the Liberal movement; and though many of them followed Mamiani, there was an extremer section working for a republic or provisional government, and in Romagna the separatists were strong. Something that was almost anarchy was infesting some of the provinces; the political assassinations spread to Sinigaglia and Ancona, and in a single case to Rome. Mamiani had to content himself with raining circulars on the slack authorities. Without an army or a loyal civil service behind him, it was impossible to teach respect for the law to a people long living under despotism, but impatient of servitude, and ignorant of rights and duties. Mamiani felt power slipping from him, and the news of Custozza brought the final blow. Parliament and the citizen guard were prepared to force the Pope's hands; but he felt his position untenable and resigned (August 3).

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[1] Spada, *op. cit.*, II. 388–390; Saffi, *Scritti*, II. 320.

Fabbri, who succeeded him, had been a conspirator in the '20s, he was honest and a patriot, but too old and feeble to be a match for the court or keep the confidence of the country. The new cabinet endorsed Mamiani's war policy, but it was unable or unwilling to protect Bologna from the Austrians or the gang of criminals, who for a few days terrorized the city after their departure. The Pope, though he was indignant at the invasion and threatened Welden to raise the country against him, threw off almost his last shreds of constitutionalism. He hurriedly prorogued the Chamber (August 26), and unknown to his ministers, appealed to Piedmont, to Naples, to France, to protect himself alike against the Austrians and his own subjects. Fabbri, indeed, he regarded as a stop-gap, till he could find a still more obsequious minister; and after six weeks of office, he forced him out to make room for the ex-French ambassador, Pellegrino Rossi.

Rossi was a native of Carrara. At thirty years of age he had been barrister and professor at Bologna, had been compromised in Murat's rising, and was an exile in Switzerland, where he drafted the still-born constitution of 1833. Removing to Paris, he succeeded J.-B. Say in his chair in the University of France. His lectures won him the dislike of the democrats, and the affectionate regard of Guizot, who sent him to Rome in 1845 to negotiate for the suppression of the French Jesuits. Here he had become the new Pope's friend and adviser, using his influence to cement a frank alliance between him and the Moderates. Rossi was a reformer and a nationalist, in many points a Liberal. He had gone with the Italian movement, so long as it aimed at Independence, at honest and progressive administration and a middle-class constitution. But as a true follower of Guizot, he regarded it his mission to school the democracy; he had a diplomatist's horror of the complications that would follow the attainment of Italian Unity, or any attack on the Temporal Power.[1] He preferred the sham constitutionalism of Naples to the fervid and irrepressible democracy of Tuscany. He saw the need of a brave and strong government, that would deal rigorously with the bad elements in the state; he did not equally recognize the need of sympathy to draw out the good. In the Papacy, "the one great thing that was left to Italy," he saw the only possible fulcrum of a respected executive. But he was no friend of the hierarchy, and they repaid double hatred to the old enemy of the Jesuits, who had married a Protestant wife, and whose books were on the Index. On the national question Rossi felt as strongly as Mamiani; during the summer he had written passionately in praise of Italy; he had advised the Pope to go resolutely into the war; and as soon as he took office, he promised to forward the League and planned the strengthening of the army. But he shared the Pope's deep-rooted suspicions of Piedmont; his eulogy of the Papacy was a gage of defiance to Turin; and when Rosmini's negotiations for the League[2] were wrecked by Piedmontese self-seeking, he broke out in the official Gazette into bitter invective against the subalpine government.

His home policy was one of wise economic and administrative reform. He made his strong hand felt throughout the corrupt civil service; he raised the financial credit of the state, laid down telegraphs, tried to push on the railway schemes. But the people forgot his reforms in their hatred of his coercion policy. Much of it was not unneeded to restore discipline in the army and police, to control the disorderly elements, which had thriven under the slackness of the preceding administrations. But Rossi made no attempt to win the turbulent and perfervid but honest democrats, who would have been the strength of a popular government. He paraded his contempt for the noisy politicians, who crowded the galleries of the Chamber; he threatened Rome with military occupation; he harassed Garibaldi, and surrendered political fugitives to Ferdinand. But he might have lived down his unpopularity, as the people came to realize his real worth. He was the only man, if there were any such, who could make a constitutional government possible under the Pope, and preserve it for a more durable structure in the future. But his work was ruined by his want of tact. Rude, proud, taciturn, he chilled or crossed all who came in contact with him. Callous to attack himself, he loved to fling sarcasms that could never be forgiven. An economist of the old school, a materialist in his philosophy, he had little patience with sentiment that ran athwart his plans, and his narrow finance-minister policy made him intolerant of aspirations that soared beyond the region of the obviously practicable. And so his enemies thickened. The Albertists had long ago denounced him as a public enemy. The officials whom he made work, the clergy whom he taxed, the ruffians whom he tried to keep in order, all swelled the cry against him. He might have defied them, strong in the Pope's protection, had he won anything less than hatred from the people. But they could never forgive the man who wrote bitter diatribes against democracy, and missed no occasion to spurn their cherished ideals.

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[1] Guizot, *Mémoires*, VIII. 383; De Mazade, *Rossi*, 737; Ottolenghi, *Collegno*, 83; BonCompagni, *Chiesa*, 7–10. For his earlier belief in Unity, see Rossi, *Cours du droit constitutionel*, I. xliii.

[2] See below, p. 286.

CHAPTER XV

THE DEMOCRATS IN POWER

NOVEMBER 1848 — FEBRUARY 1849

ROSSI'S DEATH; the Pope flies. THE PAPAL QUESTION: the Pope at Gaeta; Antonelli; Gioberti and the Catholic Powers; France and the Papacy. The League; the Federative Congress; the Constituent. ROME in November; demand for a Constituent; Muzzarelli ministry; the Moderates in Romagna; the Roman Constituent; THE REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED. TUSCANY: Montanelli and Guerrazzi; the Tuscan Constituent; the Grand Duke's flight; the Provisional Government; the Grand Duke goes to Gaeta.

THE tragic sequel showed how difficult it was to stem the democratic tide. Rossi had failed to restore quiet by coercion. The People's Club was clamouring for war, and others, it was said, were weaving a republican plot. The Trasteverine quarter, hitherto so sturdily Papal, had gone over to the popular party. The democrats at Bologna had organised themselves under Gavazzi's leading, and had been disarmed by Zucchi, who dreaded their relations with Garibaldi, and unjustly suspected them of sympathy with the sansculottes. The Clericals were looking abroad for help, the Radicals were agitating for a Constituent Assembly, that might tumble half or all the thrones in Italy. There was a general sense of approaching crisis, when parliament met again (November 15). Rossi had been warned, and though he affected carelessness, he ostentatiously brought troops to Rome, and tried to cow the populace by a military demonstration. A letter written to him by Zucchi, proposing to disperse the Romagnuol patriots and destroy Garibaldi's regiment with grapeshot, was intercepted and published.[1] The newspapers hotly assailed the minister, and he tried in vain to curb them; the majority of the Assembly were prepared to oppose, and would probably have insisted on his resignation.[1] He had drafted a speech for its opening, patriotic, roseate, wanting in definiteness; but the chance to deliver it never came. The belief spread that he had brought up the troops to dragoon Rome into submission, and when he drove to the Palazzo della Cancellaria, where the Chamber sat, the crowds groaned the hated premier. As he ascended the staircase, an unknown hand struck him dead. The motives of the deed were never certainly discovered. General opinion set it to the account of the democrats, and the democrats retorted that the Jesuits had made others of their enemies feel the assassin's knife. There was almost certainly no widespread plot; it may have been the deed of an isolated fanatic. But the evidence on the whole leans to the belief, that it was the work of a small section in the Clubs, who hoped to do their country service by slaying the supposed arch-enemy of freedom, who was preparing, they thought, to copy Ferdinand's butchery in the streets of Rome.[2]

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[1] Niccolini, *Pontificate*, 73, quoting from the *Contemporaneo* of November 14; I cannot find that its authenticity was denied.

Rome received the news very coolly. The deputies, fond of playing at Roman Senators, thought their dignity best sustained by doing nothing, and lost for ever the popular respect. The police fraternized with the populace, and together they defiled through the streets in public procession. A small crowd shouted approval of the murder under Rossi's own windows, but were silenced by the citizen guard.[3] The cold-blooded reports, that appeared in the newspapers, reflected the general sense of relief and satisfaction. Rossi left no friends, and democrats and reactionaries alike saw their opportunity in his death. But the democrats were the immediate gainers; the practical abdication of the Chamber left the People's Club master of Rome, and with the help of the police it restored absolute order in the streets. But they were determined to make their victory secure. A great crowd of soldiers and civilians, headed by officers and citizens of rank, demonstrated outside the Quirinal (November 16), and demanded the Pope's acceptance of the democratic programme. Pius had already commissioned Galletti, a Radical leader and minister of police in the constitutional cabinets, to form a ministry. But the crowd, refusing to be satisfied without positive pledges from the Pope, grew more menacing. Lambruschini, sighted in the street, had to take refuge in a hay-loft; and Pius, indignant and excited, declined to "treat with rebels." In vain Galletti urged him to yield, but he harped on the people's ingratitude and desiderated the martyr's crown. It is probable that no serious violence had been intended by the majority of the crowd; but on Galletti's report of his ill-success, they displayed their firearms, and when in the afternoon the Swiss Guards, exasperated by their threats, fired a few shots, the attack began. The native troops, who had gone over to the people, and the citizen guards kept up a hot fire at the palace, and killed a prelate. The court was panic-stricken; the Pope, who had alternated between moods of fear and obstinacy, protested that he yielded to force, and promised to leave the popular programme to the decision of the Chamber,[1] commissioning Sterbini, the most uncompromising and unstatesmanlike of the Radical leaders, to form a Cabinet. On an instant the tumult turned to rejoicing; but the momentary calm deceived nobody. The Moderates, recognizing their own impotence, seized the opportunity to escape from the responsibilities of a time too stormy for such timorous souls. Their withdrawal from the Chamber was the prelude of a more serious defection. The Pope was longing to escape from a city where revolution was triumphant; a trivial incident, which he regarded as an omen, decided him, and on the night of November 24 he fled in disguise from Rome.

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[1] Gabussi, *Memorie*, II. 211; Galletti, *Memoria*, 16; Gaiani, *Roman Exile*, 410.

[2] See Vol. II., Appendix D.

[3] Gabussi, *op. cit.*, II. 214; Correspondence—Italy, III. 608; Niccolini, *op. cit.*, 79; Gaiani, *op. cit.*, 413; Farini, *Roman State*, II. 412. Farini draws a picture of anarchy, which Gabussi says is imaginary, but which is corroborated by Leopardi, also an eye witness.

Whether by accident or design he took refuge in the Neapolitan Kingdom, where the border-fortress of Gaeta was assigned to his court. For a few weeks he was more or less under the influence of the Moderates, and though he refused to recognize the new Cabinet, and repulsed the approaches of the Chamber, he indignantly denied any desire to repeal the Statute. Had he persevered in this middle course, his victory might have been swift. The city felt that his absence maimed its prestige; the pathos of exile doubled affections and softened animosities; he had only to wait, and Rome might have opened her gates to him. But unhappily for himself and the Papacy, Pius gave himself into evil keeping. In vain the Moderates and the French Government, fearing the atmosphere of Gaeta, tried to attract him to Bologna or Marseilles. The Pope became the "prisoner and pupil of Ferdinand," and fell under the ever more present and evil influence of Cardinal Antonelli. The materials are not published, perhaps do not exist, to make a complete appreciation of Antonelli possible. This dark, mysterious, sinister figure, who for twenty years was Pope in all but name, has now no apologist, Catholic or Liberal.[1] Of discreditable parentage, himself of dubious antecedents, Antonelli had come to the front as the leader of the constitutional ecclesiastics. Perhaps he had wished to make his peace with the new spirit, perhaps he hoped to paralyze it with his alliance. More probably this man, who now a brief half-year later became the uncompromising champion of ecclesiastical rule, who in after years affected at intervals a love of Italian nationality,[2] and was ready to sell the Temporal Power for a bribe,[3] owed his changes to a downright unscrupulousness, that sought power for itself or its riches. His sinister face and fascinating manners hid a heartless, imperious, cunning intellect, that climbed to wealth on his country's misery, and degraded the Papacy, that he might be its master.[4] Though Pius esteemed him little, and loved him less, he won a ready ascendancy over the Pope's feeble nature; and his condescension to the susceptibilities and prejudices of the prelates made him all powerful in the Papal court. His own greed and doubtful morality, his patronage of corruption, his degradation of the cardinalate weighed for nothing against his championship of their dearest belief. It was easy for him to pledge them to a policy of blind, uncompromising reaction.

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[1] Galletti, *op. cit.*, 57; Pianciani, *Rome des papes*, II. 424; *contra*, Farini, *op. cit.*, II. 427.

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[1] Perhaps I should except La Gorce, *Second Empire*, III. 361–362.

[2] Aguglia, *Questione Romana*, 12; Liverani, *Il papato*, 120; Isaia, *Negoziato*, 28.

[3] See below, Vol. II., p. 209.

[4] Salvagni, *Corte romana*, III. 315–327; Liverani, *op. cit.*, 18, 44–47, 301; Curci, *Nuova Italia*, 51, 196; D'Ideville, *Journal*, II. 209; Tommasoni, *Epoca seconda* in *Il Cimento*, V. 1090–1098; Tivaroni, *L'Italia*, III. 284; Niccolini, *Pontificate*, 124; Gaiani, *Roman Exile*, 143.

Pius put under ban the Provisional Junta that had been formed at Rome, and drifted daily farther from the Moderates. To some extent he was hardly a free agent; for Antonelli had hedged him with precautions, that allowed him little free intercourse with the outer world. But this immunity from unwelcome counsels pleased him. It left him free to "meditate on spiritual things"; he liked to pose as the martyr, and receive tokens of devotion from the Catholic world. From France and Belgium, from Ireland and Switzerland addresses of sympathy and promises of help poured in. Diplomacy was forced to follow, and the Pope's position suddenly became not only the all-absorbing problem of Italy, but an European question of first magnitude. The Pope saw that his hopes lay in an appeal to his Catholic position; he was "more than the father of his Roman subjects," and easily he was prepared to sacrifice them to the fancied interests of the church. But there was little harmony among the ambassadors, who met at Gaeta. Catholic Europe was ranged in two camps. Spain laid down the thesis, that the Pope as spiritual prince was under the natural protection of all Catholic nations,[1] and proposed a Congress of the Powers to deliberate on the Papal question (December). Naples and Austria assented, hardly veiling their intention to restore the Pope to absolute rule, Austria hoping to make him at least a passive ally against Piedmont. Gioberti realized the full import of the question, and put out an ingenious and novel doctrine. Piedmont, he proclaimed, would not allow the temporal affairs of an Italian state to be settled by foreign governments. Herself, as another Italian state, had a right to intervene, and he tried to reconcile the Pope to the Romans and draw him into the Italian League, offering an asylum at Nice and, if necessary, armed intervention to restore him to his states.

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[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, VI. 22–29; Correspondence—Italy, IV. 38, 43.

In his struggle with the Austro-Spanish clique Gioberti had the vigorous support of the French government. France had a double interest in the Roman question. She regarded herself as the traditional defender of the Papal power; the hostility of centuries and her new championship of democracy made her earnest to check Austrian influence in Italy. The statesmen of the Revolution could not but encourage the Roman Liberals, and so long as the Pope was in sympathy with his people and shared their hostility to Austria, the course of France had been clear. Even when the Pope began to break with the Liberals, and asked Cavaignac to defend him both from Austrians without and democracy at home (August),[1] the government refused to interfere between him and his people, though it promised to protect him from Austria, and was prepared, if she occupied the Legations, to make it a *casus belli*. But when the Pope finally deserted the nationalists and courted the reactionary Powers, France could no longer pose as his champion against Austria. So long, however, as the Pope's person was safe, both Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon refused to interfere;[2] and now for want of a better policy, the latter supported Gioberti, though his scheme was opposed to all traditions of French influence. But their representations were wasted on Pius; his policy was to return, under the protection of Austria and Spain, free from constitutional trammels, and in December he wrote to his "very dear son," the Emperor, to bespeak his help.

The Papal question added a new knot to the tangle of Italian politics, ravelling every effort to knit the states together. The problem still for Moderates and Democrats was how to concentrate the national forces for another fight for Independence. The Moderates, careful to preserve the autonomy of each state and tender to the susceptibilities of the princes, were trying to pick up the half-dropped negotiations for a League. But there was little inclination anywhere to sink differences for the common cause. So long as Pareto remained in power, his anxiety to keep Piedmont unfettered by engagements to the other states had repulsed all approaches; "the God Terminus," he was reported to have said, "has not yet marked the bounds of Piedmont." And though Tuscany had secured Massa-Carrara and the Lunigiana, Corsini's imagination saw Piedmontese intrigue at work in all the borderland. When Casati came into office, Gioberti's influence sent his old philosophical antagonist Rosmini to renew negotiations at Rome (July). Rosmini was empowered to offer the Pope in exchange for his adherence to the League wide liberties, such as the Church had never enjoyed in Piedmont, and which almost amounted to Cavour's "free church" scheme of thirteen years later;[1] the Tuscan government had already offered in the summer to relax the Leopoldine laws that tied the Church. It was a heavy bribe to Pius; and he welcomed as before proposals which would take questions of peace and war out of his own hands. He had already promised Gioberti, that if Charles Albert proved victorious, he would crown him King of Northern Italy; and despite the Encyclical, despite his suspicions of Piedmontese ambition, he was at this time still sufficiently good Italian to wish to see Austria expelled, so long as it could not be charged to him that he had declared war against a Catholic state. Both Rome and Florence were ready to sign a scheme, which would have secured not only a Federal army, but a customs-league and common codes of law. But Pinelli had succeeded to Casati, and he harked back to the old traditions of Piedmontese isolation, and insisted on the conclusion of a military convention as the prelude to any fuller treaty. He was perhaps afraid that the Diet of the League might pronounce against war; he may have dimly foreseen that it would safeguard the Temporal Power, and stay indefinitely the onward march of Piedmont. Rossi, too, was now in power at Rome, and he had little liking for a scheme which had something of a popular ring in it, and which, by excluding Naples, promised to leave Piedmont predominant in the Diet.[1] And fascinating indeed, as was at this dark time the scheme of an Italian Federation, it must have contained the germs of eventual failure. However much Pinelli and Rossi wrecked the negotiations by their obstinacy, nothing could have permanently reconciled the conflicting ideals of Piedmont and Rome. The immediate gain, it is true, might have been great; had the League been formed, the national war of the coming spring might have had another issue; there would have been no republic and no reaction at Florence, no French occupation of Rome. The constitutions would have been saved in Tuscany, in the Papal States, perhaps at Naples. But the Federal Diet would inevitably have become sooner or later the cock-pit of a struggle for mastery between Naples and Piedmont, in which one or the other would have sought the help of the Unitarians; it would have seen a still fiercer fight to reduce the Temporal Power to a shadow. It is difficult to believe that it would have largely altered the subsequent history of Italy, but it might have retarded its Unity. And the statesmen at Turin, selfish and narrow as their policy seemed, were, not unconsciously perhaps, helping on the future of Italy more than did all the well-meant efforts of the men who sought to create the League.

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[1] See above, p. 277.

[2] Bastide, *République française*, 199, 201, 207, 213; De Gaillard, *Expédition*, 84–89; La Gorce, *Seconde République*, II. 73; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 19–20; Planat de la Faye, *Documents*, II. 64.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 6. See below, Vol. II., p. 207.

But at that time Pinelli and Rossi seemed to be playing a factious part; and a section of the less extreme Democrats, with Mamiani and Gioberti (while still in opposition) at their head, hoped to repair the mischief by forcing the governments into an alliance, which would gather forces for the war and safeguard the tottering constitutions at Rome and Naples. But the "Federative Congress," which they organized at Turin (October 10), was too academic and wanting in seriousness either to draw together the radicals, or quicken the pace of the governments. The Tuscan Democrats, who were now in power, fell back on Montanelli's project of an Italian Constituent. The conception came from the French Constituent of 1793. It was a nebulous, protean scheme, which could on occasion be whittled down till it meant little more than the League, or expanded into an expression of the sovereign people, as democratic as its prototype. It generally appeared in its latter shape, and as formulated by Montanelli, it meant an Assembly sitting at Rome, elected by universal suffrage from all the free states of Italy. Until the Austrians were driven out, its sole business was to be to prepare for war; but when the war was over, it would decide on the political future of the country, and by implication could choose between monarchy and the republic, between unity and federalism. Theoretically it was unassailable from the democratic standpoint; its practicability was more doubtful. Montanelli indeed could adduce arguments of present utility, for only the strong pressure of popular forces could bring Piedmont and Naples, Tuscany and Rome into line, and these forces needed some centre more democratic and vigorous than a Diet of commissioners. But he forgot that the Democrats were at present too weak and disorganized to impose their will on the governments except perhaps in Tuscany and at Rome, that the Piedmontese democracy cared little for Unity, that the princes were too suspicious of an omnipotent Constituent to come into it except under irresistible pressure. Montanelli indeed seems to have anticipated only a strong federal government, with large autonomy for each component state; but there was no security to prevent the Constituent from becoming republican and unitarian, and Ferdinand and Charles Albert felt that to accede to it was to sign a potential death-warrant for their thrones.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 5–15; Farini, *op. cit.*, II. 372–382; Cantù, *Cronistoria*, II. 1128–1132; Cordova, *Discorsi*, I. 78; Gioberti, *Rinnovamento*, I. 356–361, 548; Capponi, *Scritti*, II. 82–91, 182–198; Id., *Lettere*, III. 251.

The difficulties of the scheme became apparent, as soon as Montanelli made overtures for co-operation. Perhaps both he and Guerrazzi were willing sometimes to bribe Piedmont and Naples by a triple partition of the Papal States. But Piedmont refused to hand over to any external or superior body her freedom of action either as to the North Italian Kingdom or the war; it was glad rather than otherwise, if the other states, whether under League or Constituent or neither, took little part in the struggle, and allowed herself to monopolize the fruits of victory. She still had her petty bickerings with Tuscany over the Lunigiana frontier, and Montanelli was playing a despicable game to prevent Lombardy from going to her under the Anglo-French mediation.[1] Pinelli replied that "it was a time to think of war and not of Constituents," and Gioberti, when the negotiations had dragged wearily on for some months, made a counter-proposal of simple alliance on terms that Tuscany could not accept. Montanelli probably recognized from the first how unlikely it was that Piedmont would be won to his scheme; and while negotiating and quarrelling with Gioberti, he had been working for a Constituent to be elected at once by Tuscany and Rome, without waiting for the other states. Both he and Guerrazzi had hopes that the two countries might fuse into a strong Central State of more unselfish patriotism than that of Piedmont or Naples.

He found the Romans ready to listen to his overtures. While Piedmont was still staunchly monarchical, with the Moderate and Democratic elements fairly balanced, at Rome as in Tuscany, the Moderates had collapsed, and the Democrats were triumphant. The Pope's flight had struck the state with paralysis; and Rome, with no strong or respected executive to curb the perennial elements of disorder, headed inevitably for the republic, as the only alternative to anarchy. But at first, despite the precedent of the Napoleonic captivity, Rome without a Pope seemed portentous; the exodus of the rich, the absence of pontifical ceremonial robbed the city of its pride, and filled men with vague uneasiness and alarm. The people were apathetic; Garibaldi, arriving in December, was ill-received; a portion of the citizen guard was ready to declare for the Pope, if he would guarantee the constitution. But there was a determined section opposed to any compromise; the Radical press, the police, a large section of the citizen guard were on their side, and their persistent propagandism, helped by the triumph of the reactionaries at Gaeta, gradually leavened the people with a new spirit of independence and defiance. It was better, they thought with Sterbini, that Rome should be the capital of Italy than of Catholicism. In the Clubs Montanelli's agents and Garibaldi were vigorously agitating for the Pope's formal deposition. There was the same order and good-humour as usual, and less crime in spite of the distress. But it came of the new glory and pride of freedom; and Ventura found a responsive audience, when preaching on the Liberals who had fallen in the streets of Vienna, he attacked absolute monarchy in the name of the Gospel. Somewhat fearfully indeed but of set resolve, the city was plunging into the future, so strange, so hopeful, of the Rome of the People.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, V. 366; Gemelli, *Sicilia*, 84; Guerrazzi, *Appendice*, 102.

The Chamber and the Government reflected the change. At first the deputies, undiscouraged by Antonelli's rude rebuffs, had done their best to compromise with the Pope. The real leader of the Chamber was Mamiani, and though he insisted now as before on the separation of the temporal and spiritual powers, he would be party to no scheme to upset the Pope's authority. The leaders of the opposition, Sterbini and Carlo Bonaparte, however unstatesmanlike, were patriots and not extremists. The Chamber itself was a Rump, without confidence in itself or credit in the country. The Provisional Junta was no more than a stop-gap, the passive resistance of officials and priests paralyzed the executive, and it was daily more evident that at any cost a strong government must be formed. The outlook was indeed black; for the Pope's partisans only awaited the opportunity to revolt, Austria was threatening on the north, and already the Romans were uncertain whether to regard France as friend or foe. It was essential to put an end to the uncertainty. Till the political future had been decided, the unrest was not likely to quiet down; and Romagna, finding that Charles Albert would not encourage annexation to Piedmont, was calling loudly for a government that would settle the country and protect it from clericals and Austrians. A conference of Romagnuol Clubs declared for the election by universal suffrage of a Roman Constituent Assembly, which would decide the future of the state. The

Democrats took up the cry at Rome; the Junta declared in favour of the proposal, and when the Rump seemed inclined to vote against it, they dissolved the unregretted Chamber (December 26). Mamiani resigned, and a new ministry was formed under the democratic prelate Muzzarelli. Without waiting for the Constituent, the new cabinet plunged into a big programme of reform. Mamiani's local government bill, granting very wide liberties to the communes, became law. Entails were abolished, the civil code was reformed, the grist-tax repealed. Rome was kept quiet by employing large numbers on the public works. The appointment of a military court to try cases of high treason showed that the government realized partially at least the dangers that surrounded it. It had to face the imminent prospect of civil war. The Moderates of Romagna since the secession of their deputies had never cordially accepted the Roman government; they wished to return to the position of the summer, to preserve the constitution and the national programme without the later democratic developments. When their schemes to entice the Pope to Bologna broke down, the wiser heads of the party accepted the situation, and prepared to act as a modifying influence within the constitution. But there were fatal tendencies within the Moderate ranks. Disappointment and unpopularity embittered them; and the uneasy sense that, though Liberals, they were siding with reaction, unbalanced their political judgment. There were hot-heads who refused to temporize, and Zucchi, defying the government, tried to take the garrison of Bologna with him to Gaeta. But less than one hundred men followed him across the frontier; and when Latour, the commander of the Swiss troops, attempted to follow his example, he found that he would have to cut his way through the loyal regiments, and disbanded his troops rather than provoke civil war.

The elections, that took place in January, proved how little following the Moderates had. Though the Pope excommunicated in advance both electors and elected, and the straiter Moderates retired from the contest, about one half voted of those whose names were on the hastily compiled registers.[1] The polls were taken in perfect order, and though there was perhaps slight pressure put on civil servants to vote, there was no intimidation. The elected deputies came almost exclusively from the landed and professional classes; all but Mazzini, Garibaldi, and five others were natives of the Roman state. They met on February 5, and plunged at once into the constitutional question. It was very doubtful for what form of government they would decide. Few had been elected on a republican platform;[2] the ministry was still ready to recall the Pope, if he would dismiss Antonelli and guarantee the constitution.[3] Mamiani opposed the republic both on constitutional grounds, and as throwing fresh difficulties in the way of federation; while Montanelli used his influence to hinder any settlement that forestalled the vote of the whole nation. There seemed little enthusiasm in Italy for a republic; Tuscany was uncertain, Piedmont was monarchical, Venice and Sicily were distrustful of the Roman alliance; and the royalist reaction seemed triumphant in Europe. But the enthusiasts hoped that the proclamation of the Republic on the Capitol would send a thrill through Italy, rousing the nation to a supreme effort, and bringing down other thrones. Many, who were no republicans on principle, were ready to vote for it from hatred of the Temporal Power. And in fact, in face of the Pope's refusal to compromise, there was no alternative between it and anarchy. Four days after the meeting of the Assembly the Republic was decreed by 120 votes in a full house of 142. The Chamber declared the Temporal Power abolished, but offered the Pope guarantees for the exercise of his spiritual prerogatives.[4]

Tuscan politics inevitably obeyed impulses from Rome. But though the government was even weaker at Florence and the elements of disorder stronger, for a time there was no anxiety to precipitate change. The Montanelli-Guerrazzi ministry had been generally accepted. The best of the Moderates, anxious above all for quiet and applauding the new vigour thrown into the government, were willing to give it a fair trial. The ministry tried to steer between the extreme parties; its programme was a practical one,—to restore financial credit, remodel the army and citizen guard, purge the discredited civil service, and preserve public order. Guerrazzi attempted to create a police, to suppress sturdy beggars, and check the disorderly and importunate volunteers. But the difficulties were very great. The more factious Moderates tried to hamper the government by resigning office; confident that the Tuscan temperament would never lapse into violence, they thought they might safely leave the ministry to gradual shipwreck. The local authorities were apathetic, the citizen guard unreliable. There was much want of employment, which Guerrazzi tried in vain to remedy by starting public works. The beggars infested the roads; there were faction fights at Lucca; the Empoli and Arezzo districts were disturbed by constant petty riots. At Florence the extreme democrats, in protest against the narrow franchise, broke the ballot-boxes at the new elections (November 20), and the rival factions burnt each other's printing-presses. Guerrazzi, irritated more and more by the disorder, tried earnestly to punish the rioters, and showered telegrams on the reluctant authorities. But he had no force behind him, and the government had little cohesion in itself. In spite of its fair start it soon offended every party more or less. The Democrats regarded it as false to its professions; the Moderates pointed to the continuance of disorder as justifying their suspicions. Guerrazzi, energetic and industrious as he was, sometimes well-nigh despaired, and thought of retiring.

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[1] The estimates vary considerably: Rusconi, *Republica*, I. 68, 74; Beghelli, *Repubblica*, I. 127, 253; II. 120; Correspondence—Rome, 2; Pasolini, *Memoirs*, 122; Spada, *Rivoluzione*, III. 103, 111.

[2] Beghelli, *op. cit.*, I. 155; Gabussi, *op. cit.*, II. 333.

[3] Correspondence—Rome, 1.

[4] See below, p. 340, and Vol. II., pp. 207–8, 380.

At this moment (January 10, 1849), the Assembly met, with a diminished but sufficient majority of Moderates. The speech from the throne promised a Constituent for Tuscany; but eleven days later came the news that the parliament about to meet at Rome had been proclaimed a Constituent for all Italy. The nationalist democrats saw the germ of an

Italian Parliament, and the chance at all events of uniting Tuscany and Rome into one state. They knew, moreover, that the Roman deputies would give them a Democratic majority, which they could not hope for at home. They demanded that Tuscany should send representatives to Rome, and the government willingly or unwillingly went with the stream. Guerrazzi, with the aid of the British minister's brother, overcame the Grand Duke's strong repugnance; the Moderates professed to applaud the idea; the Assembly, much puzzled about the real bearings of the question, perhaps intimidated, was easily persuaded into voting for it; and the Senate, sheltering itself behind the Grand Duke's approval, acquiesced with effusion. But Leopold's repentance was rapid. Though with a feeble kind of abnegation he was willing to submit his own crown to the vote of the Constituent, he would be no party to a scheme which claimed to dispose of the Pope's temporal throne. To escape from the pressure of Florentine opinion, and give time to hear from the Pope, he put off signing the law, and on January 31 left Florence under a flimsy pretext for Siena. He still however disclaimed any intention of severing himself from his ministers; and when Montanelli followed him, he professed his satisfaction with them and intention to return. But on the day of Montanelli's arrival at Siena (February 5), he had received a letter from the Pope, urging him to leave the country; and Radetzky had promised that on this condition he would "fly to his help as soon as he had put down the demagogues of Piedmont." Two days later he suddenly fled to the little port of Santo Stefano on the southern confines of the state, pleading to his "good Tuscans" that he had gone to avoid consenting to a law, which might draw excommunication on their heads. The news reached Florence next day (February 8). A mass meeting by Orcagna's Loggia passed resolutions, which declared Leopold deposed from the throne, and called on the Assembly, sitting in the Palazzo Vecchio hard by, to appoint a Provisional Government. The deputies dreaded mob violence, and the Moderates saw that it was the only alternative to an immediate proclamation of the Republic. Led by Capponi and Ricasoli, the two Houses by an unanimous vote elected Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Mazzoni to form a Provisional Government.

The Triumvirate was avowedly a temporary expedient. The Democrats had voted for it as a step towards the republic; the Moderates as the one possible means of avoiding it. The same ambiguity appeared in the action of the government itself. Guerrazzi telegraphed to Leghorn that Leopold was deposed; but laws passed a few days later referred the whole future of the country to the Constituent. The circulars of the government were issued sometimes in the name of the Tuscan Republic, sometimes in the name of the Provisional Government. Emissaries were sent to the provinces to enrol volunteers and cooperate with the clubs; and Guerrazzi ordered an expedition to the Maremna, where in his theatrical language "Leopold of Austria was creating a Vendée."[1] But the 600 soldiers, whom he brought up from Leghorn, were probably intended to overawe the clubs as much as the loyalists. And however unwilling Guerrazzi may have been to commit himself, at all events his strong hand saved the country from civil war. The democrats in the towns were indignant at the Grand Duke's flight, and stung by the loyalist demonstrations at Siena into a frenzy of suspicion. The Grand-ducal arms were pulled down almost everywhere; and Mazzini, who had just landed at Leghorn, with difficulty dissuaded the city from proclaiming the republic on its own account. On the other hand the Grand Duke's presence at Santo Stefano encouraged the loyalists and all the elements of disorder, that sheltered themselves under his name. Labourers and drivers, who had lost their occupation through the railway, burnt the station at Empoli; the peasants of the country round Florence tried to break into the city, and had to be repulsed by force. It is to Guerrazzi's lasting credit, that in all the turmoil of those days he saved Tuscany from civil bloodshed.

The danger thickened. In the Lunigiana De Laugier, acting probably in collusion with Leopold and the Piedmontese, defied the Triumvirate in the Grand Duke's name. The news of his defection fired the tinder at Florence. Mazzini addressed another great meeting by Orcagna's Loggia (February 18), and the crowd clamoured for the Republic and union with Rome. Guerrazzi in the name of the Provisional Government accepted the republic, though he had hot words with Mazzini, and with characteristic subterfuge left himself a loophole by making a condition that the Florentines should forthwith find 2000 armed men.[1] Next day a notice of the Triumvirs spoke of the "republic returning to its home after 318 years," and its formal proclamation was only delayed at the instance of Peruzzi, the Gonfaloniere of the city. Meanwhile the Grand Duke was at Santo Stefano, exhausted by sheer cowardice, sorely perplexed whether to throw himself on the support of Piedmont, or abjure the national cause and return a penitent to the Hapsburg fold. At first he protested that it was far from his thoughts to leave the state, he accepted with effusive gratitude Gioberti's offers of help, and discussed plans for the entry of Piedmontese troops. But the coterie at Gaeta was drawing its toils round him; and the Pope and Ferdinand sent him pressing messages to throw over Piedmont and fly to Naples.[2] Their letters decided him; and a few days later he sailed to Gaeta (February 21). Meanwhile De Laugier's movement collapsed ignominiously; he found no support from the inhabitants, his men melted away, and before Guerrazzi, with a force of volunteers and regulars approached him, he fled across the frontier into Piedmont. The whole of Tuscany, willingly or perforce, accepted the Provisional Government.

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[1] Guerrazzi, *Apologia*, 359, 365, 398; Corsi e Menichetti, *Collezione*, 484–485, 492, 507; Pigli, *Risposta*, 198–199, 202, 230–233; Beghelli, *op. cit.*, I. 194; La Cecilia, *Cenno*, 174.

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[1] Guerrazzi, *op. cit.*, 241, 413; Romanelli, *Memorie*, 97.

[2] Bosio, *Villamarina*, 102–117; Gennarelli, *Sventure*, 11–22.

CHAPTER XVI

NOVARA

DECEMBER 1848—MARCH 1849

PIEDMONT UNDER GIOBERTI; the Democratic opposition; Gioberti and Tuscany; he resigns. The Austrians in Lombardy. Italy and war; the war fever in Piedmont. The truce denounced; La Cava; Mortara; NOVARA; Charles Albert abdicates.

PIEDMONT meanwhile stood almost angrily aloof from the republican movement of Central Italy. Public opinion, even among some of the Democrats, was anxious that the country should dissociate itself from the new order at Florence and Rome. The Liberals thought, not without ground, that the Tuscans and Romans were neglecting the national cause for the sake of their political theories. With true Piedmontese narrowness, they could not realise the different circumstances of the Central States, or see how much of noble aspiration underlay the republican movement. Their leader had never been a democrat at heart, and his altered attitude to the Constituent was part of the gradual change to Conservatism, that marked his policy since he came into office. Gioberti, after his roving mission in the summer, had settled down to play at statesmanship at Turin. He was still the pompous, fussy ecclesiastic, domineering over his friends, bitter and unfair to his rivals, not disdaining to play the demagogue if it served his ends. His discursiveness and inconsistencies, his sheer love of polemics, his ill-ordered omniscience were reflected in his political career. He was an opportunist on principle, and he had the opportunist's strength and weakness. He saw that as Italy stood now, discipline needed strengthening as much as liberty; that the monarchy held the field in Piedmont; that a republican agitation only divided the country in face of the enemy. It was his merit, at all events, that he was the first Piedmontese statesman of the century, who seriously cared for the condition of the people. He was no socialist, but he sympathised with the socialist attack on the orthodox economy, and the programme of the "democratic" ministry promised to occupy itself especially with the problems of "the labouring and less fortunate class," to promote education and protect the poor, apparently by labour laws. But profound thinker as Gioberti was in some respects, he had the opportunist's want of faith. Sheltering himself under the axiom that it was useless to reform beyond the capacity and habits of the masses, he did nothing to bring out the latent enthusiasm and patriotism which would have raised them to a higher plane. Vain, egotistic, a controversialist by instinct, he wasted his enormous prestige, and did his full share to quench the patriotism of the war in factious party strife.

His political theories had radically changed since he wrote the *Primacy;* the Encyclical had convinced him that national regeneration could never come from the Papacy, and he had learnt to look for salvation to Piedmont alone. But he had lost the belief in Piedmontese expansion, which he had half held in the summer; his experience of the strong anti-Albertist feeling in Central Italy had convinced him that federation was the only possible step at the moment towards the consolidation of the country. But the same theory of nationality, which forbade the foreigner to interfere in the temporal concerns of the Papacy or control the destinies of Italy, permitted each Italian state to interfere in its neighbour's affairs. It was the special function of Piedmont to act as a mediating influence between rival parties in the other states, and, if necessary, interfere with arms.[1] A Constituent Assembly, but on far other than the democratic lines of Montanelli, was to direct the forces of the nation, and keep the component states abreast in their reforms. "Gioberti would be a great man," wrote Cavour, "if he had common sense;" and none but a pedant would have dreamed that the republic in all but name at Rome and the reaction at Naples could be brought to a peaceful compromise.

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[1] Gioberti, *Rinnovamento,* I. 315, 548.

His popularity soon began to wane. Gioberti confessed in private, that he called his government "democratic" merely "as a concession to the spirit of the times";[1] his critics complained that its democracy did not go beyond its name, and dimly realised that office was fast changing the premier to a Conservative. The new elections in January were fought with great bitterness. Savoy sent a solid phalanx of ultra-Conservatives, but elsewhere the Moderates were routed. Most of the Democratic majority were new men, small country lawyers, refugees from Lombardy, radical priests, eager to resume the war on the earliest occasion, and ready to range themselves under Gioberti. But estrangement soon came; the premier at once declared that he would take no part in the Roman Constituent, and sent hectoring despatches to the Junta; his relations with Tuscany were more than strained, and the broader Democrats, despite their dislike of the politics of Central Italy, saw with dismay the widening gulf between it and Piedmont. Gioberti took up a line of the shallowest opportunism. Unity was impossible; further reform was dangerous; the country had enough to do with consolidating constitutional government and the federation. He protested vigorously indeed against the Austrian government's outrages in Lombardy and its delay in sending representatives to the abortive conference, which was to meet at Brussels. It was his attitude on the question of the Constituent, which marked his final severance from the Democrats. He would never accede to it, he declared, because it might alienate the princes and the Pope, and his rupture with the Roman Republic wrecked all hopes of an alliance with Central Italy. The Democrats were now frankly hostile, especially at Genoa; the city was loyal to the King, but it was fiercely democratic and unsettled, and three times in the past summer and autumn had been on the brink of civil war. Gioberti had appeased it when he came into office, but now it readily joined in the revolt against his new tendencies. The government took up the challenge; General La Marmora, who had entered the cabinet, publicly repudiated any sympathy with the Democrats, though the avowal cost him his office; the ministry illegally closed a club at Genoa, and by a sordid trick got Brofferio expelled from the Chamber. But Gioberti, however perverse and tactless, was a patriot; and his theory of Piedmontese intervention was intended to hush the internal dissensions of Italy before war came. If the Grand Duke were restored by Piedmontese arms, the strength of Tuscany, he thought, would be concentrated on the war, and its frontier would form an useful base for operating against the Austrian flank. For this he was prepared to ride roughshod over the feelings of the Tuscans, and appeal against them to the "natural laws of nationality." Unknown to the King and probably to his colleagues, he wrote to the Grand Duke, offering to restore him by arms. Whether or not he afterwards won the momentary assent of the cabinet (he and his colleagues gave each other the lie in after controversy),[1] at all events they soon rejected the scheme. Gioberti appealed against them to the King, but Charles Albert, either from constitutional scruples, or because he believed the scheme would prejudice the war, was glad to throw over a minister whom he had always disliked; and Gioberti, after desperate clutchings at office, found himself compelled to resign (February 21).

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[1] Id., *Operette*, I. 164.

Gioberti's erratic policy and fall were the natural consequences of a restiveness that could only end in war. Settled government was impossible in Piedmont, while the presence of the Austrians in Lombardy kept excitement at fever-heat. While even Francis of Modena was governing with moderation and at present with some show of Liberalism, the Austrians seemed resolved to provoke nationalist sentiment past endurance. After the reconquest of the country in August, the Lombard discontent was wider and deeper than ever before. Thousands had migrated to Piedmont or Switzerland; those who remained, engaged in a silent struggle with the authorities, and even the Provincial Congregations, with one exception, refused to send deputies to the Imperial Diet, about to meet at Vienna. The large garrisons kept a show of order; but the generals, who were the real government, knew on what a volcano they were living, and hoped to cow the Lombards by terrorism. Radetzky quietly shelved the civil governors, and suspended the promised constitution. Taxes were piled up to support the army of occupation, and the country was made to feel that it was in the grip of a ruthless military power. Sentence of death was threatened against any at Milan found in possession of arms, and under the savage edict men were shot or bastinadoed without pity. Trade was almost suspended, and though many of the refugees returned, the streets of Milan had few passengers except soldiers and beggars. Radetzky's favourite scheme was to signal out the rich for punishment, and try to win the masses by enlisting them in the plunder of the propertied. To terrify or exasperate the Milanese aristocracy, he imposed a fine of 20 million lire on 200 of their leaders, and when the fines were not paid, sequestrated many of their houses and estates. But he only succeeded in maddening all classes alike; and though their seeming helplessness dispirited them, and all seemed quiet on the surface, there was but one resolve through Lombardy to rise at the first occasion that their Italian brothers gave them.

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[1] Gioberti, *Rinnovamento*, I. 578–587; Id., *Operette*, I. 239; Tavallini, *Lanza*, I. 75–76; Correspondence—Italy, IV. 141.

Throughout all Italy ruled the same passionate desire to end the Austrian domination for ever. Nobles and plebeians, Moderates and Democrats, none but were bitterly incensed by Radetzky's brutal tyranny. But the hopefulness and unanimity of 1848 had gone. The memory of recent defeat, the overthrow of all that splendid confidence, the present sense of Austrian power made timid men shrink back and cautious men pause. And the deep divisions of classes and parties, which had come to light during the winter, paralyzed much of the energy which should have gone out against the Austrian. The cosmopolitan strife between rich and poor, between privilege and democracy, was always tending to overshadow the national quarrel with Austria. The Democrats obscured their patriotism by their want of resoluteness and capacity; differences, part real part fictitious, made it difficult for them to cooperate with the Moderates. And though the great majority of the nation was sincerely nationalist as in the past year, it no longer gave a single mind to the cause of Independence. The jealousies of the different states, the fears of Piedmontese expansion, the alienation of the Church hindered the massing of the national forces. The long negotiations for a League had ended in nothing; the Constituent had failed to unite even Tuscany and Rome; since the breakdown of Rossi's negotiations in the autumn, Naples had stood entirely aloof; Sicily was more intent on its own autonomy than on Italian Unity; Venice was absorbed in her own struggle, and equally distrustful of Piedmont and the Constituent. In Piedmont there was a strong inclination to neglect the alliances of the other states; the Right was unwilling to have any dealings with the democracies of Central Italy, and even the Left feared the taint of republican connections. When Rome, despite her absorption in her own problems, promised to place 15,000 men under Charles Albert's orders, the Piedmontese government in its fatuous isolation rejected the alliance,[1] and gave no notice of approaching hostilities either to her or Sicily or Venice. Hence, save for such diversion as Venice might make, and for the conspiracy that was spreading its meshes through Lombardy, Piedmont could rely on no Italian help for the coming war.

Nor was there hope of assistance from abroad. Louis Napoleon wished to fight on the side of Piedmont, but could not find one of his ministers to support him. Bastide and Palmerston alike were angry at her refusal to compromise with Vienna; and even when Austria flatly declined to yield a foot of territory, she was made to understand that she must expect no more than a feeble sympathy from either of the Western Powers for what they regarded as a troublesome chimera.[2] It was clear that Piedmont must meet the great

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[1] Farini, *Roman State*, III. 147; Planat de la Faye, *Documents*, II. 163; Rusconi, *Republica*, I. 141.

[2] Bonfadini, *Arese*, 95–102; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 356, 376–384; Correspondence—Italy, IV. 55, 91; Bastide, *République française*, 109, 113, 120.

Empire alone, and it showed the high courage that inspired her, that, the hope of an honourable peace once gone, she never seriously faltered in her purpose to renew the war. Gioberti had been succeeded by General Chiodo; the cabinet otherwise remained unaltered, but his dismissal helped to precipitate the struggle, for it removed the last barrier that held back the war party in the Chamber. Rattazzi represented them in the ministry, where he was the controlling spirit; and quite outside the democratic party which he led, there was a considerable section of Conservative opinion that was impatient for a final struggle. Radetzky's vengeance on the Milanese nobles had stirred the anger of the aristocracy, and Gioberti's later Conservatism had gone far to reconcile them to the new constitutional order. Men, who dreaded the social changes that were threatening at home, thought that war alone could give the government the strength it lacked to cope with them. The King was eager to escape from the intolerable position, and burning to recover honour and prestige in a new campaign. Success, he believed, was decreed by heaven, and his patriotic enthusiasm had reconciled him to the democrats, who at all events shared most completely his hopes for Italy. "Better the cap of liberty," he said, "than humiliation before Austria." Genoa was tossing with the war-fever; Nice was as Italian in feeling as Piedmont. Alone in the Chamber the deputies of Savoy ostentatiously severed themselves from the hopes of Italian nationality.

Still not even in Piedmont was there the same universal passion that had roused the country a year ago. Many, who would have welcomed hostilities under other auspices, utterly distrusted the Democrats in power and their capacity to prepare for a campaign. The priests, who as a body had followed the Pope's defection, influenced the peasants and the poorer classes in some of the towns; and reactionary, and perhaps democratic, intrigues had been busy among the troops.[1] In numbers the army was superior to that of the summer; and, besides the garrisons, there were 80,000 men under arms. But morally and physically they were inferior; discipline was bad; whole regiments were composed of raw recruits or married men, all eager to return home. And yet in spite of its shortcomings the army kept its old tenacity, its zeal for the national honour; even the Savoyard regiments had lost none of their loyalty to the King; and under an able commander it was still capable of great and heroic action.[1] But again it was fated to see its bravery wasted by bad generalship. Exaggerated criticism of the last campaign had made it impossible for the King or any of the generals to take the command, and after a failure to secure a French general, the government, almost in default of any alternative, appointed the Polish officer Chrzanowsky,[2] a soldier who had fought under many flags, and whose military honour and loyalty to Liberalism were equally tarnished.

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[1] Gabussi, *Memorie*, III. 241; Minghetti, *Ricordi*, II. 71.

The truce was denounced on March 12, and according to its terms hostilities would recommence on the eighth day. Chrzanowsky's troops were scattered along the long line of the Ticino from Oleggio to the Po, while La Marmora's division of 9000 men was crossing the Cisa Pass from Sarzana to spread the revolution in the Duchies. The main body was stationed between Novara and Mortara.[3] Chrzanowsky had a choice of strategy; he might stake everything on a dash on Milan; he might with greater prudence advance south of the Po, rouse the Duchies, and take the Austrians on the flank; or he might assume a strong defensive position and wear out the enemy. He carried out no plan thoroughly. The key of his position was at La Cava, opposite Pavia, in the angle between the Ticino and the Po, covering the road from Pavia to Alessandria; but he entrusted it to the weak and unreliable Lombard division under Ramorino, the villain of the plot of 1833, now by strange irony the hero of the democrats. When the truce terminated on the 20th, Chrzanowsky seems to have half projected a dash from Buffalora on Milan, and Charles Albert rode at the head of his troops across the river to Magenta. But while the Piedmontese wasted their strength in irresolute and divided movements, Radetzky was preparing one strong staggering blow. Leaving Milan feebly garrisoned, he had collected 75,000 men at Pavia, and began to cross the Ticino at noon on the 20th. Ramorino's instructions were to hold La Cava in force, and if the enemy attempted a crossing, to resist as long as possible. But in deliberate defiance of his orders, he had left most of his men on the right bank of the Po, and the few Lombards, who were left at La Cava, could do no more than make a show of resistance. His reckless disobedience allowed Radetzky to move on the Piedmontese main body before it was prepared. His right wing came upon part of it next day (March 21) at Sforzesca, to the east of Mortara. The Piedmontese were inferior in numbers, but even the raw recruits fought finely, and the Austrians were only saved from rout because the victors were too hungry and exhausted to pursue. But on the same afternoon the Piedmontese right had met a terrible reverse at Mortara. Late in the afternoon D'Aspre attacked Giovanni Durando's brigade in front of the city. Durando's men showed little of the spirit that won Sforzesca, and an hour's fighting was enough to break his lines, Italians and Austrians entering the town pell-mell. The fighting went on in the streets till after nightfall, and 1700 Piedmontese were surrounded and surrendered. Even now there was time to redeem the situation; the whole reserve was only two miles distant, and there were 30,000 men at Sforzesca flushed with victory. Chrzanowsky wished to throw himself on D'Aspre's flank, and his superiority of numbers must have made victory almost certain;[1] but by some fatuity he was dissuaded, and the Austrians were left in quiet possession of the positions they had won. Retreat was now inevitable, and Chrzanowsky decided to retire northwards and offer battle in front of Novara. Before the city, with its sinister memories of '21, he drew up his force, still 50,000 strong, on the morning of the 23rd. Radetzky had been moving cautiously in pursuit, uncertain whether the Piedmontese had retreated on Vercelli or Novara. But D'Aspre, who commanded the van, elated with his victory at Mortara, and thinking he had only a division in front of him, precipitated the attack before noon. He had only 20,000 men with him, and though four times he took and lost the key of the position at the Bicocca, at last, outnumbered and unsupported, he found himself hard pressed.[1] The royal Dukes were preparing for the final and victorious charge, when Chrzanowsky by one supreme act of fatuity stopped their advance, and the victory, which D'Aspre's foolhardiness had offered, was snatched from their hands. It was soon too late. At 3.0 the enemy's reinforcements began to stream up. The Piedmontese were starving, their left wing weary with its long struggle; but they made a brave resistance against the mounting odds, and it was not till a fresh division of the enemy came up at 5.30, that they despaired. The King, who had all day been in the hottest of the fight, who, had he had the resolution to oppose Chrzanowsky, might have secured the victory his sons had all but won, now only hugged death. But he had yet to drink the cup to the dregs. "Even death," he said, "has cast me off;" he saw his famished soldiers hardly restrained from sacking the city, and his final humiliation came at night, when his generals refused to continue the struggle,[2] and he found himself compelled to beg a truce. When Radetzky asked for terms that his pride could not consent to, he abdicated, as he had always intended to do in the event of defeat, passed in disguise the Austrian lines, and made his way to lonely exile and an early death. His long tortuous career had closed in noble failure. The cold scheming absolutist, the traitor of '21, the tyrant of '33, the blundering general of '48 were all forgotten. And his country's love enshrined him the martyr of the national war, the patriot King, who had risked crown and life for a great Italian hope, the royal democrat, who had cast away the prejudices of a lifetime to rally his country to one last ill-starred but splendid venture.

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[1] La Marmora thought that there was a good chance of success: Cavour, *Nouvelles lettres*, 264; Bonfadini, *op. cit.*, 97.

[2] Pronounce Shanofsky.

[3] See map in Vol. II., p. 69.

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[1] Dino, *Souvenirs*, 314; Ufficiale Piemontese, *Memorie*, 393.

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[1] Schönhals, *Campagnes*, 358.

[2] Cibrario, *Missione*, 82.

CHAPTER XVII

NAPLES AND SICILY

FEBRUARY 1848—MAY 1849

NAPLES: Bozzelli ministry; Calabrian revolt; parliamentary opposition; the reaction unmasks; Ferdinand at Gaeta; parliament dissolved. SICILY: Sicilian independence; negotiations with Naples; forfeiture of the throne; royalists and republicans; Sicily and Italy; Duke of Genoa elected king; bombardment of Messina; the reaction begins; the national guard; Ultimatum of Gaeta; the war; the last struggle at Palermo.

NAPLES, meanwhile, had for the past year ostracized itself from the national movement. Cariati, the nominal head of the ministry which came into power after the counter-revolution, was a well-intentioned but exceedingly feeble man, and Bozzelli was still all-powerful in the cabinet. He professed to steer between the camarilla and parliament; but his first object was at all costs to retain office, which had lifted him from poverty to ostentatious wealth, and gratified his faith in his own pedantic statecraft. Partly for this, partly because his vanity hoodwinked him, he played at governing, while he was really the tool of the King. Not that the camarilla was allowed a free hand. The country was too angry to be trifled with too far; and while Charles Albert's army was victorious in the north, full-sailed reaction was impossible. The King again protested his loyalty to the constitution, and though the Chamber was dissolved before it met, fresh elections were ordered. There was no tyranny,[1] though the spirit of the government had changed. The press was left fairly free; but the Jesuits returned, the old police reappeared, public meetings were forbidden. It was evident that want of courage, not want of will, held the government from extremer measures.

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[1] Correspondence—Italy, II. 596.

The country had been taken by surprise on May 15, and the great mass of the people were too bewildered for action. Angry as they were at the events of Naples and Pepe's recall, they were still inclined to trust the King's oath, and knew well that so long as Charles Albert was undefeated, the court would not dare to repeal the constitution. But in some districts there was a more impatient movement. The southern provinces were practically independent of Naples, and there and in the Abruzzi an insurrection was in train, which, had it been wisely captained, might have anticipated 1860. But want of arms or mutual suspicions kept the provinces from common action; and the insurrectionary Committee at Potenza wasted its chances, till the fire went out of the movement.[1] Calabria was left alone to raise the flag of revolt. Here the insurrection started with fair prospects; thousands came in to join the insurgent army, and officials high and low gave in adhesion. The diminution of crime, the readiness to pay the taxes showed how fully the country accepted the revolutionary government. But the rising needed a Garibaldi. There was no directing energy to overbear the suspicions and jealousies that soon sprang up. The contingent of 600 men, whom the Sicilians sent, refused to work with the Calabrians. Ferdinand poured 8000 men into the province, and their atrocities cowed the people. Harvest was beginning, and the peasants wanted to be at home to reap their crops. And bravely as some of the Calabrians fought, bad generalship made an effective defence impossible. General Nunziante harried the wretched province, egged on loyalist peasants to loot the property of Liberals, and sent the captured leaders to languish in the dungeons of Gaeta till 1860 (July).

The new elections had taken place meanwhile (June 15). Though the franchise had been narrowed again, the Liberals were returned triumphantly almost everywhere, and the new Chamber was practically composed of the same men as the old. The papers, which had suspended their issues after May 15, started again with greater wisdom and self-restraint. Naples reflected the sullen and angry feeling of the country; no patriot smoked, the theatres and cafés were deserted, the officers were rigorously ostracized. There were beginnings too of more resolute conspiracy. A few men, ten years in advance of their time, aimed at uniting the South to the North under the House of Savoy. They had already saluted Charles Albert King of Italy; they now formed the secret Society of United Italy, to overthrow the Bourbons and offer Naples to him, and there is some evidence that the Turin government was not altogether deaf to their overtures.[1] But parliament repeated the feebleness of the spring. The peers steadily supported the government; many of the deputies were afraid to vote against it; the majority, especially Poerio and his following, were anxious to come to terms with the King, and offered to support the ministry, if it would send troops to the war. They repudiated the Calabrian rising, and tacitly connived at the King's aims to reconquer Sicily. Their readiness to compromise was wasted; Bozzelli showed his contempt by studiously absenting himself from the Chamber, and its addresses to the King had no replies. The government did not dare as yet to dissolve it, but it allowed no fresh elections for the many vacant seats, and when the catastrophe of Custozza gave it courage to attack Sicily again, it prorogued parliament on the eve of the bombardment of Messina. To anticipate any resistance from the middle classes, police agents roused Santa Lucia to a demonstration against the Chamber; and when the exasperated artisans of Montecalvario met the mob and routed it (September 5), the scuffle gave the court its excuse. The camarilla could unmask, now that the victory of the Austrians seemed to usher in the triumph of reaction. While Bozzelli still professed himself a Liberal, the camarilla, whether he liked it or not, had its will. The national guard of the capital was reduced to a fragment; Liberal intendants and prefects were persecuted or dismissed, and the Bench was purged till it became the humble instrument of the police. The army grew more and more uncontrollable, till the life of every citizen was at the mercy of any rabid officer, and men were beaten and killed by soldiers in the streets. For a moment Rossi's influence with the ministry stayed the reaction, but his death removed the last barrier. Ferdinand, proud at having curbed the revolution and saluted as "the first to restore order in Europe," made Gaeta the refuge of the princes, whose weakness and credulity were responsible, so he held, for the brief triumph of Liberalism; and from Gaeta he hoped to prepare its overthrow in Central Italy. But he was willing for the time to allow the constitution to survive in name, and still authorized his agents to protest his unshaken loyalty.[1] The temper of the country, he knew, though it had acquiesced in so much, might again be dangerous, if he showed his hand too plainly. The Neapolitans had threatened more than once, and when at Rossi's advice bye-elections were ordered to fill the vacant seats (November), nine out of ten constituencies still returned Liberals. The ministers thought it prudent to temporize, and though taxes were collected without consent of parliament, the Chambers were summoned to meet in February. Parliament was willing to pass an indemnity, to consent in fact to almost anything, if the King would dismiss Bozzelli. But they were fighting a hopeless cause; brave, honest, eloquent as they were, nothing but a Piedmontese victory could save them now. The government, which had already broken off relations with Turin and Florence, discounted the possibility of this, and made the outbreak of hostilities in the north the signal for action. On March 13 it recalled the Austrian minister, recommenced hostilities with Sicily, and dissolved parliament. When the news of Novara came, Bozzelli and the camarilla knew that their hands were free. Most of the deputies were imprisoned or had to fly, the press was attacked, schools were closed, the Jesuits ostentatiously patronized. For a moment the disgraceful retreat from

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[1] Lacava, *Basilicata*, 1, 15–20; D'Ayala, *Memorie*, 144–145; Tivaroni, *Dominio austriaco*, III. 217–220.

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[1] La Farina, *Epistolario*, I. 317; Nisco, *Ferdinando II.*, 199-200; Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 350.

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[1] Correspondence—Naples, 633.

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the Roman forces at Velletri[1] cowed the court, and had it been vigorously followed up, the Liberals might have raised their heads again, and perhaps even overthrown the government. But it was a momentary gleam. The officers, who ran away at Velletri, were masters of the government. Bozzelli had been the catspaw of the camarilla, and now that his use was gone, he was ignominiously dismissed. Naples returned to frank absolutism and the brutalities of a military rule.

While Naples was sinking into the servitude that its faint-heartedness deserved, Sicily had had its nobler drama of fierce patriotism, of heroic resistance, of courage that only quailed when the odds were desperate; it had had its more than share of blunders, the same want of statesmanship, the same incapacity to sink differences, at last the same cowardice of a section of the propertied classes, which had helped to wreck the popular cause in the other states. At first no province of Italy seemed to have a safer future. It appeared unlikely that Naples would ever try to reconquer it; England, France, Russia vied in extending their patronage. Sicily was the only Italian state that had a constitutional past to build on; the elements of reaction were almost non-existent, for the question of independence dwarfed all others, and in their zeal to keep the island free, nobles and high ecclesiastics, Jesuits and lawyers, shopkeepers and peasants were at one.

But to the Neapolitans it seemed the sheer obstinacy of faction. At Naples there was little sympathy for or understanding of the Sicilian position, whether among royalists or moderates or democrats. It was easy for the ministry, men who themselves had little sympathy with the nationalist movement, to defend the refusal of the Sicilian demands as necessary to the Italian cause. They had indeed asked Minto to negotiate a compromise (February 12, 1848), and offered a separate parliament for purely Sicilian affairs; but they firmly declined to give the Constitution of 1812, or even listen to the reasonable conditions, for which the Sicilians would have waived their beloved palladium.[1] The first constitutional cabinet fell (March 2), and its successors were ready to practically acknowledge the Constitution of 1812. But the surrender came just too late. The news of the French Revolution had reached Sicily and raised the people's hopes; they reflected that even now there was no guarantee that the Neapolitan army might not be sent to crush them. They were no longer satisfied even with the old charter, and though they still accepted the nominal sovereignty of the Bourbon crown, they demanded terms that would have reduced its authority to a shadow. When the Neapolitans refused the new proposals, the parliament at Palermo solemnly resolved that the Bourbons had forfeited the crown of Sicily (April 13); and such few scruples as there were, were silent before the enthusiasm, perhaps the threats, of the great majority of the people. Ruggiero Settimo, who was appointed President pending the election of a king, typified the unity of the country; his years, his honourable past, which recalled the struggles of 1812 and 1820, his progressive Liberalism always ready to sacrifice its own prejudices, placed him beyond reach of cavil, a figurehead but an honoured one.

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[1] See below, p. 336. This was the occasion on which Ferdinand brevetted Ignatius Loyola a Field-Marshal.

But behind the unanimity on the question of independence, divisions inevitably grew up. The ministry and the majority of parliament, lawyers mainly and men of letters with a sprinkling of nobles, desired a constitutional monarchy, based on a broad Liberalism, but stopping short of a thorough democracy; they had small active interest in Italian politics, and trusted to the sympathies of England and France to protect them from Bourbon attack. But there was a strong minority in parliament, whose sympathies were republican, though they realized the practical difficulties of a republic, and made no attempt to resist the tide that procured an unanimous vote for the election of an Italian prince as king. They were more keenly interested than the majority in the Italian question, fairly eager to help the Liberals of Naples and the army in the north, and above all anxious for the formation of a strong army, which would make the island independent of English or French support. They had abundant material for attacking the ministry. Little had been done to raise an army; there was no police; the peace of the island was threatened by bands of convicts, whom the Neapolitans had released before their departure, and the criminal *squadre*,[1] which Palermo, true to its traditions, had employed to help the revolution, were waiting for their loot. Already the discovery of corpses in the dungeons of the police[2] had given them a pretext to massacre every *sbirro* that they laid hands on. There had been organized highway robbery near Palermo, organized outrage at Catania and Marsala; and though the danger of anarchy was probably exaggerated, the Sicilians might well fear a repetition of the horrors of 1820.

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[1] Correspondence—Naples, 80–189.

But everything else was overshadowed by the election of a king. The vote of forfeiture had enacted that an Italian prince should be elected to the throne, so soon as the statute of 1812 had been reformed. Everything urged a speedy settlement. The suspense of an interregnum hindered the return of settled order; England and France would not recognize the new government till a king had been chosen. Above all, Sicily must settle her affairs that she might enter the Italian League as an independent state. Hitherto she had been the one gap in the chain that linked the nationalists through the peninsula. The struggle with Naples had kept the islanders from coming into line with the Liberals of the mainland; the constitution of 1812 seemed the triumph of Sicilian autonomy, a step backward from the movement, which till now had advanced so bravely, for consolidating Italy. The traditional hatred of Naples burnt fiercely as ever; the Sicilians urged that constitutional guarantees were worthless without a separate parliament, that their deputies, like the Irish, would be powerless as a small minority in an united Chamber. They protested indeed that antagonism to Naples did not mean antagonism to Italy, that they wished to have Naples "as sister not as mistress," that they were eager to take their place in an Italian League. None the less the Liberals of the mainland knew that the spirit of a wider nationality had barely reached the masses of the island, that alike among nobles and populace there was a powerful section, with whom the old traditional passion for independence overruled Italian sentiment. There was perhaps for a moment a real danger that Sicily would try to become an independent state under an English protectorate.[1]

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[1] See above, p. 26.

[2] Mortillaro, *Légendes*, 289; La Masa, *Documenti*, I. 168.

Nothing was more calculated to counteract these tendencies than the filling of the throne. As soon as a king was chosen, Sicily would probably be recognized by every Italian state except Naples, and inevitably brought into closer relations with them. There were only two serious candidates, the Duke of Genoa and a minor son of the Grand Duke. Leopold was ready to accept the throne for his son, and he had the support of France and of all who dreaded that the growing power of Piedmont might threaten the independence of the other states.[2] But there was danger in the weak rule of a minor; and in addition to England's somewhat lukewarm patronage of the Piedmontese prince, his election meant the support of Charles Albert's as yet unconquered army. The question kept simmering through May and June, while the reform of the statute dragged slowly along with large democratic changes. A manhood literate suffrage took the place of the old property vote; the land-laws were reformed in the teeth of the Peers, and their House was made elective, though the bishops retained their seats; the crown was allowed a suspensive veto only, and its prerogative was cut down.[3] But while parliament was occupied with the long constitutional debates, the public outside was growing impatient for the election of a king, and the Duke of Genoa's fame in the war and the obvious advantages of a strong and soldierly ruler left him the only candidate in the field.

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[1] Ricciardi, *Cenni*, 82; Correspondence—Naples, 80, 116. Palmerston declined to listen to anything of the kind: Ib., 81.

[2] D'Ancona, *Amari*, I. 250–255; Correspondence—Naples, 331, 335; La Farina, *Istoria*, I. 236; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, V. 212; Gemelli, *Sicilia*, 76.

[3] The constitution in Correspondence—Naples, 452–460; there was permissive payment of members: La Farina, *op. cit.*, I. 221.

The formal declaration of the English Government, that it would recognize Sicilian independence so soon as he was chosen, hastened matters to an issue.[1] The national guard threatened force, if there was more delay; and the Chamber, always liable in the absence of organized parties to be swayed by the sentiment of the moment, hurried in one night through the remaining clauses of the statute, and by the unanimous vote of both Houses the Duke was chosen King (July 10). Once again in the delight and enthusiasm of the people all fear for the future vanished; doubts whether the Duke would accept the throne, the danger of invasion from Naples, both were forgotten. Sicily breathed freely in the confidence that she had freed herself for ever from the hated Bourbons, and placed her destinies in the hands of a nobler line.

But the first enthusiasm was soon overclouded. The government had done little to place the island in a state of defence. Public opinion would not allow any officers, who had worn the Bourbon uniform, to serve, and the difficulties of organizing an army were great enough in themselves to daunt a more resolute government. The Duke of Genoa delayed his answer, and the ministry, weakened by their failure to secure his consent, resigned (August). Torrearsa, who formed the new cabinet, was a noble and a conservative, but his colleagues were more democratic than the retiring ministers, and they included La Farina and Cordova, two of the ablest men that Sicily possessed.

The new ministry needed strong men. It had hardly been in office three weeks when the blow from Naples fell. The Sicilian victories in January had left the Neapolitans in possession only of the citadel of Messina, and during the summer Ferdinand had been too occupied with troubles at home to attempt to regain lost ground. But with the collapse of the Calabrian rising and the defeat of the Piedmontese and the growing security of the reactionary party in Naples, he resolved to throw one more cast for the island. A powerful expedition under Filangieri, son of the famous statist, was prepared with all secrecy, and on the last day of August the fleet set sail from Naples, while 10,000 men were mustering on the Calabrian shore. To oppose them, the Sicilians had only 6000 men, raw recruits or half-criminal *squadre* from Palermo or undisciplined national guards of Messina. The Neapolitans, having the command of the sea, threw large reinforcements into the citadel (September 1–2), and for five days their batteries rained a terrible fire on the helpless city. On the morning of September 6 Filangieri landed a strong force south of the city, and sending away his transports, left his troops to choose between victory and destruction. But it was slowly and painfully that they could make head against the desperate resistance, and had the Sicilians not been hopelessly outnumbered, the enemy must have temporarily at least retreated. But though the Neapolitans ever poured up fresh troops, and the Sicilian batteries were silenced, and the *squadre* of Palermo dispersed to the mountains, the brave defence never flagged. Monks and priests fought by the side of laymen; women and children were in the thick of the fight. But steadily the enemy advanced, and with his advance Messina felt his savage vengeance. Streets of burning houses marked the progress of the King's troops; women were violated and murdered in the churches, children were hacked to pieces, old men slaughtered in their beds. The sacred plate was plundered from the altars, the pledges of the poor were stolen from the Monti di Pietà. At length at midday on the 7th Messina capitulated, barely in time to save itself from total wreck. Two-thirds of the city and all its suburbs were destroyed, and the long lines of smoking ruins remained to mark the hideous savagery of Filangieri's soldiers, and give the name of *Bomba* to the crowned barbarian, by whose orders the second city of Sicily had been wantonly bombarded.[1]

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[1] La Masa, *Documenti*, I. 286; La Farina, *op. cit.*, I. 233; Correspondence—Naples, 344–345, 349; Walpole, *Russell*, II. 50. Some of the English cabinet were in favour of defending Sicily by arms.

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[1] Correspondence—Naples, 491–492, 501–503, 546, 554, 591–592; La Farina, *op. cit.*, I. 356; Nisco, *op. cit.*, 224; Ulloa, *Faits de Messine;* Hervey-Saint-Denys, *Histoire*, 318; Villari, *Cospirazioni*, 94–96; Hansard's *Debates*, CII. 212. According to Captain Robb (Correspondence—Naples, 503, 513) the bombardment went on eight hours after the defence had ceased; but

But the horrors of Messina failed to dismay the Sicilians, and the exasperated island vowed to resist the destroyer to the death. An armistice, imposed by the French and English admirals to stay the barbarities (September 11), gave the country time to breathe. The Messinese, scorning Ferdinand's mild efforts at atonement, tore down Filangieri's promises of reforms, and paid their taxes to the government at Palermo. Parliament took a solemn oath to make no terms with the enemy; conscription was decreed, and an attempt was made to secure Garibaldi's services. Cordova carried into law a great scheme for selling national and ecclesiastical property, which, had it been executed, might have revolutionized the land system of Sicily; and the "treasure-finder," who may take high rank as a revolutionary financier, filled the state's coffers, while he abolished taxes. But Cordova could not save the government from the troubles that thickened round it. The general condition of the island was indeed greatly improved, and except for some agrarian troubles and the chronic brigandage of the neighbourhood of Palermo, there was no serious disturbance of the peace. The *squadre* had been largely purged; trade was improving; the taxes were regularly paid; the law-courts resumed their ordinary course. The army, the populace of the capital, perhaps the great mass of opinion outside Palermo supported the ministry. But slowly the forces of reaction were gathering. Cordova's financial reforms had roused the hostility of the corrupt excise service; his land-law alienated the higher clergy and the large farmers on demesne land, who were in danger of being evicted by new owners. His negotiations for a loan at Paris broke down, and he was obliged in his own despite to propose a forced loan, which irritated the capitalist classes. The Duke of Genoa, after playing for some time with the offer of the crown, at last declined it, when he found that England would not guarantee it; and Sicily seemed more than ever cut off from the nationalist move-

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this is not borne out by the other authorities, who speak of the desperate resistance on the morning of the 7th; Robb was probably deceived by the Sicilian batteries ceasing fire. There were apparently some counter atrocities on the part of the Messinese: Villari, *op. cit.*, 64, 70.

ment. The Peers hampered legislation; the Lower House trifled away its time, and a strong Centre party was forming of men who shared the common hatred of the Bourbons, but dreaded war and the sacrifices of a revolution. The national guard of the capital, officered by nobles, and composed almost exclusively of shopkeepers, had been given a legal status partly independent of the executive, and even with a certain control over the army. Presuming on its position, it tried to extend its control to the government itself, and though foiled in its audacious plan, it forced Cordova and a few weeks later the rest of the ministry to resign (January–February 1849).

With its triumph the Sicilian cause was doomed. The new ministry was mainly composed of nominees of the victorious faction, though it professed its resolution to defend the island's independence. The final struggle with Naples was rapidly becoming inevitable. Ever since the French and English admirals had imposed the armistice, Palmerston, while secretly supplying the Sicilians with arms, had been working for peace in concert with the French government on the basis of thorough Home Rule under the nominal suzerainty of the Neapolitan crown.[1] But though Ferdinand was disposed at first to cede a separate parliament and administration, he refused to consent to a separate army, and insisted that some at least of the Sicilian fortresses should be garrisoned by Neapolitan troops. Compromise was in fact impossible. Though Palmerston had abandoned his support of Sicilian independence, and the French government was less and less friendly, the Sicilians were unanimous to have not even the shadow of Bourbon sovereignty. Ferdinand on his side had resolved to offer no new concessions, and reconquer the island. In the middle of January he finally rejected the Anglo-French proposals, and at the end of February issued an Ultimatum from his residence at Gaeta, embodying his final terms. On the face of it, it seemed a not ungenerous proposal, for it offered the constitution of 1812, with its separate parliament and administration and native civil service. But the new clauses, which gave the crown the right to dissolve parliament and direct the army independently of parliamentary control, deprived it of all guarantee. And though the King waived the schedule, which excluded the revolutionary leaders from amnesty, he insisted that every act of the parliament should be null and void. It is doubtful whether the proposals were not purposely made unacceptable; and the memory of Bourbon perjuries, and the absence of all security even for the maimed constitution that was offered, took from the Ultimatum any chance of acceptance. Parties hushed their feuds, and united in the cry for war. A levy of 10,000 men was decreed. Private business, family cares were forgotten; crime disappeared, stolen goods were restored, brigands sent home rich citizens whom they had captured. At Palermo great crowds went out every day to help in throwing up defences; noblemen and their wives, priests and lawyers, mechanics and artisans took their turn, while the neighbouring villagers brought their carts laden with food for the improvised engineers. At Catania, Girgenti, Marsala, all through the island, the enthusiasm was hardly less.

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[1] Correspondence—Naples, 516, 528; La Farina, *op. cit.*, II. 175–176; D'Ancona, *op. cit.*, I. 292, 297; Walpole, *op. cit.*, II. 51; *Greville Memoirs*, VI 278. So the Grafton ministry secretly supplied arms to Paoli in 1768.

Unluckily it was too late to make up for the arrears of the winter. When the armistice expired on March 29, and the Neapolitans were free to advance, there were only 7000 regulars to meet them. But in spite of the blunders of Mieroslawsky, the Polish commander, the enemy's advance was met by a stubborn resistance, which crowned itself by the heroic defence of Catania. But the city's fall broke the resistance on the eastern coast, and Agosta and Syracuse surrendered without firing a gun. Still the cause was not yet hopeless. Much of the army was intact; Palermo, Girgenti, Termini were capable of defence; the Neapolitans could only advance through a mountainous country, well fitted for guerilla fighting. Had the Sicilians shown an united front, they might have prolonged the resistance till they forced Europe to intervene. But their chances were wrecked by the timid faction, that centred round the national guard of the capital. The enthusiasm of the first days of March had soon vanished; the collapse of Mieroslawsky's campaign, the news of Novara, the probability of a long and costly struggle scared the nobles and middle classes, and parliament decided to accept the French admiral Baudin's offer of mediation (April 14). Baudin could only promise the terms of the Ultimatum; but the reaction had resolved that the offer, once so scorned, should be accepted. The troops were recalled from the front, the war party at Palermo was rigorously held down, and its leaders compelled to leave the island;[1] and though parliament for very shame hesitated to accept the terms, capitulation was practically decided on. On the 26th the Neapolitan fleet arrived; then, all too late, the revulsion came. The populace, puzzled and leaderless, had acquiesced till now, hoping against hope for a settlement that would save them from the Bourbons. The arrival of the fleet undeceived them, and with a cry for vengeance on the traitors, they seized the city, the national guard going with the tide. They had little organization or ammunition, but for two days (May 8–9) their splendid heroism kept the invaders at bay. But it was impossible to prolong the resistance, and on May 11 the people, weary and hopeless of success, surrendered. The invaders did not dare to enter the walls, but the struggle was over, and on the anniversary of the barricades at Naples the Bourbon flag floated once more at Palermo.

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[1] La Farina, *op. cit.*, II., 295–296.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CENTRAL REPUBLICS

JANUARY—JULY 1849

TUSCANY: Guerrazzi; the republicans and the government; question of union with Rome; the reaction; Guerrazzi dictator; THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

ROME: the Executive Committee; MAZZINI; the Triumvirate; the Republic and the Church; tolerance of the government; its weakness; outrages at Rome and Ancona; the people and the republic. Policy of Gaeta; French policy; OUDINOT'S EXPEDITION; fight of April 30; De Lesseps' negotiations; Austrian invasion of Romagna; negotiations broken off; the siege; fall of the city. Garibaldi's retreat.

THE battle of Novara seemed to lay Central Italy open to the Austrian army. But the national colours still floated at Florence and Rome; and though their own forces could not permanently hinder the Austrian advance, the French veto, which had stopped Radetzky from advancing on Turin,[1] might check the victorious armies from pouring into Romagna and Tuscany. It seemed as if a third of Italy might still preserve its liberties.

The events of February 18 had left Tuscan politics in an ambiguous position. The Triumvirs had accepted the Republic at the dictation of the meeting at Orcagna's Loggia, but in spite of Montanelli, it had not been formally proclaimed. Mazzoni, the third Triumvir, wished to refer the whole question to the Constituent; Guerrazzi, as soon as De Laugier had fled and immediate danger of reaction passed away, was inclining to the Moderates. What was his policy at this time, it is hard to say. In after days he protested that his republican utterances and actions were made under compulsion, and that if he passed strong laws against the loyalists, he took care that they were inoperative. The plea of compulsion at all events was exaggerated, and whatever his motives, his conduct was uncertain and tortuous. On the one hand he hated disorder; he despised the republican hangers-on, who "planted trees of liberty but would not shoulder guns"; he saw more and more clearly the probability that reaction would be triumphant, and wished to secure his own retreat. But with all this, he was a democrat with such sincerity as he was capable of, and he could not fling all professions to the wind. So to Gioberti he wrote that the government would never proclaim the republic, till it had been voted by the representatives of the people; to Mazzini he professed himself a friend of unity with Rome, spoke of the republic as existing in fact, and protested that he only held back from declaring it, because he had no soldiers to rely on.[1] Cynical and contemptuous of his fellow-Triumvirs, conscious of his own energy and mastery of details, he probably believed that he could bring all right in the end, or thought not without cause that his fall would be succeeded by anarchy. He loved statecraft and rejoiced in the finesse, which might pilot his country through the shoals, or at worst put her in a position to secure good terms. If nothing were decided for the present, it would leave the road open whatever eventuality befell.

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[1] See below, p. 357.

As a matter of fact it was ill-fighting for the republic. Its party was numerically weak; at Florence it was dominated by the Lombard refugees, a noisy impractical crew, who tried to copy the French Revolution in miniature, calling for fines on *emigrés*, and planning missions of men "of pure republican blood" to stamp out reaction in the provinces. Even in the Clubs the genuine republicans were probably few. Place-hunters abounded; reactionaries, who hoped to drive things to extremes, egged them on; there was all the fringe of the excitable idle crowd, who followed Liberalism and the Republic, while they were in the ascendant and meant festivals and doles, and who were soon to shout with as eager ardour on the side of reaction. Against such a state of things the government could make little headway. It is not true that it was in the hands of the Clubs, but it was obliged to compromise with them, and give them semi-official recognition. A stronger government might have turned their energies into useful channels, but the Triumvirate won neither their respect nor their love, and Guerrazzi was too crooked and irritable to guide a turbulent democracy. The position of the government indeed was very difficult. The Moderates gave no help in preserving order; they had never foreseen the inevitable result of ignorance and poverty, and were startled by the collapse of the harmony of classes, which they had so fondly believed in. There was much distress among the poor, which the bread-doles of the government had done nothing to relieve; there was a corresponding increase of crime, and the prisons were full to overflowing. At times Florence wore something of a sanscullottic face; but though the wilder sort of republicans made domiciliary visits, and threatened the Moderates in life and property, even they were infected with Tuscan mildness. Guerrazzi threatened that "who broke, should pay"; and when the first excitement had cooled down, the government picked up the reins, and by March was able to secure some obedience to its orders.

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[1] Corsi e Menichetti, *Collezione*, 1090; Guerrazzi, *Lettere*, 53–55. The date of the latter letters must be the end of March. See also Pigli, *Risposta*, 299; Beghelli, *Repubblica*, I. 23–24.

The elections to the Tuscan Constituent had been ordered for March 5, and on the same day representatives were to be elected to sit in the "Italian Constituent" at Rome. The order for the elections left it ambiguous which Constituent was to decide the future government of Tuscany. The Moderates, confident of a victory at the polls, pleaded that it should be left to the Tuscan Chamber; the Republicans, knowing that they would have a majority at Rome, claimed that union with Rome had been practically accepted, and that the common parliament of the united country must decide. But though Guerrazzi had completed, at least on paper, the long-projected customs and diplomatic union, both he and Mazzoni were determined to defer a completed fusion as long as possible. It was easy to enlist Tuscan prejudice and self-interest; Florence would lose its metropolitan honours, Leghorn might be sacrificed to Civita Vecchia, and above all Tuscany wished to keep clear of the complications of the Papal question. Considerations like these enabled Guerrazzi in Montanelli's absence to pass a law referring the form of government to the Tuscan Constituent.

The reaction was now fast threatening to swamp both republicans and Triumvirate. The peasants, as Capponi said, were "the sovereign people of Tuscany," and the peasants were bitterly opposed to any government that wanted war. It required little effort for the country gentry and clergy to incite them to a crusade against a government, which not only banished the Grand Duke and watched the priests, but threatened to tax themselves and send their sons to fight for such a far-off thing as Italian Independence. A few days after De Laugier's defection bands of armed peasants attacked Florence and Prato; and though the towns had little liking for loyalist mobs, they were themselves becoming almost as hostile to the government. The petty despotism of the Clubs irritated them; priests refused absolution to those who voted for the Constituent; time-servers wished to secure themselves in the event of a counter-revolution. The peasants broke out again in riots and agitated against war. Some were ready to welcome an Austrian occupation, and the disaffected priests were deep in treasonable practices. So dangerous was the outlook in the Val di Chiana, that towards the end of March the government passed a Coercion Act for the province of Arezzo, and brought it to submission by a mild display of force.

The Triumvirs delayed the meeting of the Constituent as long as possible. Comparatively few had voted at the polls, probably not one-fifth of the enlarged electorate;[1] the voting for the Italian Constituent had been entirely neglected. Neither Moderates nor reactionaries made much effort to return their candidates, and the government had a majority of two to one. Two days after the opening of the Assembly came the news of Novara; Guerrazzi declared frankly against the Republic, and Montanelli, unwilling to weaken the government for a hopeless cause, carried a vote for making Guerrazzi Dictator and left the country. Guerrazzi's one object now was to save Tuscany from invasion. He asked that political questions should be dropped, and all the energies of parliament employed to arm the country for defence; on these terms the few real patriots among the Moderates had promised cooperation. The Piedmontese government might take up arms again; France might pour an army across the Alps, and an imposing show of force in Tuscany and Romagna might make Radetzky pause. As a last resource, he was probably, in spite of public disavowals, intending to restore the Grand Duke, and through him make peace with Austria.[1] Alike from private and patriotic motives, he was clinging desperately to power, and therefore anxious to conciliate the Moderates. He persuaded the Constituent to defer the question of union with Rome, and prorogue itself for twelve days (April 3). Guerrazzi was now autocrat. With all his rugged energy he appealed to the jarring factions to sink their differences and unite to save the country. A resolute effort was made to put down disorder, and the Arezzo Coercion Act was extended to all districts where the public peace was endangered. But, except at Florence and Leghorn, there was no response to his appeal for volunteers, and Guerrazzi felt the ground fast slipping from under his feet. Mutual suspicion and want of frankness made it impossible for the Moderates to cooperate with him; they threw over the man, whom they had always disliked and distrusted, and were preparing to recall the Grand Duke by a partisan appeal. If Leopold returned under their sole auspices, they hoped to propitiate Austria, secure the constitution, and put themselves in power. Their schemes, from which Capponi held aloof, were maturing, when a riot at Florence precipitated the crisis. Some Leghorn regiments had been brought there, either, as Guerrazzi asserted, to be equipped and trained, or more probably to be used as a political weapon. Their rough and insolent ways roused the temper of the Florentines, and a regiment was attacked in the Piazza di Santa Maria Novella (April 11). The riot was probably premeditated, but though intrigue had been busy, the attack was more prompted by exasperation against the Livornese than by any wish to overthrow the government.[1] The Moderates, however, saw their opportunity; their agents won the crowd to the reaction, while the loyalist peasants poured into the city and frightened the Democrats into hiding. The Municipal Council, led by Ricasoli and Serristori, declared itself a Provisional Government in the Grand Duke's name, seized the Palazzo Vecchio, and ejected the Assembly. Guerrazzi might still have made a fight from Pistoia and Leghorn; but he despaired, and to escape from the mob that howled for his life, surrendered himself to Capponi.

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[1] The population was about 1,600,000; the number of votes given was 78,000: Guerrazzi, *Apologia*, 617–618. The voting was by ballot.

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[1] Guerrazzi, *Apologia*, 648, 650, 662; Giusti, *Memorie*, 145; Tabbarrini, *Capponi*, 277; *contra*, Guerrazzi, *op. cit.*, 589; Id., *Lettere*, 56–57; Corsi e Menichetti, *op. cit.*, 954. The date of the incident referred to by Giusti is fixed by internal evidence for the last days of March. The letters to Mazzini are conclusive as to Guerrazzi's double game.

Fortunately for Italian fame, Rome had leaders and people made of stronger stuff. The supreme authority in the Republic was entrusted to an "Executive Committee," whose chief was Armellini, a cautious, honourable lawyer. In the ministry were Muzzarelli, a Liberal prelate who had left his books to serve his country, and Saffi, the leader of the advanced Romagnuol Liberals. And when Sterbini left the cabinet, finding office an unwelcome curb on criticism, the new government, though it contained no man of great ability, showed a collective statesmanship, which under a happier star might have launched the Roman state on a path of ordered progress. The country, they recognized, needed above all things freedom. The ecclesiastical incubus had gone, and the people needed liberty to teach, liberty to organize, liberty to develop the resources of the state; but a restrained and ordered liberty, that could not be perverted into a new instrument of tyranny over the poor. Honest finance, legal and municipal reform, liberty of worship, lay control of education and justice and charities, the nationalization of church property; such was the embracing programme of Armellini and his colleagues, and strongly and wisely they began on it.[1]

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[1] Corsi, *1844–1869*, 167.

The man, whose teaching inspired many of these reforms, was a plain deputy. Mazzini's imagination saw his ideal of "holy eternal Rome" already half realized. The theocracy had seduced her from her mission, but republican Rome, with "God and the People" for her watchword, would preach again the gospel of social sympathy, and infuse the politics of Europe with a new spirit. But Mazzini was in no hurry to push on his social schemes. He criticized the Chamber for squandering its time in party struggles, while Austria was threatening, and Haynau had set his heel on Ferrara and sent the Pope the fines he had wrung from its citizens. It would be time enough to manufacture constitutions, when Italy was free. The first thing was to fight Austria, and republican Rome must range herself by the side of monarchical Piedmont. And though the Right and Centre defeated his proposal that the deputies should disperse to the provinces and rouse the people, and the Left were more inclined to carry a propagandist invasion across the Neapolitan frontier, something was done to prepare for war, and the troops were on their march to the frontier, when the news of Novara reached them. All turned to Mazzini as the one possible leader in the crisis. Muzzarelli retired, and Mazzini with Saffi and Armellini were created a Triumvirate with unlimited powers for carrying on the war and preserving the republic. Mazzini hurried on the troops, but before they reached the Po, the news of the armistice dashed the last hopes of a war in Lombardy. For the time at all events the day for saving North Italy had set, and the Triumvirs turned to reform at home. They needed only to follow on the lines of the Executive Committee; to restore the credit of the state, to purify the civil service by introducing competitive examinations, to promote a "steady movement for raising the material condition of the less fortunate classes." The salt and tobacco monopolies were abandoned, the tax on industries repealed, a gradual diminution of import duties projected. A charity commission was appointed; the offices of the Inquisition were converted into tenement dwellings; the Universities were made free, and money was lavishly spent on the encouragement of art. And a great essay was made in constructive legislation by a scheme to partition ecclesiastical estates into small holdings, to be leased in perpetuity to the cultivators at nominal rents.[1]

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[1] Rusconi, *Republica*, I. 97–102; Beghelli, *Repubblica*, I. 240–247; *Bolletino della repubblica*, 59, 95–101, 135; *Actes officielles*, 15, 21, 31.

The last reform was part of the thornier problem of the relations between church and state. The clergy had not been unanimous in their hostility to the republic. Muzzarelli unfrocked himself, and Ventura, after vainly working for reconciliation between the Pope and the Romans, declared frankly for the latter. There were a few priests and friars like Ugo Bassi, who shared Mazzini's religious conception of the republic; some of the monasteries and many of the parish priests, whose stipends Mazzini's legislation promised to raise, repaid him with their support. And though the mass of the clergy naturally felt little liking for the new order, the majority accepted it, and took no heed when the Pope excommunicated the electors.[2] But in parts of the rural districts the priests had refused to absolve or marry any who went to the polls, and clerical portents and celestial visions grew rank to scare the superstitious peasants. The disaffection was stimulated by the government's ecclesiastical policy. In no state of Europe was such drastic reform needed to bring the church to the level of modern requirements. Not only had its temporal position to be modified to meet social and economic needs, but Rome alone among European states had no bureaucracy to curb the clerical power. For centuries the church had absorbed the state, and now that a lay government had sprung up outside the church, it had to carry out in a moment what in other countries had been the work of generations. The Triumvirs had to roll into one the work of Louis XIV. and 1791. There was no idea indeed of doctrinal change. Whatever may have been Mazzini's ulterior hopes,[1] he was too wise and too tolerant to attempt to force a reform of belief. But he and the republicans were determined that the church should be subordinate to the state. Already under the Executive Committee the first steps had been taken towards the nationalization of church property, and the government had undertaken to pay fixed stipends to the beneficed clergy and monastic orders. The Triumvirs developed their predecessors' policy by passing a law for the partial equalization of clerical incomes,[2] by forbidding fees for religious offices, by refusing to recognize perpetual vows. But however much the government might insist on the subjection of the clergy to the state, it resolutely set its face against persecution. Libels on priests were suppressed; conforming prelates remained unmolested not only at Rome but in the most disturbed districts; the bishop of Civita Vecchia was allowed to plot with Gaeta, and a brother of the Pope, found preaching treason, was sent unhurt across the frontier; and whatever danger seditious priests may have incurred in the latter days of the republic, they owed it to the hatred of the people, not to the intolerance or indifference of the government.

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[1] *Actes officielles*, 46, 79; Mazzini, *Opere*, VII. 17, 20–21, 25.

[2] Ranalli, *Istorie*, IV. 34–35; Torre, *Storia*, I. 167, 175.

The same generous leniency marked its policy towards its lay opponents. Papalist papers circulated freely; Mercier, the French agent, was allowed to conspire without let; and though afterwards on the eve of the French attack the Triumvirs obtained authority to suspend journals and try seditious persons by military tribunals, they never put their powers into practice. Stiffness in principles, tolerance to individuals was Mazzini's maxim. The persons and property of the Papalists were put under the guardianship of the Republic, to protect them from outrage; though the

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[1] De Lesseps, *Mission*, 39; Rusconi, *op. cit.*, II. 90.

[2] *Actes officielles*, 9, 12–13, 31, 76; Spada, *Rivoluzione*, III. 289; *Bolletino della repubblica*, 504. Parish priests were to have 180 scudi, unbeneficed clergy 108 sc., monks and friars 72 sc.

Executive Committee had obtained powers to raise a forced loan on a severely graduated scale, it was never seriously collected;[1] and when the exigencies of the siege compelled the sequestration of arms and horses and specie, they were well paid for in assignats. But noble as this tolerance was, it was closely allied to a woeful laxity of administration. The civil service was left crowded with enemies of the republic. Armellini was a cipher, Saffi "all mildness and philosophy"; Mazzini had little financial or administrative capacity. Generosity was lost on the unscrupulous schemers of Gaeta; and philosophic maxims were wasted on a people destitute of the cohesiveness and control which comes of self-government. It is not surprising that, with a paralyzed executive, the government found itself powerless to keep the country free from crime. There was indeed no general lawlessness as in Tuscany; the *mezzedria* districts were quiet, and indeed in the greater part of the country there was no serious disorder. But the old animosities of Gregory's reign were ready to break out at every opportunity; the worst of the officials retained the traditional complicity with crime; the Radicals, indignant at the slackness of the government, were disposed to take the law into their own hands, and there were men on both sides trying to push things to extremes. Some of Garibaldi's volunteers were disorderly and out-of-hand; and though they committed few or no serious outrages, they ransacked monasteries and made merry over monastic love-letters that came to light. At Rome hatred of the priests, and the real or supposed discovery of skeletons in the dungeons of the Inquisition[2] led to a few sporadic outrages; but except for one fortnight the government, well supported on the whole by the citizen guard, was able to keep order without difficulty.[3] It was only at the beginning of May, during the strain of the prolonged negotiations with De Lesseps, that anything like systematic outrage took place. The unrest that attends long and secret negotiations, the knowledge of conspiracy within the city, the open provocation of a few fanatical priests broke down the precautions of the government, and a small band of ruffians, mainly belonging to the old armed excise, terrorized for a time a part of Rome. Eight priests, some of whom had fired unprovoked at soldiers, and three peasants mistaken for spies were murdered; and a portion of the population, in protest against Mazzini's leniency to the priests, trampled down the Pope's gardens, and dragged some confessionals from the churches to make barricades. But though the government refused to cure the disease by the worse remedy of grapeshot, the watchfulness of the police and a few severe sentences restored order by the middle of May.[1] Worse however was happening in three cities of Romagna and the Marches. The traditions of political outrage were remembered only too well, and the terrorism of the Sanfedists had its local imitators in the opposite faction. There had been outrages in the neighbourhood of Imola since the spring of 1848, and in the summer they had spread to Ancona. The leniency of the government gave the assassins a new pretext, and under plea of extirpating the Centurions small bands at Imola and Sinigaglia murdered officials and levied fines on foreigners. At Ancona the terrorism took a larger scale, and twenty-eight Sanfedists were assassinated, till an energetic officer, Felice Orsini, crushed the gang with a few soldiers and his own audacity.

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[1] *Actes officielles*, 15, 53; Rusconi, *op. cit.*, I. 112. The amount to be levied varied from ⅕th to ⅔rds on incomes of 2000 scudi and upwards, the bonds to bear interest at 5 per cent.

[2] See above, p. 79.

[3] Spada, *op. cit.*, III. 299; Correspondence—Rome, 16; Senior, *Journals*, II. 137; Clough, *Prose Remains*, 153, 157. See Ib., 155, for the "awful lies" of the *Times* and *Débats*.

The work of the government was made easier by the increasing support given to the Republic. At first the republicans on principle were few; fewer still understood Mazzini's idealism. The majority were indifferent, weary of political change, only glad that they had escaped from the government of priests. "You are a weak minority now," the Venetian agent told the republicans; "be brave and work, and perhaps to-morrow you will be the nation." And passive acceptance of the republic was fast turning to enthusiasm. The bulk of the people, weary of the feebleness and vacillations of the Moderates, and determined to have done at all cost with the clerical government, readily turned to the Republic as the one possible alternative. Democratic and mildly socialistic as it was, it had steadily declared for order; there had been weakness but no paltering with crime, and after the suppression of terrorism at Ancona, there were no democratic elements of disorder except Garibaldi's men and the Club supporters of Sterbini; and with them the national guard could easily cope. The new Municipal Councils, elected on heavy polls, sent in with two exceptions spontaneous adhesion to the Republic. In some country districts indeed the priests kept discontent simmering; the army was uneasy; the civil service was corroded with disloyalty; some of the Moderates were busily plotting. But the bulk of the peasants accepted with gratitude a government, which freed them from Sanfedist terrorism; the professional classes and middling landed proprietors, from whose ranks came most of the Deputies, gave loyal support; the great majority of the national guard, the shopkeepers from whom it was drawn, the artisans of Romagna loved the Republic for its own sake; and the proud populace of Rome, possessed with a new and fierce hatred of the priests, became the warmest enthusiasts for a rule which saved them from the Pope.

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[1] *Actes officielles,* 114; Spada, *op. cit.,* III. 450–456, 576; Torre, *op. cit.,* I. 176, 188–190, 332–333; Rusconi, *op. cit.,* II. 108; Gabussi, *Memorie,* III. 456; Mazzini, *Opere,* VII. 41; Garibaldi, *Memorie,* 234; Niccolini, *Pontificate,* 143; *Ultimi 69 giorni,* 9. Some evidence of minor outrages in D'Azeglio e Pantaleoni, *Carteggio,* 193. There was apparently some slight pilfering from churches and museums, but some of the charges at all events were unfounded.

But while the Republic was winning the love of the Romans, the European Powers were preparing its doom. The Pope was resolved to return as absolute a sovereign as any of his predecessors. Antonelli was counting on reaction at Rome, and with more reason on the efforts of his agents in some of the rural districts. Savage circulars were distributed, urging the extermination of the Liberals;[1] risings at Orvieto and Cesena were easily put down by the national guard, but there was more serious trouble round Ascoli, where the inventory of the monasteries for the nationalization law stirred the fanaticism of the peasants, and a priest preached a sacred war of plunder and arson, that anticipated the brigandage of 1861. Antonelli's chief reliance however was on the foreign Papalists. His policy was to place the Papacy under the protection of the monarchical Powers, and avoid any pressure from France, that might constrain the Pope to some decent show of civilized rule. But France could not be left out altogether, and he proposed (February 18) a joint occupation of the Papal States by Austria, Spain, Naples, and France. The three monarchical Powers readily responded; Spain was already preparing an expedition; Neapolitan troops were hovering on the southern frontier and encouraging the insurgents round Ascoli; Haynau had occupied Ferrara, and was at this moment planning an advance on Bologna.

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[1] Torre, *op. cit.*, I. 172, 299; Beghelli, *op. cit.*, II. 65. According to Farini, *Roman State*, III. 392, its authenticity was denied, but it has a strong resemblance to the earlier Sanfedist circulars.

It was more doubtful what answer France would make. Hitherto the Republic had supported the Piedmontese protest against foreign intervention, but the Conservative reaction was forcing the government's hand. Falloux, the representative of the ultra-Catholics in the ministry, laughed at "a giant skulking behind a blade of grass"; and though the Mountain sent its salutations to the new republic, Falloux had the active public opinion of the country behind him. But, if French sentiment supported the Temporal Power, it was none the less hostile to Austria, and the news of Novara precipitated its action. Louis Napoleon wished to declare war at once, and he had the support of the Mountain and Centre.[1] But Thiers skilfully diverted the cry for war by persuading the Chamber to give the government authority to occupy some point in Italy (March 31). The vote was intended by the Chamber to be at least as much a menace to Austria as an earnest of help to the Pope; but the Papalists in the ministry saw how it could be twisted to their own ends. Louis Napoleon, however little he loved the Temporal Power,[2] cared more to serve his own ambitions, and was bidding for the Catholic vote. The ministers played on the popular anxiety to forestall Austria, and equivocating as to the Pope's restoration,[1] decided to occupy Civita Vecchia.

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[1] La Gorce, *Seconde république*, II. 83; De Gaillard, *Expédition*, 140–143; Bianchi, *Diplomzia*, VI. 225.

[2] Planat de la Faye, *Documents*, II. 64.

It was the beginning of the long chapter of fraud and insolence, for which the French Catholics are more responsible than Napoleon, which, beginning in a kind of perverted national pride, ended by sacrificing the nation to the Papacy, and had its pay at Sedan. Already, no doubt, in spite of professions, the ministers had determined to force the Pope on the unwilling Romans. But neither at home nor abroad did they dare to avow an intention to restore him in defiance of his people.[2] They probably believed that both sides would accept a compromise, and they attempted to extract from Pius a pronouncement in favour of the Statute. Assuming that the Romans were groaning under a republican tyranny, they professed a desire to give them a government "equally removed from the old abuses and the present anarchy." The expedition to carry out the Chamber's resolution arrived at Civita Vecchia on April 24, commanded by Oudinot, son of Napoleon I.'s general, a vain ambitious soldier, most jealous of his own and his army's repute, but with a faculty for equivocation, that easily slid into sheer falsehood. The Triumvirs had ordered his landing to be opposed at all cost, but Civita Vecchia was not in a position to resist, and Oudinot's protestations of friendliness won over its Town Council. As soon as he landed, he threw off the mask. His overt instructions forbade an advance to Rome, unless a favourable reception were assured. He was warned even by men who bore the republic no good-will, that Rome would rise as a man to dispute his entry; but the Papalists in the city assured him of their wish and power to help, and he confidently counted on meeting no opposition. Cajolery, he hoped, would open the gates of Rome; and though he refused to recognize the republic, and demanded leave to occupy the city, he still, except in unguarded moments, protested with iteration that he would scrupulously respect the wishes of the people.[1] The Triumvirs and the Assembly were puzzled; Mazzini and Carlo Bonaparte still trusted to the loyalty of the sister republic, and the deputies were wavering towards compromise, when Oudinot's agent ingenuously owned that his master's real object was to restore the Pope. There was no more hesitation, and the Assembly resolved to resist at all cost. The temper of the people was too hot to allow of further negotiations; not even if the republic were recognized, would they suffer a French soldier to enter the walls of Rome.

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[1] La Gorce, *op. cit.*, II. 88, 90; De Lesseps, *Réponse*, 28; Harcourt, *Drouyn de Lhuys*, 11–12.

[2] Correspondence—Rome, 9; Torre, *op. cit.*, I. 199, 201, 345; De Lesseps, *Mission*, 5.

War was now inevitable. "Italians," Oudinot boasted, "never fight," and he counted on an easy victory. He attacked on April 30, intending to force the gates on each side of the Vatican and unite his wings in its square. Each side had about 10,000 men; the French fought bravely, but they had entirely underrated the enemy's strength, and found themselves in front of men as brave, and, unlike themselves, whole-hearted in their cause. Both their divisions were badly beaten with a loss of 1000 men, and they made a hasty retreat to avoid being cut off from their base at Civita Vecchia. Garibaldi pressed to be allowed to pursue, and his veterans might have completed the rout. But the Triumvirs still clung to the hope of compromise, and feared to stultify the efforts which the Mountain was making in their interest at Paris. Every care was lavished on the French wounded, and with mingled generosity and diplomacy the prisoners were feasted and sent back with every honour to the French camp. Oudinot wrote home that "the reconnaissance had been gloriously executed," but his bravado deceived nobody. A French army had been met and routed in fair fight by an equal number of Italians. Force and fraud had both failed, and the French government stood convicted not only of treachery to republican principles, but of a perfidy that shocked diplomatists. But though Jules Favre defeated it in the Chamber (May 7), Louis Napoleon knew that the new elections would give him a large Conservative majority, and adroitly making himself the champion of the army's honour, wrote to Oudinot, defying the recent vote. But he was not yet in a position to break altogether with the Chamber; and to humour it he sent De Lesseps, then a young diplomatist, to negotiate with the Roman government. De Lesseps was the President's dupe, but he went in good faith to attempt an honourable peace; and after a fortnight's negotiation, made possible only by his own and the Triumvirs' absolute good faith, they agreed (May 30) on the basis of a compromise, under which De Lesseps waived the question of occupation, but refused to recognize the republican government.

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[1] Rusconi, *op. cit.*, II. 17, 229; Id., *Memorie*, 160; Torre, *op. cit.*, I. 217, 221; De Lesseps, *op. cit.*, 8; Niccolini, *op. cit.*, 116. Article 5 of the French Constitution of 1848 laid down that "the French Republic . . . never employs its forces against the liberties of any people."

At the moment when peace seemed assured, the subterranean workings of the French government made war again inevitable. The elections had taken place, and it could throw off the mask. And though it still tried in angry messages to coerce the Pope into humaner counsels, it was becoming a race among the Catholic Powers to be first at Rome, and France must not be behindhand in the competition to win his gratitude. The Spaniards were at the point of landing 5000 men at Fiumicino. The Neapolitans had occupied the country round Palestrina, till the Roman troops fell on them at Velletri, and drove them in ignominious rout across the frontier (May 19). Gorzowsky had bombarded Bologna into surrender after a heroic defence of eight days (May 16), and with its fall all resistance broke down in Romagna; and though Ancona defied the Austrians for another month, Wimpffen had already commenced the siege, and Lichtenstein was advancing on Perugia. Had the Romans been free to move, Wimpffen would have been outnumbered and surrounded. France by preventing them from moving had been Austria's best ally, but she looked jealously on any further advance of her rival. Oudinot and his generals had been fretting impatiently through the negotiations. Some of his troops, indignant at the ignominious part they were called to play, were eager to leave Rome and meet the Austrians; but the arrival of siege guns showed what the real intentions of the government were. Oudinot, who had thrown every difficulty in the way of the negotiations, now in defiance of De Lesseps and the Triumvirs, seized the position of Monte Mario, which commanded the northern defences of the city, and repudiated De Lesseps. Next day De Lesseps received from Paris letters of recall, and Oudinot an order to enter Rome by force.

The declaration of hostilities came as a relief to the Romans, overstrung as they were by the long uncertainty of the negotiations. For the first and last time the government had for a few days lost control of the city. Garibaldi returned from Velletri angry that he had not been allowed to follow up the victory by a march on Naples, and, now as ever despising parliamentary government, asked to be made Dictator. He looked on Mazzini as a talker, and despite the genuine substance of both men, each grated on something of the theatrical in the other's nature. Both were more or less unconsciously rivals for popularity, and there was sufficient diversity of opinion to dress their personal antipathy as an antagonism of principle. But now all jealousies were hushed in the determination to resist to the last. There was a hopeless disparity between the two forces. While Oudinot had 30,000 or 40,000 troops and a powerful siege artillery, the Romans mustered only 13,000 badly armed men, the great majority of them natives of the state, and some 3000 national guards and armed citizens. The French attack was directed against the Janiculum, where the Romans occupied a long line of weak defences and a few villas and a factory as outposts. Oudinot commenced with an act of congenial treachery. He had promised not to attack before the morning of June 4; two nights before that date he surprised two of the Roman outposts. All through the night and following day the fighting went on in the gardens and vineyards; the Romans, in spite of heavy odds, several times recaptured the lost villas, but individual heroism could not make up for inferior numbers and Garibaldi's bad generalship, and after sixteen hours' fighting the positions were abandoned. But though the Romans kept no ground outside the walls except the factory of Il Vascello, they had saved the city from surprise, and the French were compelled to sit down to a regular siege (June 13), with malaria threatening to raise it, if prolonged. An unsparing bombardment, such as the Cardinals desired,[1] must have brought the city to a speedy surrender, but it would have reduced a third of it to ruins; and the French, though their shells did considerable damage to the poor Trasteverine quarter, were careful on the whole to spare the monuments and art treasures.[2]

It was obvious that, failing a diversion from without, surrender was only a question of time. But though provisions were already running low, not a voice was raised for it. The poor bore without murmur the bombardment, the increasing scarcity, the depreciation of the paper money. A fierce hatred of the priests became their passion; and the Trasteverines, once so Catholic, blasphemed Pope and clergy, in whose name the French were killing its men and wrecking its homes. "If the Church does not go with the people," Ventura had warned the priests, "the people will go without the Church, aye, outside it and against it;" and now the churches were deserted and the people prepared to abjure the Pope.[3] The enthusiasm for the defence grew with its growing hopelessness. To Bassi the friar and those who venerated him, Rome was Babylon no more but become the city of God. Six thousand women offered their services for the hospitals, and as many as were needed did noble service under Princess Belgiojoso.[4] The flower of Italian heroism had gathered to defend the capital of Italy: Garibaldi with the cosmopolitan lieutenants of his American battles; Manara, the talented young patrician of Milan with his Lombard sharpshooters, nobles and workmen fighting side by side, the heroes of the Five Days and of the volunteer campaign in the Tyrol; Mameli the poet, Dandolo, Pisacane, Bixio, Medici, and many a young hero, who left their bones at Rome, or lived to be the generals and organizers of the struggles of after days. Many were no republicans, a few were aristocrats; but the love of country and the spell of Rome had drawn them there to fight one last fight for Italy.

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[1] De Tocqueville, *Memoirs*, II. 150.

[2] The evidence as to the damage is rather conflicting: De Gaillard, *op. cit.*, 304; Spada, *op. cit.*, III. 620; Correspondence—Rome, 93; *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 175; *Actes officielles*, 159–162; Torre, *op. cit.*, II. 249, 392; Beghelli, *op. cit.*, II. 351.

[3] Torre, *op. cit.*, II. 392–394; Ventura, *Pei morti*, xxv.; Mazzini, *Opere*, VII. 118; Spada, *op. cit.*, III. 118, 435; *Riv. stor. del risorg.*, I. 163; Orsini, *Lettere*, 276.

[4] Apparently the Laura Piaveni of Meredith's *Vittoria;* said to be the heroine of Musset's *Sur une morte.* Margaret Fuller was one of the nurses.

The government was worthy of its defenders. It had preserved absolute quiet through the siege; the finances had been capably and honestly managed, and though there was scarcity of food, there was no want. Mazzini, failing though he was sometimes in promptitude and sternness, was unslacking in energy, fertile in suggestion, inspiring most who came near him with his hope and enthusiasm;[1] and save for some noisy opposition from Sterbini and Garibaldi he held unquestioned supremacy. To his faith defeat seemed hardly possible; he still hoped that the Mountain would effect a diversion at Paris or that England would intervene. But Palmerston was at the mercy of the Cobdenites, and the abortive Parisian revolt of June 13 marked the last effort of the Mountain. Eight days later the breach was surprised almost without resistance from the worn and dispirited defenders. But they only retired to the Aurelian Wall; for another week Medici and his few hundred men defended the Vascello, till he lost 300 killed and the factory was a heap of ruins (June 29). The last struggle was fought on the following night round Villa Spada; for twelve hours Manara defended it against overwhelming numbers, and the young heroes fought with knives when other weapons failed, till one after another they and their leaders fell, victims of Papal vengeance and French duplicity. Mazzini still wished to resist, but Garibaldi told the Assembly that the fight was hopeless, and the Deputies resolved to desist from an useless struggle

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[1] For the impression made on Clough see his *Prose Remains* and *Amours de Voyage*.

(July 1). As the French soldiers entered the city, an angry crowd hooted them in the streets, and for a moment they hung back, shamefaced amid their victory. Meanwhile the republican constitution was being promulgated from the Capitol; all through the bombardment the Assembly had quietly deliberated on it, and strangled though it was at birth, it remains memorable as an ultra-democratic constitution framed by a middle-class Assembly at a time of comparative domestic quiet.[1] It might have brought a new era to Rome; but bravery and wisdom were unavailing, and the city was forced back under priestly misrule by one of the meanest deeds that ever disgraced a great nation.

Mazzini wandered fearlessly about the streets of Rome, vainly waiting for the chance of another struggle. Garibaldi asked those, who disdained surrender, to follow him; "hunger and thirst and vigil" he promised them, "but never terms with the enemy." Three thousand went out with him; for three weeks they marched, hunted by French and Spaniards and Austrians, ill-treated by the peasants, their ranks thinned by daily desertions. But they baffled all, and reached San Marino, where Garibaldi obtained terms for his men, and with 200 faithful ones, among them his wife Anita, Ciceruacchio, and Bassi, he made his way to Cesena. They took boat for Venice, but some were captured by the Austrian ships, some driven back to land. In the Forest of Comacchio Anita died; Garibaldi made a wonderful escape across the peninsula, everywhere sheltered and protected despite the price put on his head. Bassi was taken. Bedini, the Papal Commissioner, would have spared him, but Gorzowsky would hear of no reprieve;[2] and when with gruesome hypocrisy they had flayed his hands and forehead, where the sacred oil had touched him at his ordination, the Austrians shot him on the anniversary of their expulsion from Bologna.

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[1] Text in Tivaroni, *Dominio austriaco*, II. 439–443. It promised the Pope "all necessary guarantees for the independent exercise of his spiritual authority." See above, p. 292.

[2] Melena, *Garibaldi*, 77; but the converse is stated by Pianciani, *Rome des Papes*, III. 401–402.

CHAPTER XIX

VENICE UNDER MANIN

AUGUST 1848—AUGUST 1849

VENICE: fusion repealed; Venice and France; the blockade; Manin's government; the bombardment; the surrender. MANIN.

THE CAUSES OF FAILURE; provincial jealousies; political divisions; want of statesmen; defects in national character. The spirit of the movement; Ugo Bassi.

SICILY, Tuscany, Rome had fallen; in one city alone outside Piedmont the flag of Italian freedom still floated. Venice, the pauperized, the careless, the self-indulgent, had redeemed herself by a defence of patient heroism, that won her the admiration of Europe. Since the previous August she had defied, almost unaided, the power of the Austrian Empire. She was soon thrown again on her own resources; the interregnum of semi-Piedmontese rule, which was introduced by the Act of Fusion in July, barely lasted a month. The Piedmontese Commissioners had only arrived five days, when the news of the Salasco armistice upset their brief reign (August 11, 1848). A strong public agitation compelled them to resign and made Manin practically dictator again. He held that the armistice, by its cowardly abandonment of Venice, annulled the Act of Fusion. He was careful indeed to proclaim that his government was provisional, that the future of the city was left to an Italian Constituent to determine. However republican his rule was in fact, the name was suppressed. For the present the all-important question was to keep the Austrians out. Venice angrily repudiated the tame surrender of her liberty, and Austria felt at liberty to break the truce and blockade the city. The Piedmontese were bound by the armistice not to help, and reluctantly withdrew their troops, though their ships remained for a time and kept the blockade partially open. Manin laid his hopes in the friendliness of England and France. But Palmerston told him frankly that England would not go to war, though he took care to perform more than he promised, and did everything that diplomacy could do to persuade Austria to give up her claims on the city. The attitude of France stood in unpleasing contrast; it was the same story of promises weakly or falsely made, that dishonoured Lamartine's foreign policy. Bastide and Cavaignac quibbled away their professions of devotion, and while they pledged themselves never to abandon Venice, they were negotiating with Austria for a peace, that would leave the city nothing but Home Rule.[1] Manin, puzzled but unable to believe in Bastide's perfidy, still trusted to France, and refused any solution that left Venice a member of the Austrian Empire. It was not till February, when Louis Napoleon abandoned Bastide's subterfuges, and told him plainly that France had too much trouble at home to go to war, that he realized that Venice must rely on herself, and that only an Italian or Hungarian victory could save her.

But no disappointment daunted the Venetians. All through the winter the blockade had been tolerably complete. Long since, the Austrians had overrun all the mainland except the *tête-du-pont* of Malghera at the end of the railway bridge; and though Mestre had been captured by a brilliant sortie in October, it was not held. Despite the presence of French or Piedmontese ships, the blockade grew closer, and for half a year the city was almost shut from sight of the outside world. Still her position was strong; the lagunes seemed an impregnable defence; the government had been diligent in storing provisions, and the waters and islands supplied vegetables and fish. The arsenal contained vast stores of munitions, and Pepe, who was in command of the forces, inspired them with his own unconquerable enthusiasm. He was perhaps too old for his task, he was vain and self-assertive. But he had the qualifications of a popular military leader, pride in his men, and unflinching discipline. His orders of the day, stirring as Manin's own, were his "war-horse," that won their devotion and roused their courage, and he could face mutineers prepared to shoot him and leave them cheering and obedient. He had brought an excellent staff with him, and though he lost his Neapolitan rank-and-file, who returned home after the Salasco armistice, he had 20,000 men under his command, of whom 14,000 were Venetian levies, and the remainder volunteers from Rome and Northern Italy. Despite their ill-discipline they were fine material, and in Pepe's hands the "vagabond set of youths" learnt to meet the best troops of Austria. There was a small fleet too, which under better handling might have kept the blockade more or less open.

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[1] Correspondence—Italy, III. 61, 123; Planat de la Faye, *Documents*, I. 401, 409; II. 3-4, 29-30, 45.

It was a time to test the mettle of government and people. Manin and his fellow-Triumvirs had to overlook the commissariat for 100,000 mouths, to embark on the troubled waters of revolutionary finance, and, harder task, to keep in good temper an undisciplined, excitable population, watching the toils grow closer round the crowded city. It needed the firmest and gentlest of hands, but the Venetians were worthy of their leaders. The grave financial difficulties were eased by the splendid temper of the people. In their eyes it was half a war for religion, and in answer to Gavazzi's and Bassi's appeals voluntary offerings kept flowing in. Loans were readily taken up by the richer citizens, and they cheerfully responded when the government called on them to bring their plate in to be melted down for coin. Pepe gave up his salary; the theatres contributed their takings to buy a steamer; schoolboys stinted themselves of food. Placards were posted with the appeal: "Venice asks silver from the churches, gold from the women, bronze from the bells, copper from the kitchens, iron from the enemy's balls; anything rather than Croats."[1]

But no enthusiasm could dispel the gathering danger. Save for small hopes from Hungary, the last chance of relief died at Novara. But still there was no thought of surrender. When the news of Novara arrived, the Assembly passed a resolution to resist at all costs, and gave Manin unlimited powers. But the Austrians were now free to make the attack a serious one. The works round the Malghera Fort drew nearer, and late in May, after a heroic resistance of three days, when the little garrison had lost one in six, and the fort was a heap of ruins, the brave defenders retired before a foe ten times their number (May 26). Though most of the officers were Neapolitans, the bulk of the rank-and-file were Venetians, and the volunteers of the Bandiera-Moro artillery company, men of high birth and dainty life, had served their guns with the coolness of veterans. Again, resistance at all costs was decreed. The farthest arches of the railway bridge were blown up, and the bridge itself became the scene of another desperate defence. But on a bright summer night in June (June 13) the Venetians found the bombs raining on the western portion of the city. The Austrians had learnt to fire at a high angle, and for the first time in her history Venice was reached by an enemy's guns. Before the end of the siege two-thirds of the city were under fire, and several wards had to be evacuated; but though the red-hot balls caused many fires, and the shells crashed into churches and hospitals and through priceless frescoes,[1] the loss of life was small. There was bread, but it was of poor quality, and meat was at prohibitory prices. Typhus and cholera reached the city, and 4000 died of the epidemics. But the people made little murmur, and to the last never ceased to hope. Though one after another all her friends, Piedmont, France, Hungary, Rome, proved false or were defeated, Venice never lost heart. Throughout the bombardment processions and festivals went on uninterrupted; there were performances at the theatres, while a rare ball dropped through the roof. The boatmen showed innumerable small heroisms in smuggling in provisions and intelligence through the enemy's lines; the boys would chase the half-spent cannon-balls, and bring them to replenish the arsenal. As the bombs rained on the quarter of Canarreggio, the inhabitants said, "Better bombs than Croats; let the old houses go"; and when the Patriarch talked of capitulation, they half sacked his palace. Through all the desperate fighting and bombardment, the half rations and the cholera, the Venetians, with hardly an exception, were gentle, good-tempered, scornful of danger.

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[1] Flagg, *Venice*, II. 149, 216; Pepe, *Events*, II. 250.

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[1] *E.g.*, at the Scuola di S. Rocco.

Even under the terrible stress of the last days there was little trouble, though Manin's hold was shaken, and the government had to close the Clubs. But Manin knew that all hope had gone. Already in June he would have agreed to an effective system of Home Rule, but the Austrian terms were too indefinite, and the Assembly almost unanimously supported him in rejecting them. Now, with the bombardment, the cholera, the dearth of food and powder, Venice could not sue for favours. Manin knew that provisions could only last to the end of August, and he dreaded the brutalities of Austrian vengeance, if the city had to yield at discretion. Still the feeling against surrender was so strong as to threaten his hold on the city. Tommaseo, always meddlesome and factious, headed a party of irreconcilables, who believed that there were hidden stores of food, and called for a sortie in mass. But Pepe vehemently supported Manin, and the Assembly by a small majority conferred on him powers to treat (August 6). On August 22 the city capitulated. It had cost the Austrians dear; at least 8000 of their men had fallen in fighting or of disease. And though "the damned Croat"[1] was in her streets, the heroic city had won back her title to respect, and clothed herself with something of her ancient glory.

She had been fortunate in her leader. Manin seems the presentment in modern politics of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." On his little stage he showed an union of long-headed wisdom and passionate enthusiasm, that should make him rank high among statesmen. Few have combined as he did the purity and affection of a good man with the shrewdness and daring of the man of action.

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[1] Clough's *Dipsychus*. It is interesting to contrast Clough's enthusiasm with Ruskin's querulous abuse of the Italian movement.

Physically weak and liable to great exhaustion, his life was not a radiant one. "From my childhood it has always been a painful effort to me; I am always weary." But it was sedately calm. His home-life was very happy, his private character blameless. "Unquestioned purity of morals," he held, "makes the true and vital strength of the patriotism which is a religion to us." To his frankness and abhorrence of mystery he owed much of his power. The daring and self-reliance of his public actions were built on strictest discipline of self. His orderly and methodical ways allowed him to carry on his work through the hours of gloom, though, when excitement failed, he felt "inferior to the commonest man."

His hold of the people was absolute. With a few passionate words he could sway them to his will. The fusing power of his enthusiasm identified him with them and made command natural. "I know that you love me," he told them once, "and by that love I command order." "Go back to your work, and give your country your spare time and money." His great and daring ideals bound the people to him; his love for them drew out all the good in their nature, and his faith in the unpromising Venetians produced its own justification. But his faith was of love, not of unreason. He could coolly take the measure of the people; he knew the latent ferocity of great masses; he expected unpopularity, and the duration of his influence "astonished and overwhelmed him."[1] Resolute as he was in public, he was overburdened with anxiety and thought at home; but his enthusiasm seldom deceived him, and he could wait patiently for years, then at a moment strike. If he appeared quixotic, he had carefully measured his forces, and he seldom failed. All his instincts were practical. For disorderliness he had "an instinctive repulsion, as for a discord or a deformed face." "Foreigners call us chatterers," he said, "my ambition is that they may never again be able to say this of Venice." Fearless and stainless, he lifted her to his own height; then went almost a pauper into exile, to play as thinker as great a part as he had played in action.[1]

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[1] La Forge, *Manin*, II. 165; Flagg, *op. cit.*, II. 29, 45.

With the fall of Venice all was over. The power of Austria seemed only the greater for its momentary shaking. All Italy save Piedmont, had plunged after the brief day into a darker night, under a frightened and cruel reaction which saw its only safety in revenge and proscription. A year had withered the splendid promise that had seemed so certain of fulfilment, and one seeks the reasons for the terrible overthrow. No doubt the strength of the enemy had proved greater than could have been expected. After the Five Days, so cool an observer as Palmerston thought that the Austrian rule was ended for ever; and no one could have foreseen that the grim tenacity and discipline of the Austrian army could have recovered a seemingly hopeless position, or that the French Republic would so soon prove traitor to its own principles, and send an army to crush a sister democracy. But the main reasons of defeat must be found within. Some were accidental: had Piedmont possessed a capable general, or an honest man sat on the throne of Naples, not all the staying power of Radetzky's army would have availed. In the early summer of 1848 there were 80,000 regulars and perhaps 12,000 volunteers in Lombardy and Venetia against 60,000 Austrians, and the Neapolitans could have added another 40,000. Even in the March of 1849 Piedmontese and Romans and Venetians had 110,000 men in arms, or 35,000 more than Radetzky counted under his command.

But there were more potent sources of failure in the very character of the Revolution. The movement of 1846-49 aimed only at Independence; so far from making for Unity, it had hardly been federalist. The Unitarians were a mere handful. Mazzini's indivisible republic went half-ashamed into the background. The few who aimed at monarchical Unity under Charles Albert proved by their impotence how unsupported they were. The Albertists proper never aimed at the annexation of Naples, hardly of the Centre; the forward school of Piedmontese statesmen, except for glimpses of a wider vision, stretched only to the absorption of the Po valley or at best of Romagna, and refused Sicily when it was ready to drop into their lap. And even so the fears of Piedmontese advance had roused strong feelings of suspicion and resentment, which were often nursed as strongly by the democrats as by the courts. Montanelli had intrigued against even the union of Lombardy and Piedmont; in Lombardy itself democrats and republicans had fought bitterly against fusion; in Naples the Liberal statesmen had projected additions to Ferdinand's dominions, which would have enabled him to check effectually the Piedmontese hegemony. They were few perhaps who showed the insane partisanship of Cattaneo or Rossi; but the love of state autonomy, the reluctance to be absorbed in a bigger nation took half the force and logic out of the struggle for independence.

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[1] The most important authority on Manin is Planat de la Faye's collection of documents; the works of La Forge, Martin, Flagg, Errera and Finzi are all valuable and trustworthy.

These difficulties were intensified by the division between Moderates and Democrats. At first almost the whole nation, except large sections of the peasants, had been swept into the struggle. But the Encyclical cooled the priests and the devotees; a ridiculous fear of socialism produced a stampede from the party, which was thought without ground to be in league with the Reds of Paris. The time was most inopportune for war, for it was impossible for a country, newly plunged into constitutional liberty, and eager to make up for all the long arrears of legislation, to concentrate its strength on the war of Liberation. A thousand social and political schemes crowded up for attention; power went into parliament that should have been devoted to the struggle in Lombardy; time and energy were wasted in endless ministerial crises and fruitless party struggles, while the enemy was at their gates. It was impossible, while the Chambers were sitting, to hush up the deep differences on social policy, and the quarrels transferred themselves to the seat of war. Fear of a republican movement in his rear had been partly responsible for Charles Albert's slow advance after the Five Days. The loss of Venetia began the cry of royal treachery, so exaggerated and unjust, which helped to disperse the volunteers, and kept the less responsible democrats at fever-heat. The democratic press did much to demoralize the soldiers by its shameless libels on the generals, and all Genoa's loyalty to the King did not save it from a bitter feud with the army.

Had Italy possessed more capable leaders, many of these obstacles might have been overcome. But a country, newly born to freedom, could not raise up popular statesmen in a day. Public opinion would not allow the ministers of the absolutism to remain in office, and turned inevitably to the literary men, who had led the nationalist movement. The prime ministers of 1848–49 were almost without exception men who had come into fame through their writings, but had had no opportunity of a political training in days when the governments ostracized every original thinker. Balbo, Gioberti, Mamiani, Guerrazzi, Montanelli, Carlo Troya were essentially men of speculation not of action. It says much perhaps for Italian power, that there were such brilliant exceptions as Manin's rule at Venice and Mazzini's at Rome, and in a less degree Rossi's economic reforms and Cordova's management of Sicilian finance. But the prevailing note of administration was its mediocrity. There was no capacity to sift the practicable or drop small points to gain big ones. Guerrazzi complained with justice that the leaders were all in mezzotint. It is true that the difficulties were very great. A revolution deserted by the civil service must have a stony road to travel, and the bureaucracy in Tuscany and Rome and Naples was uniformly hostile to the new order; it took its promptings from the reactionaries, and was only too successful in stultifying the intentions of the Liberal cabinets. Hence at a time when above all else government needed to be strong and steady, its weakness was obtrusively patent, and every disorderly element took advantage of it. But the great quiet majority only desired order and good rule, there was plenty of readiness to lighten the difficulties of administration for the sake of the national cause, and Manin and Mazzini proved that strong and sympathetic government could rise superior to all the obstacles that faced it. Cavour's boast was true, that had he been in power, he could have saved his country from the disasters that incompetent statesmanship had brought upon it.

All pointed to defects in Italian training. Exclusion from political life had as its inevitable consequence, that Italians lacked the political common-sense, which only comes in a land of free institutions, that they had small sense of proportion, small sense of compromise, small capacity to measure the odds against them. It was the light, easy, picturesque side of the movement, that caught the majority. They had "too many songs about freeing Italy," as Cavour complained even at a later date, too little strenuousness for the grim silent work of driving out the enemy, too little of the self-restraint and discipline that were needed to build up a rule of ordered liberty. Mazzini had taught them to rely more on enthusiasm than on organization; the Pius cult had encouraged a fanciful sentimentalism, that wasted itself in empty emotion; the easy victory of the Five Days had seemed to prove that a little fierce courage and enthusiasm could storm heaven. And indeed within the cities again and again undisciplined ardour proved victorious over heavy odds. But the Italians had to learn that the masses of men will not fight even in the noblest of causes, save perhaps for a week at their own doors, that to take men and keep them in the field means long training and strictest discipline. Mazzini's twenty millions of men reduced themselves in effect to a few thousands. So too in their parliamentary life, too much hurry, too much oratory, unwillingness to subordinate the individual to party made the legislative work of 1848 disappointing and ineffectual. Names and symbols had more weight than facts, a fine sentiment more than a useful practical reform. And so the passionate patriotism, the social seriousness, the faith and hope went unrewarded, because weak individuality led to self-assertiveness, and Italy, untrained by experience, could not discipline herself in a moment.

But though it fell so short in grip and power, the spirit that made and spoilt the revolution had a very beautiful and noble side. The sentimentalism had for its obverse an enthusiasm and faith, sweet and pure and human, that set its trust in righteousness, that refused to bate one jot of its high ideals, that sent men to war with the crusader's badge, to rush on Austrian or French bayonets with a prayer on their lips, glad to give their lives for Italy. Men, who had lost their faith in Pius, but kept true to the religious note that he had struck, who had learnt Mazzini's creed of social and moral redemption, trusted fondly that the new reign of liberty could not fail, and hoped on to the last, while Austrians and French and foes of their own household drew ever closer round them the toils of a conspiracy of brute iniquity.

Type and hero of this spirit was the Barnabite friar Ugo Bassi. Driven to the cloister by the death of a girl he loved, he had soared far outside a narrow clerical education. He had fed his mind on the Bible and Dante, on Shakespeare and Mazzini; he was poet, artist, composer of some small merit. But for all his many-sidedness he was possessed by a devotion to humanity, a passion for purity and righteousness, that made him the consolation of the Palermitans in the cholera panic, and sent him through Italy as a revivalist preacher, as forward to denounce the corruption of the Church as he was insistent on personal holiness. The war drew him from the seclusion into which the suspicions of the governments had driven him, and his own great bravery made him the idol of the volunteers. Like many another patriot he came to Rome, and Mazzini's government seemed the realization of his ideal, the union of pure religion and liberty, the rule of Christian equality and religious democracy, "where all classes existed for one another." He became Garibaldi's chaplain, and exchanged his Barnabite robe for the red shirt; the friend and inspirer of the heroes who defended Rome. His last words, when the Austrians shot him at Bologna, were of warning to the great and sympathy for the poor. It was Bassi and the men who shared his spirit, who stamped the Italian Revolution with their nobleness; whose great ideals and pure devotedness and passion for moral and religious growth redeemed the want of civic courage and patience and common-sense, and lit the Revolution with a light, that still shines as a beacon. But they beat themselves in vain against the hard facts of European politics and national shortcomings. It needed the more prosaic virtues to save Italy, discipline and organization and self-repression, a more patient and far-seeing statesmanship. It is perhaps fortunate for Italy, that she was given time to learn the lessons of the Revolution, that she had to pass through ten more years of waiting and silent fortitude and strenuous preparation, before she could attain. "The days of artistic Italy," said Manin, "are past; let us see another Italy."

CHAPTER XX

PIEDMONT AFTER NOVARA. THE REACTION

1849–1850

PIEDMONT: after Novara; revolt of Genoa; question of prolonging the war; THE CONSTITUTION SAVED; D'Azeglio premier; the terms of peace; the Proclamation of Moncalieri. The Hegemony of Piedmont; the refugees; Turin.

PAPAL STATES: the people and the Restoration; the French at Rome; the Red Triumvirate; Napoleon's letter to Edgar Ney; the Motu-proprio of Portici; the Pope returns to Rome; ULTRAMONTANISM.

NOVARA had seemed a crushing defeat; but it was far from leaving Piedmont at the conqueror's mercy. Her army, though discouraged and in part demoralized, was still intact; France was within an ace of intervening, and had her troops crossed the Alps, Radetzky must have beaten a quick retreat to the Quadrilateral. Even from her own resources Piedmont could prolong a resistance behind Alessandria and Turin. And for the moment it seemed as if this would be done; high above the anger and panic and suspicion of treachery the cry of no surrender rang loudest. To lay down arms after a week's fighting seemed a pusillanimous ending of hopes that had been so high; it seemed shameful to retire from the field, while in Rome and Venice, at Bologna and Brescia the tricolor still flew. The mass of the people confidently set down the defeat to treachery, and believed that with other generals victory might return. For a few days there were no certain tidings from the field; but as soon as the news of defeat reached Turin, the Chamber decreed a levy in mass, and the democrats, swinging about Charles Albert's name, appealed to the people to carry on the struggle that the patriot King began. When the terms of the armistice were known, involving the temporary occupation of Alessandria, and the recall of the fleet from Venice, the war party denounced the capitulation, and the Chamber branded it as unconstitutional.

At Genoa the suspicions of treachery broke into revolt. The report won credence that the young King had torn up the constitution and surrendered the city to the Austrians. Panic-stricken at the reported advance of the enemy and wildly surmising treachery in the commander of the garrison, they frightened him into a tame surrender of the forts. The Genoese protested their loyalty to Piedmont; the primary, and indeed throughout the main purpose of the rising was to protect the city from the fancied danger of an Austrian occupation; the movement was accepted by the mass of the citizens, and men of responsibility, as Pareto the ex-minister, took a leading part. Dangerous as it was in the inflammable state of the country, tact and a recognition of its motives would have quenched it peaceably. But the new ministry, which had just come into office, was zealous to prove its conservatism; it was frightened by the spectre of separation, and the Moderates had an old grudge against the turbulent democracy of Genoa. The Genoese were declared rebels; La Marmora was sent to force the city into submission, and two days' hard fighting, disgraced by a bombardment and looting by the troops, forced the city to a tardy surrender (April 10). It was a discreditable episode, and augured ill for the wisdom or moderation of Piedmont's new rulers.

The Genoese revolt was born of the panic fear of invasion, but cooler heads than theirs believed that the war might be prolonged. Charles Albert's first impulse to fight on after Novara, might be ascribed to his chivalrous disregard of odds; but so careful a general as Fanti thought that further resistance might be successful.[1] The Piedmontese losses had been comparatively small; the Lombard division was intact; La Marmora's had only been engaged at Genoa; Casale had repulsed the enemy from its gates. A desperate national resolve might not improbably have succeeded, even had France remained neutral. But it would have meant

[1] Casati, *Milano*, 536; Carandini, *Fanti*, 134–135.

terrible suffering, crushing taxation, the devastation of the country, the occupation of Turin by the foreigner, and the risk of utter disaster after all. Piedmont was not prepared to face this; in truth a large portion of the people were indifferent, weary of the long strain, unwilling to see their homes wrecked and their farms trampled down in a long devastating campaign. Turin was cold; reactionary intrigues had long been busy among the soldiers and peasants, and the army was reluctant to fight again. To Moderates and Reactionaries the war had been a hideous democratic blunder, which even Charles Albert's patronage had failed to make respectable. They had no sympathy with the republicans, who were fighting for Italian honour at Rome and Venice, and half welcomed their imminent defeat. If war broke out again, an appeal to popular forces was inevitable, and the democracy, now discredited by defeat, might raise its head again.

But the Moderates were as resolute as the Democrats to submit to no stain on the national honour. They shared the same belief in the mission of Piedmont, the same chivalry towards their Lombard allies. The great mass of Piedmontese were at one in the determination, that rather than submit to dishonourable conditions or compromise her future, Piedmont would fight to the bitter end. The young King, Victor Emmanuel, represented the nation's heroic resolve. He disliked the late war and the men who had forced it on; a conservative by training, he was unwilling to risk his crown, unless honour dictated it. But loyalty to his father's charter made him swear fidelity to the constitution (March 29), and his word once given was never broken. He hated Austria; he had a proud faith in his own people and its destinies. "Give me 40,000 good soldiers, and I will break the armistice to-morrow," he is reported to have said, when goaded by taunts of treachery. But his calmer judgment realised the tremendous risk. If peace could be had with honour, he was resolved to have peace; his frank resolute address to the nation warned extremists of both sides, and though he was as yet far from popular, it was felt that he typified the common-sense and plain honesty of the country. There was at once a change of ministry (March 26). Rattazzi retired, execrated by the Moderates as the chief author of the disastrous war, and made place for De Launay, an unknown Savoyard conservative, who made no secret of his hostility to the Democrats. But Victor Emmanuel and his ministry would have no tampering with the Statute, and though parliament was dissolved, writs were issued for new elections to be held in three months' time. Early in May D'Azeglio succeeded De Launay as Premier. There had been dissensions in the ministry, and much against his will he was called in to heal the breach and strengthen the government with his great prestige. His maxim was "no war and no dishonour"; if he had to choose between the two, he preferred war, and he was determined at no price to sacrifice the refugees.[1] But he was resolved to restore discipline; he continued De Launay's attacks on the Clubs; he allowed Ramorino to be shot, nominally because of a court-martial's sentence, more really to glut the savage grudge of his own party against the favourite general of the democrats.

But questions of coercion were overshadowed by the terms of peace. The negotiations, which had followed the armistice, had been almost suspended in consequence of Austria's exorbitant demands and Piedmont's refusal to compromise her honour. On one condition indeed Austria was willing to grant peace on almost any terms: if Victor Emmanuel's government would "modify" the constitution, and make an alliance with herself, it might escape the war indemnity, perhaps be allowed to annex the Duchies.[2] "Austria only wishes," said Radetzky, "to return to the happy times of 1842." But to his temptings the King and his ministry turned deaf ears. "I will hold the tricolor high and firm," said the King on the evening of Novara. When Austria demanded an indemnity of over 230 million lire and the dissolution of the Lombard Committee at Turin, De Launay replied by refusing to negotiate, unless the Emperor granted an amnesty to all his Italian subjects, and surrendered his claim to treat on behalf of the Duchies as their suzerain. He even wished to preface the treaty by a declaration of Italian nationality, and put in a claim for Parma and Piacenza. When Austria refused to waive her demands, and occupied Alessandria, the government suspended negotiations, and asked for the mediation of France and England (April 26). There was then no European Concert to make a ring round the oppressor and his victim; Louis Napoleon had wanted to declare war on the morrow of Novara, and he still intended to use force, if necessary, to bring Austria to more reasonable terms, offering as an earnest to occupy Savoy or Genoa.[1] The government, suspicious of French ulterior aims, or doubtful of the President's power to carry his ministry with him, would allow no French troops to enter Piedmontese territory except as a last resort. But the Western Powers made strong representations at Vienna, and Austria was too embarrassed by her financial straits and the revolution still undefeated in Hungary and at Venice, to resist their pressure. She evacuated Alessandria, and fresh negotiations were opened (June 15), not very dignified in form (for D'Azeglio went out of his way to rate his democratic fellow-citizens), but strong and patriotic in substance. Both parties were still obstinate, for D'Azeglio would not have peace without security for the Lombards, and Austria was counting on reaction at Turin. It was not till August, that French pressure persuaded the Viennese cabinet to grant a tolerably complete amnesty. The amount of the indemnity was fixed at 75 million lire, all mention of Italian nationality was dropped, and the King renounced his claims to any territory beyond his present borders, except his ancient title of reversion to Piacenza.

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[1] D'Azeglio, *A sua moglie*, 401; Id., *L'Italie*, 65; Gennarelli, *Sventure*, 35.

[2] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, VI. 136, 144; Massari, *Vittorio Emmanuele*, 25; Costa de Beauregard, *Dernières années*, 521; Revel, *Dal* 1847, 53.

Two days later the treaty was read to the newly-elected Chamber. The polls (July 15) had been small, but the elections proved how little the government represented the active political opinion of the country. Though the capital returned Moderates or Reactionaries, the majority of the new deputies were Democrats, who inherited the war

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[1] La Gorce, *Seconde république*, II. 83; De Gaillard, *Expédition*, 140–143; see D'Azeglio e Pantaleoni, *Carteggio*, 191.

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policy of the old parliament, and they at once threw down their gage to the ministry by electing Pareto president of the Chamber. The peace negotiations overshadowed everything. It was in vain that the deputies turned to matters of home reform; as Cavour saw, the Chamber would not settle down to useful work, till the question of the peace had been finally decided. All recognized that the treaty was inevitable, and were prepared, with however ill grace, to accept it. But though there was no real desire to repudiate it, they regarded some of its conditions as dishonouring, for though it saved the territory of Piedmont intact, it officially abandoned her claims to wider dominion. In vain Balbo asked the Chamber to pass the treaty with the protest of a silent vote. Nearly a hundred Lombard and Venetian refugees had been excluded from the Austrian amnesty, and it was feared that, unless their position were secured in the treaty, Austria might demand their extradition. A motion to naturalize all persons of Italian birth resident in the state had been already carried; but the ministry washed their hands of it, and left it to be thrown out in the Senate. In November a fresh resolution was carried by a small majority to suspend the Chamber's approval of the treaty, until the position of the refugees had been permanently secured (November 16). The ministerial defeat led at once to the crisis, which had long been impending. A compromise on the question of the refugees might have been easily arranged, had both parties desired it. It was a difference mainly of forms and words, and there was a growing impatience in the Chamber with the factious attitude of the majority. A sense of the danger impelled the more moderate members of the opposition to approach D'Azeglio, and offer him their support in exchange for a promise not to tamper with the constitution.[1] They felt that the attack on the ministry had been overdone, and they were men capable of self-restraint, and ready at a crisis to think more of country than party. The scheme had Cavour's support, and foreshadowed the great coalition of two years later; and it says little for D'Azeglio's wisdom that the alliance was declined, and that he ran to the unnecessary strong measures that mark the second-rate statesman. Though the premier refused the practical suspension of the constitution, which Pinelli and Revel recommended,[1] he had determined to break with the Chamber. He wrote over the King's signature a decree, dated from the royal castle of Moncalieri, which dissolved the Chamber, and ordered fresh elections in the ensuing month (November 20). So far it was strictly constitutional, but the language, in which it vehemently attacked the majority, and threatened stronger measures unless a compliant Chamber were returned, was a breach if not of the letter, at least of the spirit of the Statute. It made a bad impression even among many of the ministerialists. The Chamber had been petty and provocatory; but a ministerial majority might have been secured with tact, and the smallness of the points at issue was shown by the fact that the government at once issued a decree to naturalize the refugees. It was felt that not only did the Proclamation of Moncalieri weaken the chances of parliamentary rule in the other states, but that by straining the constitution and bringing down the King into the field of party conflict, it made the future more difficult in Piedmont itself.

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[1] Pallavicino, *Memorie*, II. 151; Cavour, *Nouvelles lettres*, 355; Id., *Lettere*, I. clxxxvii.; C. D'Azeglio, *Souvenirs*, 373.

Still, ill-judged as it was, the Proclamation deserved little of the extravagant praise and blame that were given to it. If it was a *coup d'état*, it was one of a mildness worthy of its author, and the constitutional march of Piedmont went on almost unaffected by it. And as the constitutions went down in Rome and Naples and Tuscany, Piedmont stood out in clearer relief as the one free government of Italy. Here was one spot, where the tide of reaction had not reached, and where the seed of liberty could be preserved, to spread again in happier days. During the Revolution, though Piedmont had been preeminent in the war, it had had its rivals in constitutional advance. Now it was left the one hope of Italian Liberals, and for the next ten years the history of Piedmont is the history of Italy. Her Hegemony was assured. Her resolute stand for nationality during the peace negotiations, her steadfastness in the cause of constitutionalism marked her as the champion of the nation. "Despite our losses," wrote the peace commissioners at Milan, "the foundations of free and independent Italy still stand firm in Piedmont, that when the conditions of Europe permit us to claim the rights of our common nationality, all Italy may turn to her, as the natural champion of this cause, which, though brought so low to-day, stands ever just and sacred." "Piedmont," said Cavour in his first great speech on the Siccardi laws, "must gather round herself every living force in Italy, and lead our nation to those high destinies, to which it is called." Already Turin was becoming the home of the heroes of the Revolution, who, exiled from their own states, had found a common asylum here. It was said that the refugees increased the population of the large towns of Piedmont by one-fifth, and at all events their numbers ran into tens of thousands. The immigration had its agitators of the baser sort; it had, especially at Genoa, its factious, querulous element, which made more noise than mischief. But it brought into Piedmont a new breadth and freedom, and enriched her with some of the best of Italian thought. In the salons of the Liberal nobles of Turin, or in the cafés of Genoa met the politicians and writers of every state in Italy; Farini and La Farina the historians, Scialoja the economist, Mamiani and Tommaseo the metaphysicians, high nobles of Lombardy with democrats like Cordova and Crispi of Sicily and Correnti of Milan. There were Modenese and Lombard officers in the army, Neapolitan professors in the University, statesmen from every part of Italy in the Chamber, their representatives in the ministry itself with Paleocapa of Bergamo and Farini of Ravenna. Turin, once so backward in literature and art, had become the home of a brilliant, exuberant life. Both in the capital and provinces industrial enterprise was bursting into vigorous growth, and showing an activity, that threatened to break up too rudely the old easy-going order. In place of the journalistic dulness of Charles Albert's time there was a busy press, often feverish and ill-regulated, and only kept alive by the subsidies of parties and individuals, but earnest and patriotic in the main and wielding an enormous power.[1] Italian was more spoken, and though there was still much of the old spirit, that thought it "better to make a Piedmont of Italy than an Italy of Piedmont," the belief in a common country had spread far and deep. The Piedmontese were proudly conscious of the future that was reserved for them. The treaty had been on the whole a moral victory, and Austria had found herself powerless to coerce the defiant little state. "I am Premier," said D'Azeglio, "to save the independence of this fort of Italy." Already Victor Emmanuel's government was coming forward as the patron of Independence in the other states. It had revived, though in vain, Gioberti's schemes of intervention in Tuscany and Rome;[2] it had sent Balbo to Gaeta to plead for the retention of the constitution, and perhaps revive some plan of Federation.[3] It had protested against the floggings at Milan,[4] and withdrawn its minister when the Austrians entered Florence. Throughout Italy the partisans of Piedmont were growing day by day. Moderates and Radicals alike at home recognized her new responsibilities, and there were many even among the more cautious, who were hoping with La Marmora that she would "one day do something serious for Italy."

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[1] G. Torelli, *Ricordi*, 60; D'Azeglio, *A sua moglie*, 414, 417.

Great indeed was the contrast of the savage reaction, which raged at Rome and Naples and to a less degree through Italy. The French had given Rome to the Pope; and he, believing that the welfare of the Church hinged on the Temporal Power and his own absolute sovereignty, his feeble nature scared by the rough nobility of the Revolution, had buried his earlier aspirations, prepared to return to all the abominations of Gregory's rule, rather than suffer any taint of the Liberalism that he had learnt to hate and fear. The bigots, who had won him to their side, were hungry for revenge, eager to sweep away every trace of the last three years. Antonelli and his party knew that they could expect no welcome from the Romans. Not a sign of rejoicing had hailed the return of Papal power at Rome. Two hundred and sixty communes, including almost every town of importance from Rome to the Po, protested against the revival of the Temporal Power, and the Papal Commissioner in Romagna acknowledged that "without Austrian garrisons in every province it was useless to hope for the restoration of the government." Perugia told the Austrian general that it accepted the Pope's rule only in obedience to force; sometimes not a workman could be found who would nail up the Papal arms, and if the Austrians left a town, the arms of the Republic were at once replaced.

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[1] The leading papers were the *Risorgimento*, Cavour's paper in 1848, representing the Right Centre; the *Opinione*, at this time the organ of the Lombard refugees, later Cavour's semi-official organ; the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, on the whole Left Centre, the only paper that paid its way; Valerio's *Concordia* and Brofferio's *Messaggero Torinese*; the clericalist *Armonia* and *Campana*; and the Mazzinian *Italia del Popolo*.

[2] For Tuscany, see below, p. 371; for Rome, Menabrea, *Négociations*, 47; Gioberti, *Rinnovamento*, I. 396; D'Azeglio, *Lettere inedite*, I. 28.

[3] Castelli, *Carteggio*, I. 45.

[4] See below, p. 375.

The French were fully conscious of this temper. They were pledged to preserve Liberal institutions, and for the moment the more moderate section of the ministry had its way. It promised the English government to make the retention of the Statute a *sine quâ non* of the Pope's restoration,[1] and though Oudinot took strong measures to prevent the republicans from raising their heads, there was no punishment. Moderate men were put in office; passports were freely granted, and several thousands took them to fly from Papal vengeance. But the Cardinals at Gaeta were chafing at a mildness so alien to their hopes. They were angry that the French did not at once restore the Papal arms, or appoint their own favourites to office. The Pope complained of the "inexplicable leniency" of the French. Suspicious as ever of them, above all of Louis Napoleon, whose part in 1831[2] was not forgotten, the court at Gaeta was eager to rid itself of its unwelcome friends, and find shelter under the more sympathetic patronage of Austria. Had the French, however, held firmly in their first course, they would probably have triumphed; but the Pope was a pawn in the game with Austria, and fearful lest he should fly to their rivals, they were anxious to bring him to Rome, and have him under the constraining protection of their own army. To quiet his distrust, Oudinot proclaimed the restoration of Papal authority (July 14). Gaeta was mollified; the bland Cardinals told Oudinot that his words were dictated by the spirit of God, and the Pope promised to return shortly into Roman territory, to "throw a veil over the past as far as possible, and govern with moderation."

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[1] Ashley, *Palmerston*, I. 124.

[2] See above, p. 120.

Their promises served to throw dust in the eyes of the French public, but nothing was farther from their intentions than to fulfil them. At the end of July Oudinot resigned his civil powers to a Commission of three Cardinals, the "Red Triumvirate," whose terrorism stood out in lurid contrast to the fresh memories of Mazzini's mild sway. In spite of Oudinot's protests, the Papal police and Inquisition reappeared; Sanfedist criminals were released; corruption at the Exchequer replaced the able and honest administration of the Republic. A commission was appointed to inquire into the conduct of every civil servant, who had served the Republic. The grist-tax was reimposed, the paper money issued by the republican government was depreciated by one-third, to the cruel loss of the poor who largely held it.[1] Meanwhile Antonelli had been unfolding his plans to the representatives of the Catholic Powers at Gaeta. He promised a large measure of local government, to throw open all offices to the laity, to introduce reforms in the civil service and judicature, to institute a nominated Council of State, and a special board to advise on financial questions. But when Rayneval, the French plenipotentiary, pleaded for representative institutions, or at least that the Finance Board should have power to decide as well as to advise, Antonelli promptly replied that parliamentary government was incompatible with the spiritual liberty of the Pope.

Antonelli doubtless knew that he could count on the support of the French clericals. But reports of the misgovernment at Rome had reached Paris. The Liberals were shamed anew that the reaction should give itself full rein under the protection of France; De Tocqueville, the foreign minister, spoke threateningly of "giving advice with the sword at his side," and Louis Napoleon, more far-sighted or more careful of his country's good name, insisted on Oudinot's recall, and voiced the indignation in a letter to Edgar Ney, a colonel in the army of occupation (August 18). In angry phrases he attacked the Cardinals for their misrule: "the French Republic has not sent an army to Rome to crush Italian liberty, but to regulate it, and save it from its own excesses." He asked for a general amnesty, a lay administration, and the Code Napoleon, and spoke bitterly of the ingratitude, which had made the Papal court forget its obligations to France. But the President had written the letter on his own initiative, and the cabinet had only consented to its despatch in the belief that it would not be published. And popular as the letter was in France, the government did not dare to face the risk of rupture with Rome, perhaps war with Austria, which its unexpected publication made imminent.[1] Louis Napoleon made an easy surrender, and the Left, who warmly backed his letter, were badly beaten in the Chamber. Antonelli, though he knew he might safely disregard it, made it a pretext to assert his independence and suspicion of France. Drawing back from his promise to return to Papal territory, the Pope retired to the King of Naples' palace at Portici, and let it be known that he would not return to Rome, till France forgot Napoleon's letter, and left him free to reform or not at his own pleasure. He issued from Portici a *motu-proprio*, which was to mark the maximum of his concessions (September 12). The decree promised an ambiguous amnesty, a Council of State, a Finance Board, Provincial Councils, large powers for communal councils, and reforms in the Codes. Its inadequacy was palpable; "the *motu-proprio* is derisory, the amnesty is cruel," said De Tocqueville. Even had the decree been loyally executed, it showed little advance on the proposals of the Five Powers in 1831; and attenuated as it was in the inception, it shrank under subsequent commentaries to the emptiest simulacrum of reform. The amnesty was in fact, as Victor Hugo called it, a general proscription, for its exceptions condemned to punishment or exile the whole Constituent Assembly, every member of the Provisional and Republican governments, the higher officers of the army, the amnestied of 1846, and all who had taken any part in the revolution. And though only thirty-eight were actually prosecuted, and the commission to overhaul the civil service broke down before the general refusal to give evidence, the fear of proscription drove several thousands of honest citizens to exile and beggary.[1] The history of the next few years proved how unreal were the other promises of reform. Already the suspicion was general that the Pope intended to do nothing; the French confessed that all their efforts had failed to win him to moderation, and their soldiers were still stabbed in the streets to avenge the sullen wrath of the unhappy populace. Amid the misery and despair of his people, without an effort for their welfare, the Pope returned to Rome (April 12, 1850) under an escort of foreign soldiers, with scarce a sign of popular welcome.

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[1] Farini, *Roman State*, IV. 240, 270–271; Torre, *Storia*, II. 306–308; De Gaillard, *op. cit.*, 298; Senior, *Journals*, II. 102–105.

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[1] La Gorce, *Seconde République*, II. 225, 228, 232; see Capponi, *Lettere*, III. 80.

It was a gloomy contrast to the ovation that greeted Pius two brief years ago. But, as Gioberti wrote, "Gaeta had raised an impassable wall between prince and people." National well-being, national glory were overshadowed by the fancied interests of the church. Morbidly afraid of Protestantism and socialism, the Pope's ambition now was to have his court untrammelled by lay influence at home or abroad, to push forward ultramontane claims in Italy and France and England, to secure for the priesthood the control of education, to elaborate new dogmas and strike down each manifestation of independent thinking in the church. Catholicism had entered on a new phase. So long as the national Catholic churches had stood out against the absolutism of the Papacy, so long the Roman court had been in the main Italian. But Gallicanism and its kindred principles had been slowly dying through the century, and the

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[1] Farini, *op. cit.*, IV. 296–298; Margotti, *Vittorie*, 386, 389; De Gaillard, *op. cit.*, 336–338; Zini, *Storia, Documents I.* 139; Balan, *Continuazione*, I. 661–663.

Papacy found itself at the same moment discredited in Italy and with a power vastly enhanced abroad. Pius' reaction marks the date when the Roman church placed itself in the keeping of the Jesuits, and found in them a guidance, unscrupulous and short-sighted but supremely skilful. Flanked by the ultramontane clergy and the active propaganda of St. Vincent de Paul and kindred societies, the Jesuits organized Catholic opinion in France and Belgium, in Spain and South Germany, and through it gave the Papacy a power it had not known for generations. Henceforth the Papacy becomes a popular absolutism; or rather under the guise of a personal autocracy, the church places itself in the hands of a small number of men of various nationalities, who, through the mouthpiece of the Papacy, control its destinies. The national and Liberal oppositions within its borders, though not yet silenced, become more and more impotent in face of the Catholic plebiscite, which at all events in the Latin nations prefers spiritual despotism to liberty and puts church above country. The Papacy revives claims that had long been dormant. "The state," it pronounces, "is the subject of the church;" "it belongs to the Vicar of Christ to make laws in all parts of the world for the church's welfare and government."[1] And the new doctrine, which theoretically claimed the absolute subordination of state to church, of Christian governments to the Pope, in practice takes the shape of a political Catholic party organized to secure the greatest possible amount of power for the church, and, if strong enough, to threaten any government, which does not meet their claims. The final issue of the struggle has yet to be seen; but even at this early stage there were warning voices from loyal Catholics, that told that Antonelli was emptying the churches, and "doing more harm to the faith than all Voltaire and Rousseau."[2]

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[1] A pamphlet of 1853 by Father Tarquini, and especially approved by the Pope (quoted in Arthur, *The Pope*, I. 30).

[2] D'Azeglio, *L'Italie*, 72; C. D'Azeglio, *Souvenirs*, 76; Gioberti, *Rinnovamento*, I. 620–621; Ricasoli, *Lettere*, II. 79. See the article on "Religion in Italy" (said to be by Saffi) in *Westminster Review*, October 1853.

CHAPTER XXI

THE REACTION—(Continued).

1849–1852

NAPLES: Ferdinand's absolutism; the Constitution suspended; the political trials; Gladstone's letters. TUSCANY: the counter-revolutionists; the Grand Duke; the Austrian occupation; the Grand Duke's return; the Constitution suspended. LOMBARDY-VENETIA: military rule; Karl von Schwartzenberg; Radetzky uncontrolled. The Austrians in Romagna. Modena. Parma. LEAGUE AND CONCORDATS: position of Austria; paternal government; the Catholic school; the Austrian League; the Concordats. Strength and weakness of the reaction.

WHILE Antonelli's dexterous finesse was eluding French pressure, Ferdinand, free from any foreign influence that made for decent government, was marching straight to reckless absolutism. He had reprinted for the edification of his subjects, and ordered schoolmasters to teach under pain of dismissal, a catechism, that laid down that "a prince is not bound to keep his oath to observe a constitution, if it is opposed to the general interest of the state," and that "a promise of a prince to limit his sovereignty is null and void."[1] The Czar had congratulated him as the "saviour of social order"; the Pope was his compliant guest; Sicily lay crushed at his feet, and had her savage punishment. Proud that he had so speedily tamed the revolution, he made haste to undo the Liberal advance of the past year. Education was put in the grip of the clergy, and every University student had to belong to a "spiritual congregation." The Jesuits were recalled, though all their endeavours failed to get the Concordat altered for the worse, for the absolutism embraced clergy as well as laity.[1] Even the Council of State of 1831 was abolished, and the ministers became more than ever the mere secretaries of the King. "Ministers," said the premier, "are bells without tongues, the King strikes and they sound;" and such of them as retained any vestige of Liberalism, left the cabinet. Even the new ministers, however, seem for a time to have believed in the King's promise that the constitution would be preserved.[2] But Ferdinand had pledged himself to Austria to have none of it; and though he seems, in spite of his catechism, to have had scruples about formally annulling it, he put it practically on one side. To excuse the shameless perjury, a stratagem was invented worthy of a Bourbon. Agents were sent into the provinces to promote petitions for the abolition of the Statute; promises of local railways, threats of police persecution, pressure of every kind raked in the signatures; and though the Archbishop of Naples manfully declined to advise his clergy, and the municipal council of the capital refused to sign, the plot succeeded. It was the oft-repeated story of Neapolitan cowardice and fickleness. Sufficient petitions came in to cover with some show of justification the suspension of the constitution. England made a feeble attempt to save it in Sicily, but the premier replied that it would be waste of time to recall its forgotten privileges.

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[1] Gladstone, *Two Letters*, 52–54. One query of the catechism was, "Are all who wear beards and moustachoes Liberal philosophers?" The catechism was first printed in 1837.

Still however the camarilla sat uneasily. There had been a hostile demonstration at Naples, perhaps hatched by the police, and a bomb had exploded among the crowd (September 16, 1849). The courtiers seized the opportunity to organize the terrorism. Eighty-two of the more prominent Liberals were arrested on the charge of belonging to the revolutionary Society of Italian Unity. The society no doubt had existed;[3] but its influence had been small, and the chief defendants, as Poerio and Settembrini, had had no connection with it or had been ignorant of its existence. The trial, which dragged on for eight months (January–August 1850), was one long travesty of justice. The presiding judge was notoriously prejudiced; letters were forged, paid agents of the police were suborned to give evidence, every pressure short of actual torture employed to extort confessions. The defendants were imprisoned in fetid holes with common criminals, and one was dragged into court while dying of gaol-fever. The high character of the accused, the suspicious nature of the whole evidence, the crying scandals of the court's procedure went for nothing. Twenty-three, including Poerio and Settembrini, were condemned to penal servitude for long terms or for life.

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[1] Balan complains of the "Cæsarism" of this "religious and pious king": *Continuazione*, II. 128.

[2] Leopardi, *Narrazioni*, 409–410, 417. See Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, VI. 326, and D'Azeglio, *Lettere inedite*, II. 81.

[3] See above, p. 309.

The long trial deeply moved the public. It even roused to pity the mob of Santa Lucia; and while the life of one of the condemned hung on the King's lips, the poor sold bread for candles to offer in the churches that the saints might win his pardon. The ambassadors protested against the scandal to humanity, and Ferdinand in reply sent the condemned men, loaded with heavy irons, to the penal settlements of Nisida and Ischia. It chanced that Mr. Gladstone was in Naples, and moved by the rumours of their sufferings, he penetrated to the convict stations in disguise. Here he found the prisoners, men of stainless life, ex-cabinet ministers, authors, barristers, chained to common prisoners and living in hideous degradation. He wrote (April 1851) an indignant letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, and threatened the Neapolitan government to publish it, unless it treated its prisoners with more humanity. When Ferdinand seemed defiant, the letter and a sequel were published in London, and eleven editions were exhausted in the year. They were a damning indictment of the tyranny: "it is not mere imperfection, not corruption in low quarters, not occasional severity; it is incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the Power appointed to maintain it." He endorsed the Italian sentiment that the government of Naples was "the negation of God." He estimated the number of political prisoners at 15,000 at least; he showed that even the old law prior to the Statute was violated on every hand; that thousands were arrested without warrant; that men lay in prison sixteen or more months before trial; that perjury and forgery were every-day incidents of the prosecutions.[1]

The letters sent a shudder of disgust through Europe. But unabashed by his utter discredit, the King flaunted his contempt for civilized opinion by a new series of political trials. Forty-six artisans were arrested for resisting the loyalist mob at the famous demonstration more than three years before (December 1851); and more than half the accused were sentenced to eighteen years in irons. Another batch of over 300 prisoners, including a score of ex-deputies, were charged with various offences dating from the Counter-revolution. The same farce of justice was acted again; the judges were submissive, for nearly half had been removed for refusing to obey the King's orders; the information was laid by a man five times sentenced for fraud, and on his evidence twenty-five of the defendants were condemned. During the four years that followed the Counter-revolution the victims of the government must be reckoned by tens of thousands. Even the apologists of the government did not attempt to deny that the number of political prisoners at a time ranged from 2000 to 4000. There is reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone understated the number, and that some 40,000 were brought before various courts on political charges.[2]

The Tuscan reaction had nothing of the savagery which followed the return of the Pope and Ferdinand. But it repeated even to excess the feebleness and meanness and indecision, which had characterized the policy of Tuscany for the past thirty-five years. The Counter-revolution had been popular; partly because the peasants had been lashed into an unreasoning fanaticism of loyalty, partly because the moderate Liberals hoped that the Grand Duke's return would save the country alike from rough radicalism and an Austrian occupation. The Tuscan Liberals were, as Ricasoli called them, "boys without sense or character or tact"; they had miserably failed to play their part; they had allowed the Revolution to end in feeble collapse, and cared more for their own persons and property than for leaving any noble example and seed of future effort. The notables, who had formed the Commission of Government, found themselves fronted by a republican revolt at Leghorn and the more serious danger of imminent Austrian invasion. They were still sanguine that they could stave off the latter, if they could bring Leghorn to heel, and rob the Austrians of their most specious pretext for intervention. They begged France and England to send ships to tame the insurrection, and France might have acceded but for the Grand Duke's opposition. They turned to Piedmont, but except to punish some insults to its own flag, the Turin government refused to intervene, unless Naples cooperated and Leopold gave his sanction.[1] The Grand Duke was already pledged to Austria; papers found after his flight ten years later prove that he had already concerted plans of invasion with Radetzky.[2] This however was carefully masked; and when the deputies of the obsequious Commission reached him at Gaeta, he promised to restore the constitution in the main, and tacitly suggested that the Austrian invasion had no countenance from himself. But Serristori, a weak disingenuous coward, whom he had sent as his Commissioner to Florence, knew that the Austrian occupation had been decided on. D'Aspre's brigade, which had already occupied the Lunigiana and restored it to the Duke of Modena, crossed the frontier (April 5), and occupying Lucca, advanced on Leghorn. The republican city made but brief resistance, and D'Aspre allowed his men to plunder and murder, and levied taxes as in a conquered country. The invasion angered and frightened the Tuscans; even the expiring Commission made a tardy atonement by publishing its protest. Serristori, backing the Grand Duke's duplicity, declared that the Austrians came uninvited, and D'Aspre, nettled by the falsehood, proclaimed that he had marched in response to the Grand Duke's summons. Even Leopold himself was uneasy at the steady Austrian advance; in vain he begged D'Aspre not to occupy Florence and confine his troops to the disturbed districts. He was afraid of the storm that would fall upon him, if his part in the invasion were fully known; he still feebly cherished his independence, and had no wish to become a tributary of Vienna. But the Austrians had already threatened to depose him unless he proved compliant;[1] and finding his remonstrances unheeded, he bowed submissively to their orders. D'Aspre entered Florence on May 25, his soldiers in mockery wearing olive in their caps.

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[1] Gladstone, *Two Letters*, 1–14; Nisco, *Ferdinando II.*, 302; see Gondon, *De l'état des choses*, 98–99.

[2] Leopardi, *op. cit.*, 425, 428; Gladstone, *op. cit.*, 10–11, 42; Id., *Examination*, 26–31; De Cesare, *Scialoja*, 92; Lacava, *Basilicata*, 2; Senior, *Journals*, II. 17; *Detailed Exposure*, 31–36; Tivaroni, *L'Italia*, I. 232–234. The government's figures may be found in *Un italiano*, *Risposta*, 10, 12; *Rassegna degli errori*, 24; and a contradictory estimate in Baillie-Cochrane, *Young Italy*, 226.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 176; Cambray-Digny, *Ricordi*, 159–178; Gennarelli, *Sventure*, 26, 37, 40–45; Menabrea, *Négociations*, 46.

[2] Gennarelli, *op. cit.*, 56, 61, 95.

On the same date Leopold's new ministry took office. They were comparatively moderate men, who probably wished to save the Constitution, if they could do so without friction with the Grand Duke. They were afraid to let the Austrian garrison go, but they tried to reduce it to as few troops as possible. Though they abolished the tricolor under pressure from D'Aspre, they promised, Leopold consenting, to restore the national guard and eventually summon parliament. They made what resistance they could to D'Aspre's hectoring demands, and saved Florence from martial law and Leghorn from part of the monstrous fine that he wished to impose. At the end of July Leopold returned, welcomed with enthusiastic rejoicings at Lucca and Pisa and Florence. He still clung to the same timorous uncertain policy; he was miserable with fear and the sense that he had lost the affections of the best of his subjects. The old patriarchal relations, that had endeared his family, had gone for ever. He was suspicious of all the life and culture of the state, and happy only among the old-fashioned peasants. He shrank from unpopular measures;

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 185.

his mildness showed itself in a comprehensive amnesty; and though he restricted the freedom of the press and withdrew political offences from the ordinary courts, journalism and literature were still allowed considerable freedom, and the new laws were issued subject to the approval of parliament. He would have liked to wait on events, but his engagements to Austria forced his hands. He dared not alienate her; he had been taunted with disloyalty to the Hapsburgs; D'Aspre had treated him with scant ceremony, and worried the timid man of peace into appearing in the uniform of an Austrian general. He had meekly accepted the loss of the Lunigiana; he concluded a military convention with Austria, which bound him to maintain an army of occupation, and meant the practical reduction of the Grand Duchy to a dependant state. And though he was still reluctant to repeal the constitution, in deference to Francis Joseph's reproaches he indefinitely suspended it and dissolved the Chamber. Had there been any strenuous affection for the Statute, he might have hesitated. But the peasants in their hatred of the Liberals had welcomed the Austrians, and even Florence had given Radetzky an enthusiastic welcome. In the cities indeed the Liberals were still strong; and the Municipal Councils boldly protested against the suspension of the Statute. But the old divisions in their ranks made united action impossible; and Ricasoli himself accepted a medal to commemorate the downfall of the republic. Conscious that they were a minority, the Tuscan Liberals showed even more than their wonted feebleness, and were readier to cringe for the Grand Duke's favours than strive for the liberties they had deserved so little and lost so lightly.

The suspension of the Statute introduced a rule of severity, such as Tuscany had rarely known. It was indeed still mild in comparison with that of Rome or Naples or Milan; but it was yet farther removed from the old Tuscan tolerance. Ultramontanism for the first time gained a footing in the state. The government promised the Pope to suppress any Protestant propagandism,[1] and Count Guicciardini, descendant of the historian and brother-in-law of Ridolfi, was imprisoned for meeting with others to read an unauthorized translation of the Bible. A husband and wife, named Madiai, were severely sentenced for proselytising to Protestantism, and it was only the repeated protests of England, France, and Prussia, that got their imprisonment commuted into exile. The government could indeed boast that no one except Guerrazzi suffered for the troubles of 1849; but Guerrazzi's trial was sufficient scandal in mild Tuscany. Harshly, perhaps treacherously, treated by the Commission of Government, he had been taken to Volterra, to save him from the Austrians. The trial, long delayed, was an act of supremest folly; for Guerrazzi's able defence was a damning exposure of the Grand Duke's cowardice and treachery in 1849. The sentence was not delivered till July 1853, and Guerrazzi was rewarded by exile for life for saving the country from anarchy. Meanwhile every manifestation of patriotism was suppressed. But for Piedmontese protests, the government would have made a festival of the anniversary of Novara. In 1851, when the annual service for the dead of Curtatone was being celebrated at Santa Croce, it was interrupted by an attack of Austrian soldiers and Tuscan police, who fired on the crowd, and arrested hundreds, even threatening the venerable Capponi. But there was no persistent repression; and though at last the constitutional farce was concluded, and the Statute formally repealed (May 1852), the government was still comparatively Liberal for those days of reaction. The abolition of the last remnants of protection, some care for education, the despatch of products to the Great Exhibition, marked an absence of the darkness that obscured the South of Italy.

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[1] Gennarelli, *Capitoli*, xlvi.

Lombardy and Venetia were under a relentless pretorian rule. The war had had one heroic sequel here: Brescia rose as soon as the Austrians invaded Piedmont, and made a noble resistance of ten days, till Haynau crushed it with atrocities, whose horror rang through Europe. Haynau was only the worst example of the brutal generals, who ground the provinces under their heel. The army had saved the Empire; it was an easy transition for Radetzky's staff to think that the army was the Empire. The Marshal was practically dictator, and he looked on the Lombards as a conquered race to be crushed and plundered. Men were shot in batches for possessing arms; prisoners under examination were bastinadoed, and a professor of Padua died under the lash; when the Milanese hissed a garrison prostitute for flaunting the Austrian colours on her balcony, Radetzky flogged fifteen of the demonstrators, including two young girls. In the two years 1848–49 it was estimated that nearly 4000 prisoners were sentenced for political offences. The common crime, that dogged the Austrian occupation everywhere, was punished with a severity that brought disrepute on justice; and over a hundred were shot for one outbreak of brigandage. And while Radetzky flogged and shot the populace, he attacked the aristocracy, who boycotted his officers. In defiance of the amnesty of September 1848, in defiance of the promises to the Piedmontese government in the following summer, eighty-six refugees were forbidden to return. Even the priests were struck at, and the bishops had orders to deprive of their cures any who were suspected of disloyal sentiments.

But Radetzky's brutality was too intolerable even for the government at Vienna, which still professed a constitutional policy; and though it did not dare to break with him, it tried to curb him. Karl von Schwarzenberg, brother of the Austrian premier, was appointed Lieutenant of Lombardy (October 1849), with instructions that were themselves a condemnation of the military rule. The press was allowed some freedom, and von Schwarzenberg had an organ of his own, which mercilessly criticized the Marshal's iniquitous despotism. He succeeded in checking the military courts, and thwarted Radetzky's monstrous intention to sequestrate the estates of the refugees. But the Lieutenant was no match for Radetzky's persistency, and after a fifteen months' struggle, he resigned. Henceforward the Marshal was left unchecked; his nominee and puppet, Strassoldo, succeeded to von Schwarzenberg's post; another partisan was made Lieutenant of Venetia; the press was worried, till one paper after another dropped out of existence; and again men were shot by court-martial for circulating revolutionary literature. Lombardy did what it could to protest against the wanton barbarian who scourged her. When the young Emperor Francis Joseph visited Venice and Milan, the theatres were deserted and the whole population held indignantly aloof. The Town Council of Como refused to render homage, and Radetzky had its Clerk hung on a trivial pretext. Never had the gulf between government and governed been so wide. Down to 1848 the Austrian rule had been hard and unsympathetic, but it had a stern justice, that contrasted well with the other Italian governments. Now it had become wantonly, brutally cruel, with a semi-barbarian delight in ignoring its subjects' barest rights. And thus it sealed its doom. It was the sullen anger of a trampled race even more than the memories of 1848, that united the people in one strong resentment, that roused the apathetic peasants, that kept conspiracy alive through all the fierce repression, and when wiser counsels at last ruled the Austrian government, made repentance come too late.

Romagna had practically become an Austrian province. Though Bedini, the Papal Commissioner, was nominally in power, Gorzowsky and his generals, who commanded the Austrian garrisons, paid small attention either to him or to the ministers at Rome. They rated the Papal authorities, assuming not without reason that they spoke from a higher plane of civilization; and Bedini and his officials, knowing well that their power would not live a day if the Austrians went, were, except for brief fits of restiveness, ever ready to abate their dignity.[1] But there was no difference between Bedini and Gorzowsky in thinking a reign of terror necessary. The state of siege was everywhere in force; men were sent to prison for "being ill-affected in politics," for "appearing inclined to novelty," for "being too loquacious." The peasants, smarting under the tyranny, made common cause with the brigands, who had started into active life under the misrule, and became in turn their prey, when Gorzowsky's disarmament of the population put the scattered farmers at their mercy. The brigands' terrorism rivalled the government's; they sacked a town, they caught an audience at a theatre and emptied every pocket. It was in vain that the Austrian courts shot men by the score for possession of arms or petty theft. Brigandage was the fatal symptom of the rottenness with which all the fabric of Papal government was struck.

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[1] Gennarelli, *Governo pontificio*, I. 597; Farini, *Roman State*, IV. 269.

The Duchies of the Po valley were more than ever satellites of Austria. Francis V. of Modena and Charles Louis of Parma had been brought back by Austrian troops and ruled by virtue of their swords. Austrian generals commanded their forces, Austrians sat in their courts-martial; and though Francis might fidget under their constraint, Radetzky could always bring the Dukes to heel by holding up the spectre of revolution. Francis was no tyrant as his father; less able than he, he was less cruel and ambitious. He was a small-minded, impatient, restless prince; like Ferdinand of Naples, the despair of his ministers, who found the whole order of the administration turned out of its course by the meddlesomeness of the not ill-meaning but supremely foolish man, who believed himself a providence on earth to his little state; who attempted to check immorality by sentences that brought discredit on morality; whose *chirografi* overrode the decisions of his courts, and attempted to do impossible justice between subject and subject on the dictates of the moment's whim.[1] There was little wanton cruelty in Francis' nature; and though the sentences on the Liberals were many and severe, though the Duke took ruthless vengeance on the peasants, who had made merry in the ducal preserves, there was no capital punishment for political offences, and compared with Austrian savagery in Lombardy and Romagna, the reaction was mild at Modena.

In Parma, on the other hand, the tyranny broke all bonds of decency. Charles Louis, after declaring void every act of the Provisional Government, abdicated in favour of his son, Charles III. (March 14, 1849). The young Duke was a brutish shameless rake, without his father's varnish of artistic taste, who regarded his subjects as the puppets of his capriciousness and cruelty. The promised constitution was forgotten; Parma was placed permanently in a state of siege, the Universities were closed, the members of the Provisional Government mulcted in heavy fines. These measures however had their analogies in other states; the speciality of Charles III.'s reaction lay in its oriental wantonness. Civil servants, professors, tradesmen, lawyers were compelled to shave beards and mustachoes and wear their hair short; magistrates had to appear in fantastic uniforms; lawyers and doctors might not practise without certificates of satisfactory political conduct. All minerals were declared state property and leased to Ward. To punish the farmers, who as a body had sided with the revolution, they were forbidden to dismiss a labourer without licence from an official.[1] Two rich monastic houses were dissolved for suspected Liberalism, and Rome, which placed Piedmont under ban for suppressing its monasteries, had no words of reproof for the faithful profligate. But most maddening incident of the tyranny was the reign of the lash, beside which the brutalities of Radetzky's officers are pale. Three hundred men were publicly whipped in the first five months of the prince's rule; they were flogged for singing patriotic songs, for "persuading an Austrian officer to get drunk," for criticizing the Duke's decrees, for possessing a Liberal pamphlet or a Turin newspaper. A servant at court was whipped to death for a jest on Charles' baby son. The ducal hands themselves caned in the face passers-by, who did not raise their hats. It is little wonder, if in after days the Parmesans took the savage revenge of goaded men.

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[1] Any barrister, who lost three cases, was suspended: Tivaroni, *op. cit.*, I. 124.

To a superficial observer the position of Austria seemed stronger than ever. She had recovered from seemingly hopeless disruption, she had crushed rebellion in Hungary and Italy, and stood at her old borders. The champion of triumphant reaction, she had the prestige of victory, while her foes were dispirited by the disillusionings and the wrecked hopes of the last two years. In Germany she had humiliated Prussia; in Italy her influence was predominant through half the peninsula. Common danger had rallied the princes to her side, and made them half forget their old suspicions. They were ready to be her satellites, if only they could count on her armies to cow their own subjects down. Naples indeed held aloof. But Modena and Parma were practically Austrian provinces; Tuscany was almost a dependant state, and though the Pope's writ ran in Romagna, the real governor was the Austrian general Gorzowsky. Towards Rome, her policy had radically changed, and though the Papal court still feared her designs on Romagna, its interests were too much identified with hers to allow of serious umbrage, and it was glad to play her off against the hated patronage of France Alike at Rome and Florence and Modena the statesmen of the reaction were conscious of their weakness. They knew that the revolution had been tamed for the moment, only to show its head again, and that the only hope of successful resistance lay in union. Tuscany and Modena must no longer quarrel over the Lunigiana, Naples must abandon its ambition to absorb the Marches. The old rivalries, the old jealousy of Austria, the rival bids for popularity must be forgotten; and Austrian arms must save the princes from their subjects' constraining pressure.

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[1] *Borboni di Parma*, IV. 19–28, 52–55; VIII. *passim*.

The Italians, Felix von Schwarzenberg argued, were unfit for representative institutions, which led to attacks on Austria and what the statesmen of the reaction were pleased to call anarchy. Municipal and provincial liberties on a narrow franchise were better suited to the needs and traditions of Italy, as they interpreted them. But the new scheme of government was not to be purely obscurantist. Councils of State and an independent Bench might be tolerated. While the democracy was kept in bonds by the twofold chain of police severity and clerical education, paternal government would promote the moral and material welfare of the people. But the red spectre of socialism and scepticism had a ridiculous terror for the statesmen of a country, where both were practically unknown. The very foundations of society, so they believed or professed to believe, were endangered.[1] Much of it was fear of constitutional government, masked under a religious show, much of it was care for loaves and fishes. But between the Liberals and Catholics ran at bottom the fundamental cleavage. To the devotees Liberalism meant the loosening of religion; and though often scandalized by the corruption of the Roman court, they feared that any blow to the Papacy might be a blow to the church and all that the church safeguarded. Between the two schools lay deep difference of creed as to the sanction of morality; Catholics, who believed that authority and tradition were its only bulwarks, thought that if once men ceased to walk in the strait path of the church, they might be tempted to the abyss where walked unclean things. They dreaded free inquiry, the contempt of forms, the questioning of institutions indissolubly, so they believed, bound up with more precious things. Only the strict exercise of paternal authority could guard the young from wilful and hurtful ways; education might be a curse, unless the clergy controlled religious teaching and forced the pupils into religious conformity; civil marriage meant the possibility of divorce, and divorce the unhallowing of wedlock. They had rather that immorality should be punished by sentences that revolted common feeling, than that erring human nature should be left to correct itself. Virtue must be nursed in swathing bands by the jealous protection of the state; and above all, the Papacy must be held in its high preeminence, as the fountain-head of authority. Behind the men and women, who thought thus, lay the enthusiasm of Catholic devotees throughout the world, to whom the Papacy was Catholic rather than Italian, who cared nothing for Italian aspirations but much for the glory of the tiara, and felt a chivalrous desire to defend a venerable and splendid name, whose own resources of defence had proved so feeble.

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[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, VI. 303–308; VII. 9–17; Gennarelli, *Missione*, 60–70; Baldasseroni, *Leopoldo II.*, 444–449; Bayard de Volo, *Francesco V.*, I. 416.

The statesmen of the Reaction endorsed these theories with a zeal that was half-sincere, half-inspired by a sense of its usefulness.[1] The outward sign of the Catholic-monarchical union was to be a new League. Already in the summer of 1850 the Duchies had renewed their commercial treaties with Austria, who had coerced them into a reluctant acceptance of an one-sided union by the threat of losing her protection. Felix von Schwarzenberg wished to expand this into a political League, to embrace all the reactionary states of Italy, Austria entering in respect of her Italian provinces. The programme of the League was to be common action against Liberals and the press, the creation of a federal army, a pledge from the contracting parties to concede neither national guard nor right of public meeting, and make no reform unless it were given *pari passu* in all the federated states. The scheme was warmly espoused by Baldasseroni, the Tuscan premier; and Parma and Rome were ready to fall into line (October–December 1850). But Francis of Modena looked askance on its more progressive provisions, and the King of Naples, suspicious of the Austrian influence, and scorning what he regarded as a truckling to Liberalism, steadfastly refused to come in. His opposition took the strength out of the project, and though the informal understanding between Austria and the Dukes remained strong as ever, the League remained an abortive scheme. The only fragments that came to maturity, besides the commercial union, were a postal convention, which gave Austria opportunities of opening the correspondence of the nationalists, and a railway treaty to connect the trunk lines of Tuscany and Romagna with those of Lombardy.

In spiritual matters the theories, that underlay the League, had more positive results. The cooperation of the

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[1] Baldasseroni thought the Papacy "a kind of galvanized corpse": Bianchi, *Matteucci*, 417.

Catholic church was indispensable to the statesmen, who recognized what a mighty bulwark the Pope's authority, reaching through the priesthood to every corner of the land, would be. To win its protection, Austria and Tuscany were ready to surrender their cherished ecclesiastical independence, and undo the work of Joseph II. and Leopold. Tuscany was the first to capitulate. Negotiations for a concordat had been proceeding since the days of Pius' early glory, and Ridolfi had been prepared to make large concessions as the price of winning him to the Liberal League. The Grand Duke, when at Gaeta, had placed his feeble conscience in the Pope's keeping, and probably returned to Florence under pledge to change his ecclesiastical laws. He would even, had his ministers allowed him, have forbidden the exercise of Protestant and Jewish worship. His cabinet were not so forward to surrender the traditional Tuscan tolerance, but they were willing to give very much to draw Rome into the reactionary League, and, outflanked by Leopold's defection, Baldasseroni signed a Concordat, which gave Rome most of what she asked for (April 25, 1851). Bishops were left free in their correspondence with the Holy See; they were given the censorship over all religious publications; ecclesiastical courts were established to take cognizance of heresy and sacrilege, of cases relating to marriages and betrothals. But the surrender was not complete; clericals were still amenable to the common law, the ordinary censorship remained in the hands of the civil power, and Tuscan traditions were too strong to allow even the conceded points to be loyally observed.[1]

Austria followed suit. It was impossible for the champion of temporal reaction to have the church's finger pointed at her as the enemy of its claims. Though she still remained the irritating patroness of the Papacy, and showed no inclination to relax her hold on Romagna, the support of the clergy was necessary to the government, and this support must be purchased by surrendering the old subordination of church to state. Already in 1850 the government had given the bishops freedom to correspond with Rome, and promised under certain circumstances to lend the civil arm in support of ecclesiastical discipline. The Concordat of 1855 marked the complete surrender of the government. It recognized canon law; it permitted the meeting of synods; it provided for Catholic teaching under the supervision of the bishops in all elementary and secondary schools; it gave them the censorship of theological literature and jurisdiction in matrimonial cases; it allowed ecclesiastical courts to take cognizance of all civil and some criminal cases, to which a cleric was a party. The official opposition to the surrender no doubt was strong, and much of the concordat, as in Tuscany, remained a dead-letter, but it showed none the less how completely the ecclesiastical traditions of the Empire were reversed.

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[1] Baldasseroni, *op. cit.*, 428, 592; Ranalli, *Istorie*, IV. 319–321; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 384–390; VII. 31–41; Balan, *Continuazione*, I. 777.

The church next captured Modena in its triumphal progress. Marriage was made a purely religious rite, the civil act being abolished; charities were placed under the control of the clergy, gifts in mortmain were legalised, sacrilege was made a capital offence. Naples was the last to capitulate. In the early days of the reaction Ferdinand had shown little disposition to bate his prerogative to the clergy, and his ministers had warmly supported his refusal to modify the relations of church and state. But he could not stand alone against the current, and in 1857 Naples restored to its clergy the privileges, of which Tannucci's concordat had deprived them. In the repeal of the mortmain laws, in the holding of synods, in the marriage law, in the censorship and the inspection of schools[1] the clergy won the powers they had already gained through all Italy except in Parma and Piedmont.

Thus was launched with partial success the great scheme of the reactionary alliance. The League, had it answered to Baldasseroni's project, had its elements of strength. Steady government and the destruction of customs-barriers would have given an impetus to trade, that would have gone far to content the country. The tradesmen, the politically careless, the rich scared by the dread of socialism, the great crowd that cared for quiet above all things would have rallied even to a tyranny, if a strong one. The Concordats had ranged the mighty organization of the church upon its side. The priests had with few exceptions shed their brief Liberalism of Pius' early days, and their vast influence controlled the mass of the peasants and large numbers in the towns. The Austrian troops, aided by Papal mercenaries and the Duke of Modena's peasant volunteers, were able to put down internal disturbances. But Baldasseroni had attempted the impossible. The Revolution had left ideas and aspirations, which might come in time to break even the church's vast strength. The jealousies of the different states tore through the reactionary federation, as through the Liberal Leagues of two years before. The governments were too rotten for good rule, and the ideal of a benevolent absolutism vanished into mockery at Rome or Parma or Milan. And between the Ticino and the Alps Piedmont was gathering her forces for the inevitable struggle, where victory meant annihilation alike for Austrian domination and the Temporal Power.

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[1] Nisco, *op. cit.*, 359–360. Cookery teachers had to pass an examination in the church catechism.

CHAPTER XXII

CAVOUR

1850–51

Difficulties of Piedmont; the Conservative reaction; parties in the Chamber; Rattazzi. D'Azeglio's policy; the struggle with Rome; THE SICCARDI LAWS; Fransoni's defiance; more anti-clerical measures. CAVOUR; becomes minister; his financial policy; Free Trade.

BALDASSERONI had hoped to see Piedmont give her adhesion to the League. It indeed seemed doubtful, whether she could be true to her free institutions with reaction triumphant all around her. The little state of five millions population might find the thirty-two millions of Austria and the governmental forces of all Italy arrayed against her. Again and again the Viennese statesmen were tempted to cross the Ticino, and coerce her into a surrender of her constitution. She had her own elements of weakness and disunion, for at Turin and in some of the country districts the clergy swayed large numbers of the electors, and had their cue from Rome to raise every difficulty, that could help the party of Austria and reaction. The three and a half million illiterates made a fair field for priestly influence, and the unteachable section of the nobles loved Austria and Rome more than their own country. All the trouble and unsettlement of a transitional time was on the nation. The problem of grafting the spirit of the Statute on the institutions of the old absolutism needed the cunningest of hands. The authority of government had had a shock at Novara, from which it could not soon recover; the baser kind of refugees brought with them an alien but contagious restlessness, and but for the law-abiding traditions of the country, the danger of social disorders might have been very great. The harvests were bad, and though there was an outburst of commercial activity, the Austrian League threatened to place Piedmontese trade at a disadvantage in the markets of half Italy. Abroad there was little practical sympathy for Piedmont, even in France and England; Prussia and Russia lost no opportunity to parade their unfriendliness, and the reactionaries of all Europe pointed the finger at her, as a nest of turbulent demagogues, that menaced the peace of the continent.

The policy of the government had difficulties enough of its own. The cabinet, no less than the governments of Vienna and Naples, had made its boast of hostility to the Revolution, had noisily dissociated itself from Novara, had recognized all the limitations and conventionalities that bound a member of the legitimate governments of Europe, professing scrupulous respect for its neighbours' frontiers and forswearing aggressive schemes. D'Azeglio had indeed no alternative; it was impossible to maintain the policy of 1848–49 without the countenance of France, and the whole influence of the French government was being exerted to keep Piedmont quiet and discourage her aspirations. But it was not a very noble policy, and it involved ceaseless inconsistencies and contradictions. Piedmont might be willing to rest, might accept Balbo's phrase that the peace was a ten years' truce; but the government knew well, that when the chance came to march forward, the respect for her neighbour's frontiers would prove mere words. At present, however, the opposition could only criticize D'Azeglio's programme. Before the Proclamation of Moncalieri, parliament had stood out for a franker policy, had opposed all overtures to Austria, had wished to hold high the flag of Italy, regardless of the outcry of diplomacy, and never for a moment bate the claims of nationality. But the democrats probably never represented the feelings of the real majority of the country; hitherto the polls, though on what was practically a household suffrage, had been small, and the more active political elements, though in a minority, had carried their own way. They had been strong in the middle class—the shopkeepers, the professional men, the communal officials—but there was a great reserve of voters, who were conservative because of priestly influence or indifference to the democratic ideal. These reserves came into play at the election of December 1849, and the Proclamation of Moncalieri was only one of many influences, that contributed to make a Conservative[1] majority in the new parliament.

The 204 members of the Piedmontese Chamber were a standing answer to the taunt that Italians were not fit for representative institutions. They were grave, hard-headed, patriotic. Though their speeches were often prolix and pedantic, mere rhetoric had little weight. Except for rare coquettings of the Extreme Right and Extreme Left, there was too much political sincerity to allow of mere partisanship, and a sense of their country's difficulties and a common faith in her destiny brought all sections more or less together. There were indeed no crystallized parties: men changed rapidly from one group to another, sometimes with real inconsistency. The ministerial majority was composed of sections without any permanent bond of union.

On the Extreme Right there were a few reactionaries, returned almost exclusively from Savoy; in the Senate they were rather stronger. The "*codini*" would willingly have seen the Statute overthrown; they held that "the duty of a Catholic government is to obey and protect the church"; they bitterly opposed a forward policy, and therefore tried to keep the army small. "If the Piedmontese are Italians," the Savoyards threatened, "the Alps may become the frontier between France and Italy."[2] Though they supported the ministry, so long as it attacked the democrats, they took their orders from Rome, sometimes from Vienna. Outside the Chamber their violent press, the support of the priests, their intrigues among the peasants gave them a considerable following, and in the coming quarrel with Rome they recruited their numbers among the timid devotees.

The majority of the Right were moderate constitutionalists, who had loyally accepted the Statute, had taken part in the war, and were not alien to the hopes of Italian Independence. But they were ready to resist any movement, that threatened to impair Piedmontese autonomy or transfer the capital from Turin.[1] They were a true Conservative party, dreading the democracy, very tender to the prerogatives of the church and the rights of property, for the most part protectionists in fiscal policy On the whole, D'Azeglio belonged to them, so did Balbo and Pinelli; Cavour was their most powerful champion, till he found it impossible to go with them on ecclesiastical or fiscal questions; but their real leader was Revel, a noble of Nice, who had been Finance Minister from 1844 to 1848, and was a capable, patriotic, but ultra-Conservative statesman of the old school.

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[1] See Vol. II., Appendix G.

[2] Brofferio, *Parlamento*, V. 707; Della Margherita, *Avvedimenti*, 273.

The Left had had a considerable majority in the earlier parliaments, and still were sufficiently strong to occasionally force the hands of the government. But they were heterogeneous and divided, shading off from Moderate Liberals, who outside ecclesiastical questions differed little from the Moderate Right, to extreme radicals, and socialists of a mild type. Their foreign policy was that of the war-time, and they refused to alter it in altered circumstances. They were the best supporters of the government in its struggle with Rome, its unsparing critics when it leaned to compromise. Their social programme was commonplace, but none the less valuable. The resolutions that were passed by the Chamber on their initiative were supremely wise and practical; for the influences, that since then have eaten into the heart of Italian politics, were already nascent. In the days of their power they pledged the Chamber to the exclusion of salaried officials, to the reduction of civil pensions, to trial by jury; they nearly carried a Bill for payment of members.[2] But the executive shelved their resolutions; some were left for the next generation to carry into law, others are still unrealised, and for lack of them Italy is suffering to-day. But however much they might criticize the government, they were never thoroughly hostile; they were unwilling to overthrow it, for they were too weak to take office themselves, and a ministerial defeat would mean a Revel ministry. The Extreme Left, a small group of thirty members, refused to go beyond this partial toleration of the government; but their doctrinaire theories and inconsistent practices, the suspicions and factiousness of their leaders alienated the more temperate majority of the Left, who regarded Valerio's and Brofferio's policy of mere criticism as inopportune and unpatriotic. The common danger was too great, to allow strength to be wasted in disputes with men, who were divided from them by a hair's breadth. They had been partly won by D'Azeglio's and the King's loyalty to the constitution; and as they slowly came to recognize Cavour's real Liberalism, and when his accession to the ministry became a guarantee for its progressiveness, their friendliness grew into loyal support. Thus was gradually evolved the Left Centre, sharing many of the opinions of the Left, but parting from it on grounds of opportunism. They were weak numerically, barely more than a score of deputies, but they counted in their ranks some of the most capable men in the Chamber.

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[1] Pallavicino, *Memorie*, II. 519; Tavallini, *Lanza*, I. 119.

[2] Brofferio, *op. cit.*, I. 79, 169.

Their leader was Rattazzi. The odium of Novara still clung to him, but unprejudiced observers were learning that he was far from being the extremist, whose name sounded so ill in conservative Europe. In fact there was nothing of the democrat in him. His legalist view, his belief in order and authority, his suspicion of untried paths and love of small steps and administrative detail kept him at heart a Moderate Liberal. He was a thin, pedantic, somewhat acrid man, one round whom lukewarm friendships clustered thick, but whose sensitiveness brooded over injuries and made it difficult to heal old grievances; a man neither firm nor strong, who often surrendered his conscience to his party, with no passions, no high courage, no deep convictions, with an instinct for partisanship and intrigue, which revelled in small falsehoods and by-paths, that came more of cowardice and indecision than of trickery. He was always too much the lawyer to be a great statesman; his cold logical oratory appealed to the reason, but had no power to sway. He had the narrow practicality of the sceptic, but little imagination,[1] no divining eye for great facts, more care for the forms of liberty than the spirit; a born courtier, with a facile acquiescence in royal vices, that made him the King's confidant and friend, but helped in later days to mar Victor Emmanuel's hold on the nation. He was a sincere patriot after his light; he shared the hopes of the narrower school of nationalists; but at this time and for several years after he had no faith in any expansion of Piedmont beyond the Po valley, still less in an united Italy.[2] His whole bent of interests was Piedmontese; "he knew Piedmont thoroughly, Italy a little, Europe not at all;" Turin and its politics and parties were more to him than all the common creed of Italian aspiration. But he had a sense of responsibility, that the Extreme Left lacked. He saw the need of a strong government, and knew that it was impossible without a disciplined majority in the Chamber. He had the instinct of a parliamentarian, and he was prepared to compromise and surrender some of his own political articles for the sake of securing a steady policy of moderate liberalism. It was to his and Cavour's conviction of the paramount need of this policy, much more than to the Proclamation of Moncalieri, that Piedmont owed the sober working of her constitution during its years of trial.

After the elections at the close of 1849 D'Azeglio, with a large majority in the Chamber, was free to carry out his policy. He had a great reputation through Italy, a greater one abroad, where he personified the survival of constitutional government in Piedmont. His influence at court was strong, and on the whole he succeeded in managing the King in spite of occasional restiveness. He was still the dilettante, the "languid doctrinaire," destitute of all arithmetical capacity, "an artist to the marrow and vain as a hundred artists"; he was scrupulously straightforward and honest, but it was a "stagnant honesty," for he was too indolent to be a leader, and though he had a firmness that was apt to be obstinacy, it was utterly lacking in vigour. He was full of excellent sentiments that were quite beside the point; and though he prided himself on his positive bent, his statesmanship was often limited to genial commonplaces and gentlemanly aphorisms. The events of 1848–49 had given him a fanatical dread of democracy, and brought out the patrician, that always underlay his nature, and made him quite unconsciously incapable of meting the same measure to nobles and to democrats. He was justly attacked for his callous indifference to the fate of Rome and Venice, for his ostentatious disclaimers of the policy that led to Novara, for his exaggerated deference to the opinion of respectability. Though he would fight to the death, if Austria attacked, though he had a strong sense of Piedmont's Italian position[1] and some vague idea of another struggle to assert it, he took no forward step to prepare for a new advance. His policy was a passive one, to preserve the national dignity, to show that constitutional government was compatible with order, to win the respect of other nations. It was not a great policy, but just then it was successful. Quiet consolidation was what Piedmont needed at the moment, and he fulfilled his own prophecy, that "the time is near, when the race will be not to the strongest or cunningest, but to the honestest." He brought his country through a terrible crisis, and it was not without cause that he made his boast that he had survived.

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[1] He never read history or poetry or novels, and had no taste for pictures or music: Castelli, *Ricordi*, 200.

[2] Mme. Rattazzi, *Rattazzi*, I. 338.

It is in his home policy that D'Azeglio shows worst. His breadth of sympathy existed in his own imagination only, and nobody was more intolerant of democratic crudities. While the abusive clerical press was allowed considerable impunity, at all events till after the passing of the Siccardi Laws, the police harried the radical journals, and officers, who had attacked a newspaper office and threatened "to oppose the free press with the free sword," were left to go unpunished. Public meetings were forbidden, and D'Azeglio would gladly have expelled the more turbulent refugees. Much of his action was due to his intense anxiety to conciliate Rome and the reactionary party, for he feared that, if pushed too far, they might make a dangerous struggle for mastery. But his petty tyranny only offended the Liberals, without winning the clericals. Apart from ecclesiastical matters, he showed small desire to bring the institutions of the country into conformity with the spirit of the Statute, to raise the condition of the masses, or cleanse the civil service from corruption. He used his great influence against social progress, and set the evil tradition, that has too often since been followed with such sad fidelity.

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[1] D'Azeglio, *Scritti postumi*, 174–175, 184; Id., *Lettere inedite*, I. 110, 200.

Anxious however as D'Azeglio was for peace, it was impossible for him to avoid a struggle with Rome. In ecclesiastical legislation Piedmont was fifty years in arrears; the church had privileges there, which she had long ceased to possess in Naples or Tuscany or Modena or the Austrian Empire. The ecclesiastical courts took cognizance of cases, civil and criminal, where clerics were concerned, of all cases relating to marriages and betrothals, to tithes and heresy and blasphemy. Many churches had rights of asylum, and the criminal, who escaped to their precincts, was beyond the arm of the law. The bishops controlled the charities and in part the schools. Even the Statute had confirmed them in their power to prevent the circulation of unauthorized Bibles and books of devotion or theology. No marriage could be celebrated except by a priest. Acts of mortmain existed in part only of the state, and the civil law facilitated the acquisition of property by ecclesiastical bodies.[1] And in spite of the vast estates of the church, many of the parochial clergy had stipends so small, that the state contributed nearly a million lire annually to give them a bare living.

It was impossible after the passing of the Statute to permit the retention of privileges, that clashed with its fundamental provisions. The ecclesiastical courts were perhaps no serious practical grievance, but they were in direct conflict with the clause, that promised equal law to all. The first constitutional ministry had recognized that the concordat with Rome, which fixed the privileges of the church, must be modified, and Rosmini had been sent to negotiate in vain for better terms. Since 1848 the aspect of the question had radically changed, for neo-Guelfism was dead, and Rome was given over again to principles that were incompatible with social or intellectual liberty. The anti-clerical movement, that was now forced into life by the attitude of Rome, was not an irreligious one; the Liberals boasted that they "lived in an age of faith," and much of the attack on the church was prompted by the desire, which Gioberti voiced, to purify it from its abuses. But neither was it mainly a religious movement; it was more the outcome of national pride, of the resolve not to humiliate the country to Rome, mixed with anger at the embittered opposition of the bishops to constitutional government, at the relentless and unscrupulous attacks of the clerical press, at the misrule at Rome and in Romagna, and the ignominious propping of the Papal throne by foreign bayonets. The reformers had two possible policies. Cavour would have left the church unmolested in its property and internal discipline, would have met intolerance by tolerance, and abolished the partial state control, which the old concordat gave. The church, he believed, when free from irritating trammels, would leave politics alone. But the majority of Liberals hardly stopped to consider an experiment, which appeared so hazardous among a people with little education or spiritual independence, where the church threatened to become a great political machine, that might sap the fabric of the constitution, and be a standing menace to free government. Both parties however were agreed in the necessity of abolishing the ecclesiastical courts. D'Azeglio was too good a patriot, and knew the Roman court too well, to wish to shirk the issue, when once it had been raised. Had he wished it, the intemperance of the Piedmontese bishops, and the anger of Right and Left alike at their intrigues would have forced his hand. Fransoni, the Archbishop of Turin, was as bitterly opposed to reform as he had been in Charles Albert's later years,[1] and his passionate hatred of the new institutions had grown to a monomania. His brother-prelate of Asti had been accused of immorality, and fled before the threats of the populace. Late in 1849 D'Azeglio had sent to Rome an honest Moderate lawyer, Siccardi, to ask for the removal of Fransoni and the Bishop of Asti, and effect some working compromise as to the concordat. Siccardi soon returned, hopeless of securing concession; Antonelli put forward counter-claims, which it was impossible to accept, and the Pope had spoken of the pending reforms as "wounds to his own heart and the church."[1] Siccardi's failure and the bitterness of the extreme press on both sides made it impossible for the ministry to delay legislation, and early in the session of 1850 Siccardi, who was now in the cabinet, brought forward his famous resolutions (February 27). They proposed to abolish the ecclesiastical courts and the right of asylum, to equalize the punishments of lay and clerical criminals, to make a general mortmain law, to repeal the temporal penalties for the non-observance of holidays, retaining them for Sundays and the great festivals of the church; and they pledged the government to introduce a Bill to legalize civil marriage. The deputies of the pure Right opposed the resolutions on the ground that the consent of Rome was essential to any modification of the ecclesiastical law, and harped on the scandal to the consciences of the faithful. The resolutions, it is true, tore up the Concordat, but it was impossible to maintain conventions made for other times and alien to the new constitutional order. The government had to choose between the Concordat and the Statute, and they were bound to abide by the latter. They had the support of the more moderate section of the Right and of the entire Left. Public opinion had been intensely stirred, and the feeling against the priests at Turin was so hostile, that the government had to put down a demonstration with the help of the military. Siccardi's main Bill passed the Chamber by 130 votes to 26 (April 9), and the Senate by a majority of nearly two to one.

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[1] Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, VI. 353–354.

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[1] See above, p. 168.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 356; Boggio, *Chiesa e stato*, 299; according to Dupanloup, *Souveraineté*, 302, quoting from *Exposé des négociations etc.*, the King still promised on February 25 to reopen negotiations.

Rome refused to accept its defeat. Illogical as was the Pope's position in refusing to Piedmont what had long been accepted in almost every Catholic country, he disliked and feared too much the one free state of Italy, to make an easy peace with her. The Nuncio left Turin, the bishops saw phantoms of the Red Revolution, and Fransoni issued a pastoral, ordering the clergy to defy the new laws and appear before the lay courts only on compulsion. When indicted for inciting to disobedience of the law, he refused to appear, and was condemned in contumacy to a month's imprisonment. The sentence roused the passion of the clericals to fever-heat, and Fransoni's suffragans threatened excommunication to all who had any part in making the new law. At the moment Santa Rosa, the Minister of Agriculture, was on his death-bed; devout Catholic though he was, the Servite friar, who attended him, refused him extreme unction, as being *ipso facto* excommunicate, unless he retracted his share of responsibility for the Siccardi Laws; and when Santa Rosa died unabsolved, the clergy at Fransoni's instigation threatened to deny him rights of burial, till the archbishop was intimidated into a reluctant consent.[1] The tale of the heartless refusal, of the wife's prayers spurned, of the indecorous intrigues round the death-bed fired Turin to fury. Santa Rosa's funeral was made the occasion of a great demonstration (August 3), the Servites were only saved from outrage by being banished from the city, and Fransoni was illegally arrested and sent to an epicurean martyrdom in the fortress of Fenestrelle. At the same moment the government came into sharp conflict with the Sardinian clergy on the question of tithes; it was the only province of the state where they still existed, and the ministers appointed a Commission to make an inventory of church property as a preliminary to their commutation. The Archbishop of Cagliari defied the Commissioners, and excommunicated them, when they seized his papers. It was impossible for the government to overlook the affront, and the Sardinian courts condemned him to exile.

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[1] Saraceno, *Santa Rosa*, 229–236; Cavour, *Lettere*, I. 164; Boggio, *op. cit.*, I. 321; Balan, *Continuazione*, I. 723–729.

The government had done the least that was possible to save its dignity. Even now D'Azeglio's patience was not exhausted. He felt very acutely the danger of alienating the clergy; France was putting strong pressure on him to surrender to Rome, and he had twice during the summer made essays for reconciliation. But Antonelli took his stand on the principle that the concordat was a contract, which could not lawfully be broken except by the consent of both parties; he told D'Azeglio's agent that compromise was impossible,[1] and the Pope ostentatiously patronized Fransoni and even refused to remove the Bishop of Asti. While D'Azeglio was thus faced by frank hostility at Rome, public opinion in Piedmont was urging him to fresh measures against the church. The Sardinian tithes were abolished with compensation, and so strong was the feeling in the Chamber that it was sometimes able to force the hands of the government. The Christian Brothers were made liable to conscription, and the teaching of theology in the seminaries became matter of hot debate. By a law of 1848 the government had obtained certain powers of control over them in exchange for subsidies to the theological chairs, and the Left insisted that it should enforce its rights to check professorial attacks on the constitution. Cavour opposed any interference with liberty of teaching, and his influence secured the postponement of legislation; but the Pope seized the opportunity to retaliate on the broader doctrines of Turin University, and excommunicated Nuytz, its professor of theology (August 1851). Nuytz' lectures, foreshadowing in some respects the Liberal Catholic school of ten years later, upheld the rights of the state in matters ecclesiastical, threw doubts on the Temporal Power, and distinguished the contract of marriage from the sacrament. And though his theses had been approved by the church, and he had professed his readiness to withdraw anything contrary to its teaching,[2] his obsequiousness could not shield him. And despite the anxiety of the government to compromise on this and other controversies, the bigger questions of civil marriage and the ecclesiastical budget were only suspended, and it was clear that a more terrible conflict must come soon, whose issues none could foretell.

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[1] D'Azeglio, *Lettere inedite*, II. 204; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VI. 371; Balan, *op. cit.*, I. 738.

[2] Boggio, *op. cit.*, I. 346; Dupanloup, *op. cit.*, 298. A summary of his theses in *Il Piemonte*, 163.

It was felt on all sides that it needed stronger hands than D'Azeglio's for the crisis, and every month the Premier was more eclipsed by the rising reputation of Cavour. Cavour's early parliamentary career had not been successful; his arrogant, sarcastic public manner, his aristocratic associations, his supposed reactionary views had made him even more unpopular than he was in 1847. But he was bound to make his influence felt; he had shown a masterful insistency, an iron resolution which conquered more than it persuaded, a hardihood which prompted him to read criticism but never a word of praise, a prodigious memory, a great capacity for work and grasp of details. His speeches always commanded the Chamber, not for their oratory, for he was a halting speaker and spoke French better than Italian, but from their lucidity and precision and capacity of making telling points. And while with his fine eye for political facts, he brushed aside the sophistry alike of democrats and reactionaries, and was merciless to their cant and vulgarity, he was an open-minded opportunist, always ready for fresh light[1] and indifferent to charges of inconsistency. He was no saint or hero, but perfectly composed to win the confidence of average human nature. He generally followed public opinion; he had his ideals, but he kept them to himself, and though, as Manzoni said, he had the imprudence as well as the prudence of the true statesman, he rarely allowed himself to be drawn a step beyond what the practical opportunities of the moment warranted. His object was to make the constitution march; he had no liking for D'Azeglio's policy of beating time. "Modern history," he said, "shows a steady tendency to the widening of political rights, to the improvement of the condition of the poor and the better distribution of wealth."

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[1] "Whenever I have time, I will make a list of my political mistakes."

His policy was one of pure Liberalism; "Italy," he said, "must make herself by means of liberty, or we must give up trying to make her." He had an absolute trust that people would always come sooner or later to the truth. Hence his anxiety to decentralize, his steady refusal to tamper in all essentials with the liberty of the press, his unwillingness to subsidize governmental organs. He was no hard economist, moral considerations always weighed most with him, but he had an unswerving faith in liberty of industry and commerce. He had felt the fascination of socialism, but he thought it as dangerous as its near ally protection; and though at times he was almost an enthusiast for social legislation, he seems to have thought more often that the state should go no farther than to encourage private initiative and make taxation fall lightly on the poor.[1]

He applied the same principles of freedom to the problems of church and state. Cavour had no deep religious instinct; but he had a real belief that a church, untrammelled by state control, would have a fruitful part to play in social evolution. Clerical intolerance he hoped to cure by undiscouraged tolerance on the other side; he would have left the church in full possession of her property, mistress of her own discipline and ritual, "a free church in a free state," which should learn responsibility from freedom, and exist in independent amity with the civil government.[2] It is more difficult to say what was his exact position at this time as to the future of Piedmont and Italy. He hoped to see the Austrians expelled, and some day the Temporal Power destroyed; theoretically, no doubt, he always believed in a free and united Italy.[3] But here as in all else he was an opportunist, and refused to tie his hands by any system. His present object was to make Piedmont prosperous, and when the chance came for her to use her influence, to make the best possible terms for the rest of Italy. He was probably too busy to concern his thoughts much with what seemed so distant an Utopia as her Unity; he was certainly too prudent a man to express himself about it.

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[1] Cavour, *Lettere*, V. 178; Id., *Nouvelles lettres*, 247, 374; Id., *Nuove lettere*, 160; Castelli, *Ricordi*, 374; La Rive, *Cavour*, 230; Artom e Blanc, *Cavour*, 322. He thought a progressive income-tax impracticable, but did not object to it in principle.

[2] So as early as 1833: Berti, *Cavour*, 311–315; see also Nigra, *Cavour*, 44; Cavour, *Nuove lettere*, 361; Saraceno, *Santa Rosa*, 131–133; Castelli, *Cavour*, 13. See below, Vol. II. p. 207.

[3] Cavour, *Lettere*, I. 127; Id., *Nuove lettere*, 69; La Farina, *Epistolario*, II. 426; Cordova, *Discorsi*, I. 74.

So far he had hardly belonged to any party. Under the influence of the enthusiasm of 1848 he had moved fast in a Liberal direction; the excesses of the following winter had turned him back towards Conservatism; but with the reaction after Novara he came to believe that absolutism was more dangerous than demagogy, and his irritation at D'Azeglio's feebleness helped to force his dormant Liberalism slowly to the front again Like Rattazzi, though perhaps not so strongly, he saw the necessity of forming a strong ministerial party. "You cannot govern on the point of a needle," was his criticism of the parliamentary groups which made a stable majority impossible. He had tried hard to reconcile parties before the Proclamation of Moncalieri. He would have liked to work with the Right, but he found it impossible to agree with the straiter section in religious and commercial questions. He had made his first great speech in the debate on the Siccardi Laws, and his success encouraged him to take a line of his own. He began to gently threaten the ministry, and warn them against "homœopathic doses of reform." They were probably conscious how much they needed strong men, and La Marmora's and the King's influence persuaded the reluctant cabinet to appoint Cavour to the vacant ministry of trade and agriculture (October 11, 1850). "He will soon rule you all," the King foretold, "he will turn you out and be premier himself;" and Cavour at once began to verify the prophecy by insisting on the resignation of one of his weaker colleagues.

His appointment pleased the Liberals as seeming to pledge the cabinet to further ecclesiastical reforms. But his main cares for the present were economic, and even before he became Finance Minister in the following April, he was able to carry much of his Free Trade policy into practice.

In some respects his legislation was merely in continuation of earlier projects. The laws to regulate joint-stock companies and agricultural loans, the schemes of agricultural education, of postal reform, of covering Piedmont with a network of railways were part of the policy for developing Piedmontese trade, which had obtained since Novara. The feudal dues, which still lingered in some districts, were abolished, and Cavour's first measure was to repeal the bread-assize of the municipalities. But these were minor matters compared with the position of the Exchequer. Cavour believed that finance was matter of life or death to the country. The indemnity to Austria, the expenses of the army, the subsidies to the new railways were a crippling burden, and the spectre of bankruptcy frightened men who were no alarmists. The budget of 1851 showed a deficiency of sixty million lire, taxes had risen 30 per cent., and the interest on the debt had mounted from less than two millions lire in 1847 to thirty millions in 1852. Prudence recommended a policy of retrenchment, and it needed a bold financier to ask the country to add to its debt. But if Piedmont was to prepare for a new war, it was essential to keep up the army, rebuild the fleet, expend large sums on fortifications. And for the development of her industry it was equally necessary to open new railways and tunnel the Alps. The trunk line across the Apennines from Genoa to Turin had already made good progress, and the government included in their scheme a continuation to Arona, a connection with the Lombard lines at Magenta, a line under Mont Cenis to Savoy and France, and the old project of another Alpine line under the Lukmanier. It had thought it necessary to find a large portion of the capital, and though the expenditure promised to be a remunerative one, it entailed at the time an increasing debt and increasing taxation. Cavour saw that the country must strengthen itself for its new burdens by increasing its resources, and he hoped by introducing more or less of Free Trade to give such a stimulus to industry and commerce, that it would learn to support its new expenses without suffering.

There had already been certain steps in that direction.

In Charles Albert's later years the duty on corn had been very largely reduced, and in 1850 differential navigation duties had been abolished. Cavour would have liked to bring in Free Trade at one stroke.[1] But he knew that public opinion was not ripe for this, and all that he could accomplish at present was to conclude a series of commercial treaties, providing for reciprocal reduction of duties. Treaties with France (November 1850), with Belgium and England (January–February 1851), with Switzerland, with the German Zollverein, even with Austria made Cavour able to boast a few years later that the Piedmontese tariff was the most liberal on the Continent. The economic results were instantaneous; contraband almost disappeared, and the customs' revenue showed no loss, so great was the impetus to trade. Piedmont was launched on a career of rapid commercial progress, and bid fair to become, as Cavour desired it to be, the silk-factory of Italy. But the political aspect of the treaties was even more prominent. Cavour's vision looked to an alliance of Piedmont with the Western Powers, as a counterblast to the informal league of the Eastern despotisms. And though he spoke of securing the good-will of France for defensive purposes only, he doubtless regarded it as the first step to an alliance, which should bring her armies into the plains of Lombardy.

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[1] Massari, *Cavour*, 65.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE HEGEMONY OF PIEDMONT

1851–1853

The Hegemony of Piedmont; VICTOR EMMANUEL II.; Piedmont and Austria. Louis Napoleon; the *coup d'état;* the Deforesta Press Law. THE *connubio;* Cavour leaves the ministry; Civil Marriage Bill; D'Azeglio resigns; Cavour premier. The Republicans; Mazzini; Lombardy, 1850–52; the republican conspiracy; the Milan plot; the sequestrations; Cavour's protest.

THE conclusion of Cavour's treaties was only one instance of the brilliant success that attended all that Piedmont did. "Gallant little Piedmont" had become the cynosure of Europe. D'Azeglio set the example, which Cavour, when his turn came, followed, of winning for her the sympathy of European opinion. Radicals were pleased at her defiance to Austria, Liberals and Moderate Conservatives at the check given to the democrats, Protestants and anti-clericals at the Siccardi Laws. The country was no longer isolated as in 1849. D'Azeglio's own loyal nature won confidence; Palmerston had expressed his warm admiration; English travellers, Gladstone, Lord Minto, Nassau Senior, had spread the fame of the progressive orderly state, which showed in such brilliant contrast to the rest of Italy; Barclay's brewers at Southwark[1] had mobbed and hustled Marshal Haynau, when "the butcher of Brescia" paid them an ill-starred visit (September 1850). In Piedmont itself a proud consciousness of deserved success had made Novara half-forgotten. Gioberti, whose influence still was great, had published from his retreat at Paris his book on *The Civil Regeneration of Italy* (1851), in which he recanted his hopes of a reformed Papacy, and argued that the hegemony of Italy had passed to Piedmont, that it was for Piedmont with the help of France to accomplish the national redemption, and make Italy one with her capital at Rome.[1] The mass of the Piedmontese lagged behind Gioberti's ideal of Unity; the narrower aspirations of 1848 were as far ahead as most politicians cared to look; it seemed too much of an Utopia to hope for Rome, and "Piedmontism" was still strong with its half-contempt for the rest of Italy, its dislike to move the capital from Turin, or admit the other provinces to equal terms.

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[1] At what was once Johnsonian Thrale's brewery.

But all the best life of the nation was thirsting for another war with Austria, which would leave her no footing south of the Alps, and be a death-blow to tyranny through Italy. And it was to Victor Emmanuel that nationalists of almost every colour began to look for leadership. Little loved though he was at first, his popularity had been growing steadily. It is not easy at first sight to understand why he should in after years have won so much of what was almost veneration. He revenged himself on the almost cruel strictness, in which he had been brought up, by an unabashed licentiousness. His private life was divided between vulgar profligacy and sport. He installed his favourite mistress in the royal park, while his wife was still alive; in later years he married her morganatically, but he was not faithful even to her, and made no attempt to conceal his many infidelities. A hardy, daring sportsman, he was at his happiest when stalking steinbock in the Cogne mountains. He was a rough, good-natured, bad-tempered man, of phenomenal ugliness, plain, almost boorish, in his tastes,[2] without a trace of genius, but with a certain robust, direct common-sense; absolutely fearless, as excellent a cavalry officer as he was a bad general, exposing himself recklessly in battle, not from bravado, but to give his soldiers a leading.[1] There was a certain democratic fibre in him; he dearly loved popularity, though he was naively bored by its manifestations; his comprehensive gallantry brought him into relations with all classes; he hated etiquette, his wardrobe was notoriously ill-furnished,[2] and after the death of the queen in 1855, he practically put an end to court ceremonial. But with the mass of Italians it was as the one constitutional prince of Italy, the "honourable king" (*re galantuomo*)[3] who had kept his oath to his people, the soldier who had fought Austria and longed to fight her again, that he won loyalty and devotion. He had accepted the post of constitutional King, and as long as Cavour lived, he abode by it, always in the letter generally in the spirit, partly because he liked it, more because he was sensitively careful of his honest name and felt an honourable man's disgust at the perjuries of the other Italian princes. But he always chafed at control, and under the weak premiers that followed Cavour the constitutional bands became very elastic, though perhaps in the strict letter he never wholly burst them. He liked to be in touch with men of all parties, and to the republicans, who talked to him, he seemed more republican than themselves. Though naturally superstitious, with a real reverence for religious forms, impelled by his own inclinations and family influences towards the church, his pride forbade him to truckle to the clericals. He knew that they intrigued against him, as they had intrigued against his father, and he inherited the traditions of a race, that had maintained its independence against Rome. Sincere as was his wish throughout to conciliate the Pope, he was strong man enough to be proof against the insidious influences that pushed him to surrender. Twice and twice only he nearly yielded. For Austria he had nothing but hate, and both as King and soldier he longed for another war, which should avenge his father's memory and blot out Novara. He was incensed at her intrigues with the reactionaries; "I will be master in my own house," he told Appony, the Austrian minister; and he hated the *codini* more than the republicans, for he knew how bitterly they attacked him.[1] His nationalist ambitions went further, it was probable, than his ministers'; he had read and marked Gioberti's last book, and declared his intention to fulfil the destiny it foretold for him. He longed for action and military fame; the "idle life" of peace was "intolerable" to him. "The crown of Sardinia," he said, "has fallen very low; we need glory, much glory, to raise it up again."

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[1] Gioberti, *Rinnovamento*, esp. II. 219, 273; from *Il Piemonte*, 156, it appears that Gioberti was expressing Pallavicino's thought rather than his own.

[2] "The King of Sardinia, who is here, is as vulgar and coarse as possible," Malmesbury, *Memoirs*, I. 37; "he has the tone and manners of a *sous-officier*"; VielCastel, *Mémoires*, III. 186. See Greville Memoirs, VII. 308. He startled the English court on his visit in 1855.

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[1] Massari, *Vittorio Emmanuele*, 363.

[2] "It is shameful how they tax us and yet they can't allow Victor a new pair of trousers," said a Neapolitan woman after the annexation.

[3] The phrase originated with D'Azeglio: "there have been so few honest kings that it would be a fine thing to begin the series."

Putting aside the reactionaries, it was becoming a principle above party to prepare for the coming struggle. The Hesse and Schleswig-Holstein troubles had made an European war seem imminent, and Piedmont hoped to get her chance. The Left had preached in season and out of season hostility to Austria and generosity to the refugees; Valerio's organ had offered the ministers a free hand, on condition that they would strengthen the army and navy; Pallavicino was already urging a Piedmontese propaganda in the Centre and South. The Right was almost equally insistent; D'Azeglio felt the movement in his academic way, spoke of "the future destinies of Piedmont," and boldly taxed Appony with encouraging sedition. La Marmora had remodelled the army, and could put at least 90,000 men into the field. The revival of terrorism in Lombardy after Karl von Schwarzenberg's resignation made Piedmont feel that she could be proud of her strength and progress and order, while Austria was vainly attempting to justify her rule, and sinking lower month by month in the opinion of civilized Europe. Morally Piedmont had already triumphed.

The Conservatives, however, perhaps many others too, had no confidence that Piedmont could defeat Austria in the field unaided. The corner-stone of D'Azeglio's foreign policy had been to secure respect for Piedmont in France and England, and though it is more than doubtful whether he looked forward to an offensive alliance with them, others certainly did. There was no serious hope, though, that apart from an European conflict, England would lend her arms.

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[1] Pallavicino, *Memorie*, II. 254; *Il Piemonte*, 142.

Valuable as was Palmerston's strong friendship, he was pledged to a policy of peace; and it was recognized that no sympathy was to be expected from the Tories. It was otherwise with France. The Roman expedition had won Louis Napoleon the hatred of the democrats, but his letter to Edgar Ney had helped to redeem him with all sections of Italians. They recollected his own youthful attacks on the Temporal Power, his uncle's Italian blood and Italian policy, and surmised that his ambitions would some day change the map of Europe.

Henceforward for nearly twenty years Napoleon plays an all-important part in Italian politics, an unseen power behind the scenes, breathing an influence sometimes benignant, sometimes malign, now and again stepping forward as the *deus ex machinâ*, and expecting all to answer to his nod. His policy was a compound of high ideals and shameless means, of magnificent designs and cowardly surrenders, of intellectual rightness and utter moral wrongness. He "conducted complicated intrigues like a pupil of Macchiavelli, then nursed humanitarian utopias as if his model were Don Quixote." In spite of his fears, he never quite forgot the Liberalism of his youth; as heir of the Napoleonic tradition, he aimed at playing a great constructive part in Modern Europe. Nationality, he was shrewd to see, was the moving force of the age in international politics, and as champion of nationality, France might settle Europe on a lasting basis, and bring in a new age of peace. An united Italy, an united Germany, a resuscitated Poland, the emancipation of the Slavs would allow Europe to settle down to commercial progress and free-trade and a cautious, conservative solution of social problems. The programme had its selfish side; France would regain her "natural frontiers," and become the predominant partner in a great confederation of the Latin nations of the Old and New Worlds. But it was a great and wise programme; and Napoleon at all events aimed at lifting French foreign politics out of the slough, in which they have lain before and since. But it needed a greater man to overcome the tremendous difficulties; and while Napoleon's theories were immeasurably in advance of French public opinion, he had already given hostages to the clericals, and, as Cavour recognized even now,[1] his danger lay in the temptation to play for their support. He knew how little sympathy he had at home for his world-shaking schemes; and therefore, while he officially professed the diplomatic conventionalities, he had his secret policy, working in subterranean channels, trying to defeat his own ministers, and reach his own more generous ends by dark and doubtful paths. As Montalembert said of him, he was "a conspirator by profession"; though he had a fatalist belief in his own "nebulous star," which made him physically fearless, he was a moral coward, always hesitating and trying to shirk responsibility, unable to resist pressure and loving compromises and half measures.[2] But taking his work at its worst, Napoleon was, at all events after the *coup d'état*, more weak than wicked. From the splendour of his earlier reign, lit with his great designs above, phosphorescent with corruption below, down to the failures and ignominies and rottenness of his later years, Napoleon III.'s spoilt grandeur had two fatal foes, its own obliquity and weakness, and the throttling alliance of French clericalism.

At present Napoleon's mind was, as Palmerston said of it at a later date, as full of schemes as a warren of rabbits. Poland and Italy were the chief subjects of his dreams, and Italy claimed his first regard.[3] The Piedmontese statesmen instinctively recognized this, and the French alliance had been already thought of, when Cavour entered the cabinet.[4] They were waiting till the President was in a position to show his hand. At the end of 1851 the long-expected crisis came at Paris, and Napoleon ended his clever unscrupulous fencing with the Assembly by the *coup d'état*

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[1] Castelli, *Carteggio*, I. 102.

[2] Louis Napoleon, *Idées Napoléoniennes;* La Gorce, *Second Empire*, I. iv.–v.; Sorel, *Guerre franco-allemande*, I. 4–6; Bianchi, *Diplomazia*, VIII. 155; La Guéronnière, *Napoleon III. et l'Italie;* Maupas, *Mémoires*, II. 81, 101; Cantù, *Cronistoria*, III. 282–288. It may be hoped that the work of recent French historians will dispel misconceptions of Napoleon III.

[3] Louis Napoleon, *op. cit.*, 149; Martin, *Prince Consort*, III. 119; Ashley, *Palmerston*, II. 179; Ottolenghi, *Collegno*, 171; Bonfadini, *Arese*, 129.

[4] D'Azeglio, *Scritti postumi*, 189; Massari, *La Marmora*, 112.

(December 2, 1851), which made him autocrat of France, and Emperor in all but name. Severely as the Liberal press of Turin and Genoa attacked him, Piedmont was too much absorbed in calculating the consequences to herself, to brood over the immorality of Louis Napoleon's progress to Empire. While the *coup d'état* was a blow to constitutional government everywhere, it left the ground freer for his personal policy, and Italy had known the Second Republic chiefly by its treachery to its own maxims and the nefarious expedition to Rome. For the moment, however, the constitutional aspect was the more importunate. Napoleon had been nettled by the attacks of the Liberal press; and he at once insisted that D'Azeglio should modify the Press Law, and silence the refugees, suggesting that the more turbulent should be transported to Cayenne with his own victims.[1] D'Azeglio sturdily refused to coerce the mass of the refugees, or restrict free discussion on home affairs; but he felt himself obliged to conciliate Napoleon, for Austria was threatening to attack, and Palmerston's impending fall destroyed any lingering hope of English support. A few of the more violent democrats were expelled, and a Bill was introduced by the minister Deforesta to facilitate prosecutions for libels on foreign potentates. Napoleon allowed himself to be easily appeased, and promised the help of France, if ever Piedmont needed it, on condition that she preserved order and kept down the revolutionaries.[2]

The Deforesta Law was a matter of small moment, but the *coup d'état* produced, or rather matured, a much more important evolution in Piedmontese politics. For some time past there had been a tendency at work among the moderate men of both Right and Left to draw together into a Central party.[3] The commercial treaties had made a definite rupture between the protectionists and free-traders of the Right; and thoughtful men of both sides recognized the dangers of a fluctuating majority, which might at any moment precipitate a crisis and bring in a Revel cabinet. The ministry had found the Right a broken reed, and knew that, though Revel might be loyal to the Statute, behind him were others, who were not. Compared with the deep differences, which parted the two wings of the Right, the interval between the Right Centre and Left Centre was small; and they would form, if united, a capable, homogeneous party, which, if not actually a majority, would none the less control the Chamber. Cavour was glad to shift the ministerial fulcrum towards the Left, for the *coup d'état* and the frank hostility of some of Revel's followers to the constitution had convinced him that the scales needed weighting against the reactionaries. He shared the growing discontent with D'Azeglio's anxiety to conciliate Rome and Austria at too heavy a price. The Premier's constitutional indolence irritated his restless, active spirit; he wished to rule events, while D'Azeglio waited on them. And much as he still disliked the Left, the persuasion of his friends slowly won him to the alliance.[1] Rattazzi had long been eager for fusion, and Cavour's conversion was immediately followed by an arrangement as to its terms. The Deforesta Bill once passed, Rattazzi pledged the Left Centre to support the government, and Cavour undertook to break definitely from the Extreme Right and commit his colleagues to a progressive policy. It shows Cavour's masterful hardihood, that the alliance was mainly a private compact between himself and Rattazzi; his friend Farini, the historian, alone among his colleagues was strongly in its favour, and the actual negotiations with Rattazzi were, it seems, carried out without the Premier's privity.[2] Such was the famous "marriage" (*connubio*) of the parties, which Cavour publicly announced in the debate on the Deforesta Bill (February 5, 1852). D'Azeglio angrily resented Cavour's unauthorized diplomacy, and bitterly complained that he reigned but did not govern. The long-smouldering quarrel came to a head, when Rattazzi in pursuance of the bargain was appointed President of the Chamber, defeating the ministerial candidate; and after a prolonged crisis Cavour and Farini resigned (May).[1]

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VII. 92, 97. It is not true, as often stated, that D'Azeglio forestalled French pressure.

[2] Ottolenghi, *op. cit.*, 148–149; Bonfadini, *Mezzosecolo*, 368.

[3] See above, p. 358.

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[1] Castelli, *Cavour*, 40–42; Id., *Ricordi*, 67; Chiala, *Une page*, 100.

[2] Massari, *La Marmora*, 128; D'Azeglio, *L'Italie*, 75; Castelli, *Cavour*, 47; Chiala, *op. cit.*, 124; Cavour, *Lettere*, I. 255; C. D'Azeglio, *Souvenirs*, 445; Berti, *Cavour*, 344.

It was recognized that without Cavour D'Azeglio's was only a stop-gap ministry, but Cavour was unwilling as yet to be premier, and D'Azeglio was tolerated, to avoid a reactionary cabinet, and use his prestige in England to win sympathy there. But he was weary of office, harassed by both parties, with Cavour increasingly hostile and the diplomatic situation made more difficult by Palmerston's fall. The final blow came from an unexpected quarter. The King's speech had promised that the long-delayed Bill on civil marriage should be introduced during the session, and in June it came before the Chamber. It attempted a compromise between the French law, which kept the civil contract distinct from the religious bond, the state recognizing the former only, and the Italian custom, under which the church both celebrated the rite and registered it. The Bill made both the civil and religious ceremony necessary, but put registration in the hands of the lay authorities, and in certain special cases allowed the civil ceremony to be valid of itself.[2] Mild as the proposals were, to the orthodox the whole thing was accursed, because it seemed to prejudice the sacramental nature of the bond and facilitate divorce. D'Azeglio had hoped to win the consent of Rome; always patient and long-suffering, he was ready to turn his cheek to the smiter and brook Antonelli's insolence. But it counted for nothing that he delayed the measure to give time for fresh negotiations, that the Bill itself was tender to the church's spiritual claims, that civil marriage had existed in Austria from the reign of Joseph II., in France since the days of the Constituent, and had been legal in Piedmont itself under the French rule. The Bill was condemned by the Pope before it had passed the Chamber, and Antonelli attacked it with savagest abuse. The King wrote to the

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[1] The precise occasion was a dispute as to whether some railway contracts should be conceded to Brassey or an Italian firm.

[2] Boggio, *Chiesa e stato*, I. 352.

Pope, hoping to smooth the way, and for reply was taunted with introducing concubinage into his kingdom. For the first and nearly the last time in his life Victor Emmanuel, frank scorner of the marriage-tie himself, went over to the clericals; he announced (October 21) that his conscience would not allow him to sanction the Bill, and the withdrawal of his support made it certain that it would not pass the Senate. The rebuff made D'Azeglio's position untenable; thoroughly weary of his task, he gladly seized the opportunity to resign (October 22), and retired to his congenial studio, to eke out his private pittance with his brush.

Cavour, as by far the biggest figure in Piedmontese politics, was his natural successor, and the King, much as he disliked it, could not avoid summoning him, but made it a condition of office that he should again attempt reconciliation with Rome. Cavour refused to hamper himself with the undertaking, and the King, though he would have no reactionary ministry, caught at the chance of putting Balbo and Revel in office with a programme of "the Statute neither more nor less," which meant a minimum of reform and a compromise in favour of Rome. But apparently the Right Centre refused to support them, and even Balbo, however averse to anti-clerical legislation, would not yield in the matter of Fransoni. He confessed himself unable to form a cabinet, and the King was obliged to give Cavour the seals, on his undertaking not to make civil marriage a question of confidence.[1] Most of D'Azeglio's colleagues kept office, and the new cabinet seemed to follow in its predecessor's steps. The King's wish to see Rattazzi in the ministry was rejected, the marriage law was quietly dropped, and the violent attacks of the bishops were ignored. D'Azeglio's mild coercion was continued, and the magistrates were allowed to convict Bible-colporteurs and imprison men for polemics against eternal punishment. There was no material change in foreign policy, and Cavour hastened to congratulate Napoleon, when he proclaimed himself Emperor on the anniversary of the *coup d'état.* But the Liberals were right in their instinct that Cavour's accession meant the triumph of their policy. It was not long before a new act of Austrian aggression made it possible to mark how much the pace had quickened.

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[1] Ricotti, *Balbo*, 300–302; Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VII. 67–68; Brofferio, *Parlamento*, VI. 178–183. The Bill was thrown out in the Senate on December 20 by a majority of one.

The quiet progress of Piedmontese politics showed how completely the constitutional monarchy had been accepted by the people. Parliamentary life had become acclimatized, as if it were a growth of generations rather than a creation of yesterday. The complete failure of the reactionaries, with all the church's influence behind them, showed how little hold they had on the people. The republicans were weaker still. They had no organized party; D'Azeglio had shown little mercy to the small group at Genoa, and public opinion had supported him in his severity. Libels, whose shameful scurrility distorted Mazzini's noble life, proved how hostile public opinion was to him. The republicans from the rest of Italy had found a scant welcome, and the few, who settled in Piedmont, sooner or later shed their republicanism in the uncongenial surroundings. Most of the republican leaders had settled in Paris or London. Mazzini still kept round him in London a few, who loved him for his devoted life. The great puritan refused to bow to defeat or circumstances, and hoped on for the day of the people's rising and the rule of abstract righteousness. Most of his friends had broken away, discouraged by his failures or chafing under his dictatorial rule; but his restless activity was still ever at work, trying to build up the materials for a national rising independently of the Piedmontese school, which he hated and refused to understand. Outside Piedmont there was still a good deal of republicanism in the North and Centre; in every town there was a remnant of the republicans of 1848, and the mutual-help societies among the artisans were often republican associations under a social guise. Like Mazzini they distrusted the constitutional movement of Piedmont, or were too impatient to wait for the slow evolution of its policy. In Lombardy and at Bologna the party had a real strength;

and it kept a footing at Rome and Florence and in Sicily, even to a small extent in Piedmont.

The agitation naturally focussed in Lombardy. Weakened though the Lombards were by the death or exile of so many of their leaders, there was no slackening of the national spirit at Milan or Brescia or Mantua. The boycot still shut out Austrian officers and civil servants from Lombard society; the two nations sat apart at the theatres; the smallest provocation from an officer led to a challenge, and many an Austrian and Italian life paid for the deadly hostility between conquerors and conquered. But even in Lombardy the republicans were only a fraction of the nationalists; the disillusions of 1848–9 had sunk deep, and many of the Lombard Liberals had gone back to the waiting non-political school of the '40s,[1] while the young nobles continued the Albertist traditions of their fathers, and as "Cavourians" kept in touch with the Piedmontese Liberals and the refugees at Turin. Still in every city in Lombardy and Venetia there were groups, mainly of professional men with a sprinkling of priests and at Milan at all events with a good many artisans, who had picked up the threads of conspiracy in 1849, and felt the smart of Austrian brutality too keenly to endure on in the hope of distant victory. During 1850 and 1851 their organization, more or less in connection with Mazzini's central committee in London, had grown into a powerful and wide-reaching conspiracy. It had 3000 members, which meant no doubt a much larger unorganized following, with affiliates in Piedmont and among the Hungarian regiments. Preparations were in train for insurrection, when the *coup d'état* convinced the saner heads that the time for revolution had gone, and the current set more strongly than ever towards Piedmont. But at the moment, when the conspirators had decided to postpone action (April 1852), an accident gave the authorities a clue, and three days under the lash extracted from a suspect the names of the leaders. The government struck at the centre of the conspiracy at Mantua, where the soul of the movement was the priest Tazzoli, a man of singularly lovable and resolute nature. Some two hundred, mostly professional men and tradesmen, were put under a horrible parody of justice, with judges who barely knew the language, with flogging and starvation and every shape of mental torture to extort confession. And though not another secret was betrayed, the government had sufficient information to prove how dangerous and widespread was the plot, and Tazzoli and four others died on the scaffold (December 7). The bulk of the revolutionaries recognized that whatever chances a popular rising had had at a time of European revolution, or when Austria was unprepared, it had no hope of success when she had a large standing army ready to crush the first symptoms of revolt. But the Mantuan executions made the Lombards writhe with anger, and there were eager spirits thirsting to revenge the victims and repeat the Five Days. A small group of artisans at Milan appealed to Mazzini to help them, and giving credit as usual to their exaggerated prospects of success, he encouraged them to action.[1] The rising was fixed for the Shrove Tuesday Carnival, when the soldiers would be sharing in the holiday. But the odds were enormously against success; had the first blow not miscarried, there was a faint chance that the populace might rise, but most of the leaders deserted, and though a few soldiers were killed, the insurgents were easily dispersed (February 6, 1853). The republicans of Genoa drew back at the last moment from their promised help, and faint plans of rising in Romagna and at Rome broke down.

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[1] See above, p. 193.

The Austrians welcomed the rising as an opportunity to strike at the Liberals. Twenty-four conspirators died on the scaffold, and 6000 Ticinese of all ages and sexes were driven in the wintry weather over the frontier to punish Switzerland for giving an asylum to the refugees. The executions might have passed comparatively unnoticed; the conspirators had taken their lives in their hands and paid the forfeit of defeat. But Radetzky was not content. It had long been his policy to make a disreputable bid for popularity by striking high, and the old marshal had a blind hatred for the Liberal nobles of Milan. Most of them had taken refuge five years before in Turin or Genoa; and he hoped to bring odium on Piedmont by saddling the guilt of the revolt on the rich refugees, with the implication that Piedmont was harbouring men who plotted rebellion against her neighbour. An Imperial edict laid an embargo on the properties of all Lombards, who had left the state for political reasons. It was in the teeth of treaty rights, for the victims were nationalized Piedmontese, and a recent treaty had secured to Piedmontese subjects the peaceable possession of their properties in Lombardy and Venetia. It was a challenge thrown down to Piedmont. Cavour had gone to the extreme of compliancy; he had drawn a cordon of troops along the frontier to prevent the conspirators from receiving help from Piedmont,[1] he had illegally seized the copies of Mazzini's apology, and expelled Crispi and other republicans, who were suspected of complicity. His attitude made Radetzky's action the more wanton, and though the victims were few and wealthy, Cavour saw that the national honour was at stake. He recalled the Piedmontese ambassador from Vienna, and published a strong and solemn protest against the Austrian illegalities; he would even, but for D'Azeglio's advice, have made reprisals on the properties of Austrian subjects in Piedmont, and was prepared to go to war rather than surrender his position. Austria recalled Appony, but did not attempt to justify the sequestrations; France and England warmly supported her rival, and she found herself condemned by the moral judgment of Europe.

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[1] Mazzini, *Opere*, VIII. 216–218; Orsini, *Lettere*, 112; Salazaro, *Cenni*, 5; Bonfadini, *Mezzosecolo*, 373.

It was a great victory for Cavour's diplomacy, and its brilliancy obscured the inconsistency of his attack on the republicans. His own real policy was as much opposed as was Mazzini's to the position secured to Austria by treaty, and his opportunism was the only essential, that differentiated his hostility from that of the insurgents. Pallavicino complained that he used the revolution to weaken Austria, and diplomacy to weaken the revolution; and it was no compliment to him that the French ministry congratulated him on his delicate conduct towards Austria. But this was forgotten, while the protest against the sequestrations loomed large as a bold stand against foreign tyranny. Piedmont appeared as the champion and protectress of oppressed Italians, not afraid to indict Austria before the tribunal of European opinion. How warm was the response was proved by the vote of the Chamber to advance a large indemnity to the victims of the Imperial edict; and the controversy, that followed the protest, showed that it was impossible that Piedmont and Austria should long continue side by side.

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[1] Bianchi, *op. cit.*, VII. 128; Mario, *Mazzini*, 357, says that after the plot letters were opened in the Turin post, and communicated to the Austrians. An attempt was made to assassinate Mazzini: Ib., *loc. cit.*

END OF VOL. I.

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